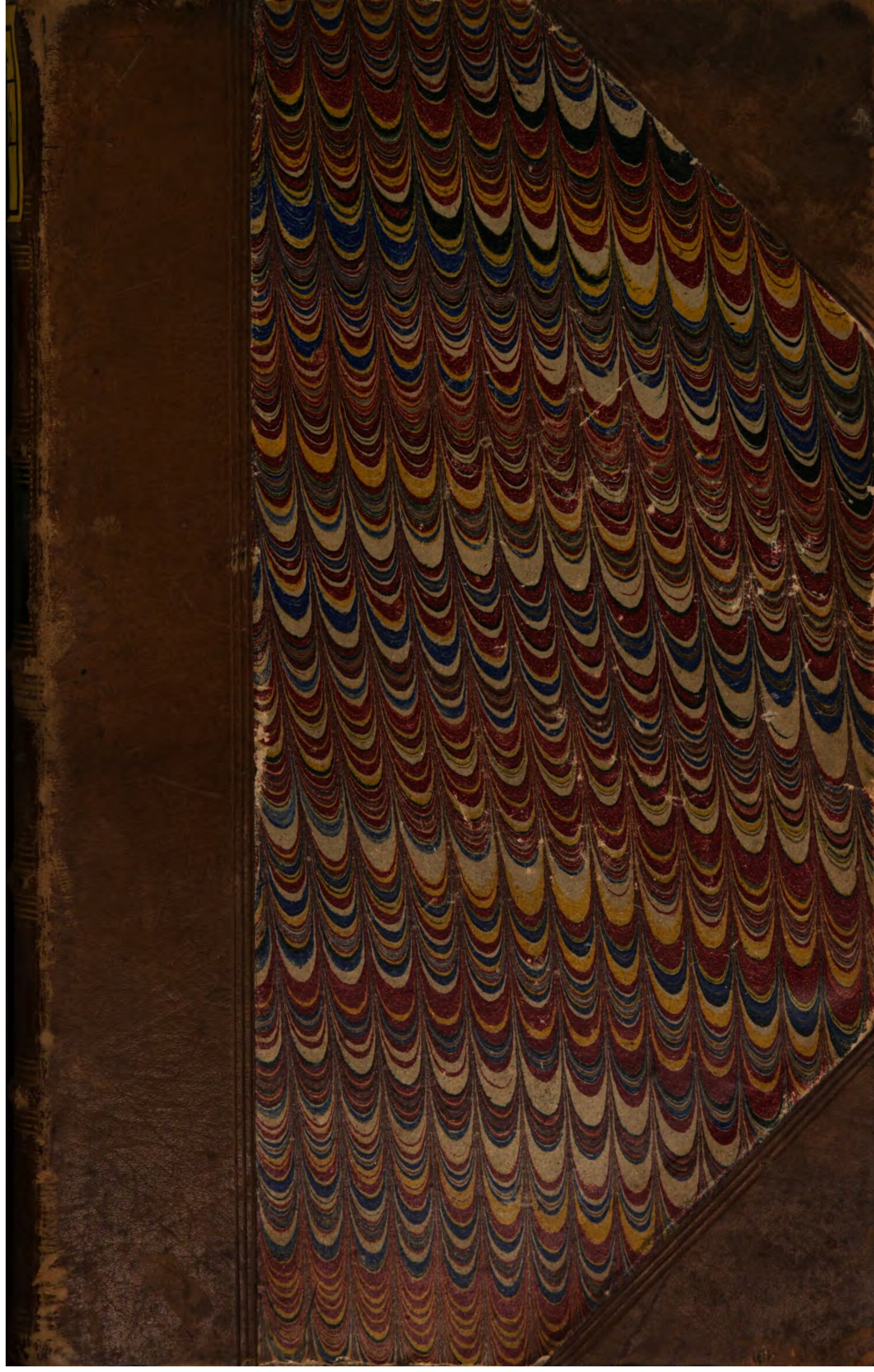




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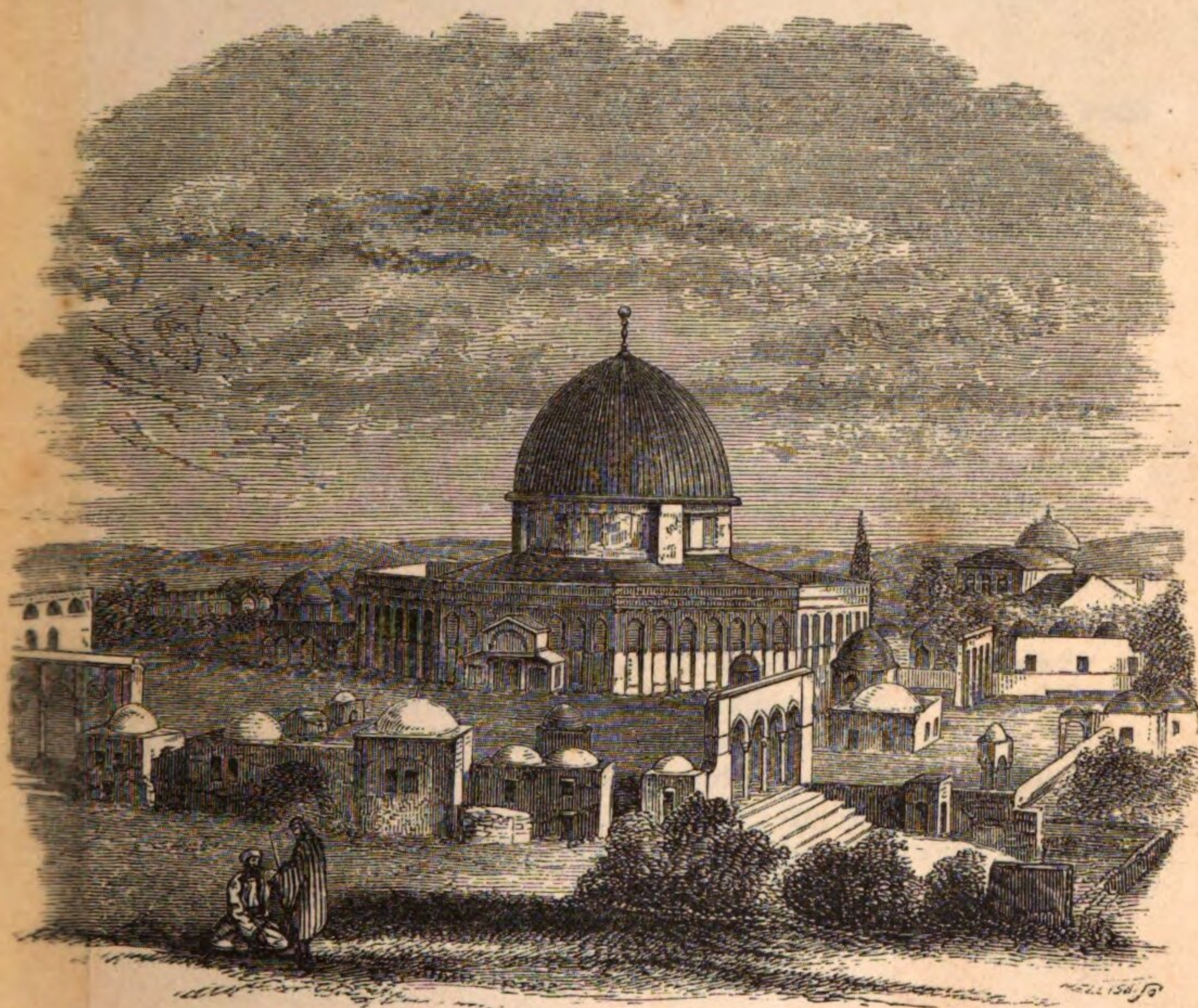
SYRIA, AND THE SYRIANS;

OR,

Turkey in the Dependencies,

By GREGORY M. WORTABET,

OF BAYROOT, SYRIA.



Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

V O L. II.

LONDON:
JAMES MADDEN, 8, LEADENHALL STREET.

—
1856.

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STRA AND THE STRAYS

Curry in the Topham

BY GREGORY M. WOLFE

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I SPENT a pleasant sabbath at Bayroot, on which day I went to the Protestant church, which the reader will remember to have read of in a former chapter. It was once our school-room, and was then, and for some time after—

wards, divided into two rooms, but as the members of the church increased, the partition wall between them was broken down, and was substituted by a red screen, running from the pulpit, which was placed on one side, to the wall on the opposite side, thus, reserving it as two rooms to which the minister in the pulpit had access. This division is necessary, because the females do not yet intermingle with the other sex, but both have different apartments. It is the same with the other churches, who have a division of trellissed wood, called *Sharrea*, where they are put; and in order to give them a better view of what is going on, these *Sharreas* are generally a sort of a gallery overhead, which reach half-way across the church, and look down upon the altar. This being the custom of the land for ages, the missionaries have not thought fit to trespass upon it, but have adapted themselves to the customs, and hence you will see on entering a Protestant church in this part of the country, a division by a red screen, which separates the sexes. It does not, however, reach to the roof, but simply to the top of the pulpit, so that the minister can be seen and heard by both parties at one time.

Such was the state of things when I left Syria some six years ago; but now I was pleased to find, that the attendance on sabbath worship had so increased that it was found necessary to break down the wall of one of the dormitories in order to make room for the females, whilst both the former rooms are given up for the use of the men. I would say that this enlarging of churches by pulling down the walls of adjacent rooms, in order to make them one room, is a good idea, which gives a good notion of the Church Extension scheme.

There are three services on the sabbath day in this church; one at nine o'clock, is held in Arabic, at which one of the native brethren officiates; another at half-past ten, in English, when one of the missionaries conducts the service, this finishes at twelve o'clock; there is also another service at three o'clock in the afternoon, in Arabic, which is attended by many natives and the room is often crowded. On this occasion an American missionary also conducts the service. In the interval, between the two latter services, a sabbath school is taught.

The church at Bayroot, I mean the organization of a *native Protestant church* there, was the first of its kind in Syria. It began with a few members, about the year 1845 or 1846, and has since increased to about thirty; I think this is the present number of its native communicants, but I am not certain. The service in English at half-past ten o'clock, is termed the *Mission church*, in order to allow the natives the power of separating themselves from it, and form a distinct Protestant body by themselves when they may be able to choose a pastor and do so. At present Mr. Whiting, an American missionary, is the acting pastor of the native church, and is helped in the English service by some of the other missionaries. The families of the missionaries do not constitute a part of the native church; but, with other European communicants, are called members of the mission church—a distinct body by themselves.

I went to both the forenoon services; the first, at nine o'clock, was conducted by Mr. Tannus El Haddad, one of the deacons of the native church, now residing in Sidon, as helper to the missionaries there, but who had come to Bayroot for a few days. The attendants on this ser-

vice were almost all Syrians. The service at half-past ten, which constituted the European or mission church, was tolerably full; a Mr. Lyon, who had only that day arrived from America, by the Austrian steamer from Smyrna, preached on the vocation and deportment of practical Christians.

The church is now a good-sized one; and when one more dormitory is broken, which is now being used as a store for the printing-press; it will fill the basement of the Mission-house, and may be made to seat from seven to eight hundred persons, if not more. It is a glorious thing, especially for a Christian, to hear the bell ringing from the top of the Mission-house, calling the true worshippers of the only living God to assemble together and praise His holy name. This is certainly a new era in the history of Syria, and worthy of record.

I remained in Bayroot nearly a week, and daily visited the mission premises. I was pleased to find that a small school for boys is established immediately above the Protestant cemetery, which was once used as the dining-hall of the first seminary. I visited the school, and saw about forty boys engaged in learning the alphabet and other primary studies under the tuition of Mâalem (teacher) Tannus Es Sabinji; but, oh! how glad was I to see them in the hours of recess playing in the same yard where I once played when a child. This to me, was exceedingly interesting; and I could not weary of gazing on their innocent games; once or twice I joined in playing ball with them, and it would be needless to add how much I relished such moments—that school and that yard will ever be sacred to me.

Immediately in the yard above the boys' school is a female school, where I saw many girls either engaged in

their studies, in their knitting, or in their plays. It was pleasant to me to hear once more the voices of many children singing in these premises. I was reminded of certain scenes in my life many years ago.

The view from the top of the Mission-house is exceedingly interesting; the town of Bayroot—the Mediterranean, with many a white-winged craft intersecting its bosom—the white flat-roofed houses, embosomed in luxuriant gardens of mulberry trees—the green foliage, and Lebanon rising boldly, crowned with eternal snow, while its slope is dotted with many a village of picturesque beauty, meet the eye of the tourist, and he wonders at a combination of beautiful scenes unequalled elsewhere; then his attention is diverted, and he listens to the sweet singing of the birds which fill the trees, or the voices of many children playing in the yard beneath him. A glorious sky, blue and clear, overtops him, and a balmy atmosphere expands his bosom; an idea of quiet happiness like his mother's blessing, pervades him, and he feels, for the moment that he is in the midst of all that is sublime, grand and beautiful.

The business which had called me to Bayroot being over, I prepared to return to Sidon on my way south. On Thursday morning, the 1st of March, I left Bayroot, and arrived at Sidon on the evening of that day. I was accompanied by Tannus El Haddad, who was returning to his duties; and here I beg to mention a characteristic of that gentleman. He is made up, heart and soul, of Oriental hospitality—a hospitality almost unheard of. Never was a man turned out of his door without a good supper or a clean bed. During his long residence at Bayroot his house was like an hotel. I know not the night when he did not have more than one guest. All

the Protestants, or those of other denominations who had either known him, or heard of him, made at once their way to his house, and without ceremony made themselves comfortable there. At his table the traveller meets people from almost all parts of Syria; but this is not all—his house is on an eminence overtopping one of the principal thoroughfares of the most crowded part of the suburbs, and every evening you are sure to see him seated on the wall of that eminence, with his pipe in hand, and accosting the passers-by, whom he knew, to this effect—

Tannus El Haddad.—"Good evening, brother."

Passer-by (looking up).—"Good evening."

T. H.—"Walk up, brother, and pass the evening with us."

Passer-by (walking on).—"No, thank you, I must go home."

T. H. (following him on the wall of his garden above).—"You had better come and sup with us."

Passer-by (still walking on).—"No, thank you; my family are waiting for me."

T. H. (following him).—"At any rate, come up and take a cup of coffee."

Passer-by (still pursuing his way).—"No, thank you."

By this time the man is disappearing from under the premises of Mr. Tannus El Haddad, but this gentleman, nothing daunted, shouts out to him—

"Will you come up?"

"No, thank you," said the man.

"Well, then," said Mr. Haddad, "fail not to remember me to your family."

He now returns to take his former post, and accost some other passer by in about the same words, and it is

not seldom that two or three passers-by are thus added to his table of an evening, and this, let it be remembered, while his house is full of guests. This, added to his large family, make a numerous band sitting every evening at his board. The reader of the Bible will at once discover a similarity between this patriarch, for he is an old man about sixty years of age, and that good patriarch of olden times. Abraham was wont to sit at the door of his house in like manner, and *press* upon the stranger the hospitalities of his board. He pressed upon me exceedingly to spend a few days with him; but as I was already located there at the house of kind and hospitable friends, I declined his pressing invitation. O may this hospitality, for which this land has been so long famed, never cease to bless the stranger who sojourns in it!

During my stay in Sidon, I went to the bath, called *Hammam El Jedid*, or the new bath. This is the best bath I have been to in Syria; but as I went late I had to make quick work of it. The forenoons are devoted to the men, and the afternoons to the females; and when I went out I saw a host of veiled up females waiting at the door, shrieking and vociferating as if I had robbed them of some of their rights. I was glad to get away; and this reminds me to tell the traveller who intends taking a bath, that he had better go early in the morning, otherwise he will be hurried in his ablutions: in some towns there are baths exclusively for the men, and others for the women; but he will generally find that the best baths are divided for both parties, since both sexes are desirous of availing themselves of its superiority over other baths. If any person wishes to go at night, he can easily do so by sending notice to the lessee of

the bath, who will gladly accommodate him for an extra backsheesh.

I remained in Sidon till the following Tuesday, and thus had an opportunity of attending Protestant worship here. There are two services on the Sabbath-day here, viz., at ten o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon; in addition to this there is a Bible-class in the evening; all of which were attended by about twenty or thirty natives, besides the families of the mission. The two former services were held in the church, which forms the northern basement of the quadrangle of the Mission House; and the Bible-class was held in the reception room, on the opposite side of the court. I measured both. The former I found to be fifty feet long, by fifteen wide; it is a neat room, with a cupola in the centre; the latter, seventeen feet long by sixteen feet wide, and is surrounded by a divan, on which those who came were seated. There are as yet no native communicants that I know of in the church of Sidon. The attendants on the services had seen the errors of their churches and left them; but so far that was all. The missionaries are now labouring hard, both by prayer and otherwise, for the spiritual birth of these people.

Mr. Thomson's house is a neat one, perhaps the best in Sidon, but it has been rendered so at the expense of the lessee. On first entering it by a low doorway, the traveller is ushered into a quadrangular court, fifty feet long by forty wide. Around it are the basement rooms, which form, on the north side, the church mentioned; on the south side, the reception room already referred to, a small court, and a similar room to the reception room, which is occupied for sundry purposes of the

mission; the eastern side comprises Mr. Thomson's library; and the western a staircase, leading to the upper story, which has a gallery looking down on the court, in the middle of which is a garden and a small summer-house. The upper rooms are used by the families of the mission and their guests. The whole house measures eighty-seven feet long, by seventy-two feet wide, and sixty-six feet high, and looks on the gardens outside, as also a Mahomedan cemetery; and any person sitting in the parlour can witness almost daily the ceremony of Mahomedan funerals.

On Monday evening, the night before I left Sidon, was the monthly concert, which is generally attended by a great many people, who like it because it contains so many geographical descriptions, as also accounts of the habits, manners, and mode of worship of other nations. Its influence is very good, and the people present this evening were much pleased. They listened attentively to the spread of the Gospel among the Burmese, and seemed to enjoy it. Immediately after the service was over, all the party adjourned to the reception-room, for the monthly concert was held in the church; and then some animated conversation was held, bearing on the topics related by the preacher; and so great was the interest created, that the party did not break up till very late.

During my stay this time in Sidon, I visited the forts in the upper and lower parts of the city; but I scarcely found anything sufficiently interesting to make them worthy of more than a mere record; if anything can be said of them, it is that they were erected at the time of the Crusaders, but are now going into decay. The Christian cemetery is immediately beyond the gardens,

and is enlivened by a solitary oak, which throws its shadow over the graves.

Sidon was attacked by a British squadron on the 26th of September, 1840, and surrendered after a short siege. The ships employed on this occasion were Her Majesty's ships "Thunderer," "Gorgon," "Cyclops," "Wasp," "Hydra," "Stromboli;" the Austrian frigate "Guerriera," commanded by the Arch-Duke Frederick, and the "Gul Sefide," Turkish frigate. The whole command was given to Commodore (now Admiral) Sir Charles Napier, his broad pennant flying on board the "Gorgon."

The ships having appeared off Sidon, the Commodore summoned the town to surrender; but as no answer was given by the Egyptians, preparations were made to attack. The wind being light, the "Cyclops" towed the "Thunderer" to her position; the "Stromboli" towed the Austrian frigate "Guerriera," and the "Gul Sefide," Turkish frigate. Both these last were placed abreast of the town. The "Wasp" (sloop), and "Stromboli" (steamer), anchored more to the southward, to flank it. The steamers, "Gorgon," "Cyclops," and "Hydra," took up their positions to the northward, close to the castle. The "Gorgon" was the first to open the engagement, and shortly afterwards the whole squadron opened their broadsides, which was warmly returned by the Egyptian garrison, consisting of nearly three thousand men.

After firing shot and shells at the town for a couple of hours, the gallant Commodore made a breach, and landed at the head of his men. The struggle was a sharp one; nor did the town surrender until the Egyptian commander was killed. He died game. With two marines' bayonets at his breast, he refused quarter and

resisted, so they fired and he died. Five hundred of his troops immediately laid down their arms, and fifteen hundred were afterwards taken. This ended the siege, and the disorder attendant upon the surrender of a town having been put a stop to, Commodore Napier returned to Bayroot, from which place he was sent to attack the Egyptian camp at Djooni, which he did with his usual daring and gallantry.

Tuesday, 6th March, 1855.

This morning I was up early, preparing for my tour in Palestine. At eight o'clock I sent Khalil with the baggage to precede me, and half an hour afterwards I was in the saddle; my destination this day was Soor—the ancient Tyre. I rode out of Bab-El-Fowka; galloped among the gardens, which sending forth a delicious scent perfumed the air; crossed the dry beds of one or two winter torrents, and caught up with Khalil on the banks of the Sanik, a small stream, where I watered my horse. We proceeded slowly on our way. In about one hour and a half after leaving Sidon, we forded the Zahrani, and continued our course in a rich plain, on which the peasantry were engaged, at the end of which we made a curve towards the sea, passing a mill and a ruined khan by the way; and at eleven o'clock we reached a *wely*, adjoining a small khan, dedicated to *El Khodr*, or Elijah. Some have supposed it to be St. George, but I think it is a mistake; be it so or not, here we were at the beginning of another narrow plain.

High on a ridge to our left stood the village of *Surfand*, supposed by all writers to be the ancient Sarepta. Robinson thinks, and perhaps correctly, that the ancient

Zarephath or Sarepta must have occupied the site of the *wely* before-mentioned; or, at any rate, was nearer the sea than the present *Surfand*, which is on the shoulder of the ridge, and somewhere about two miles from the sea-shore. It is not unlikely, that the inhabitants emigrated a little east; at any rate, here we have the site of that place where Elijah sojourned with the widow according to the word of the Lord, and where he restored her son to life. The village of *Surfand* is pleasantly located; and overlooks a beautiful little plain, where fields of corn wave in majestic splendour. We were not far from the sea-shore; a fresh breeze was blowing from the south to the detriment of two little schooners who were bound that way; they came down in full sail upon the *wely*, and when close to it, they tacked again. We could hear the sailors singing at the ropes, as they were hauling the sheets on the other tack; away they went; not very far; for by the time we had reached *Nahr El Aswad*, another stream, as large as the *Zahrani*, which was spanned by a ruined bridge, and where I stopped to luncheon they came down again upon us; but now the wind which was adverse, shifted a little to the north, and away they ran to their destinations, leaving us to find the best of our way to Soor. We continued to see them for a couple of hours; after which they disappeared from our view.

From *Nahr El Aswad* we had a view of Soor; which appeared to us like an island in the sea. Here the ridges recede back and form a curve; the mountains, if so they may be called, now possess a tame appearance of hills or undulations broken here and there, and the traveller now misses the grandeur of Lebanon. We now struck inwards with the curve; and in an hour crossed the

Kasmieh by a substantial bridge. Here again we have the *Leitani*, or *Leontes*, now a deep and wide river; the banks of which are enlivened by oleanders, shrubs, and reeds. Its course to the Mediterranean is now short, watering in its run a portion of the Phœnician plain. I stopped on its banks for a while, and then resumed my course, which was now directed diagonally towards the sea, where Tyre was situated. On a little rise of the land above the *Kasmieh*, is a deserted khan; or, at least, was so when I passed it. Riding on, I started a herd of deer that were grazing on the plains; but who no sooner saw us, than they started pell-mell towards the sea. An hour afterwards, we came to *Ain Berkook*, a saltish pool, and then made for the sea-beach, along which we rode, discovering every now and then a sunken wreck, one of which was said to be of an English ship, and had been there for about twenty years, having brought an English lady out, perhaps the Lady Hester Stanhope; but I was not aware that her vessel was wrecked in Tyre. A little distance from the gate we passed a spring to our left; which is much prized by the inhabitants for its medicinal properties. At four o'clock we entered the respectable village of Soor. I beg its pardon, as it is generally called a town; and found lodgings at the house of the only Protestant family in the place, which was at the end of the peninsula on which the modern city, if city it may be called, of Soor is situated.

City, forsooth! It does not bear comparison with the villages of Deyr el Kamar, Hasbaiya, or Zahle; not to say anything of the activity which pervades her sister towns. It is surrounded by a broken-down wall; over whose crumbling ruins the traveller and the inhabitants

make easy access in and out of it, whenever it may so please them to do; and this is its only pretention to the name of a town. I rode through the streets, and was surprised at the listless inactivity found everywhere. Here was a merchant nodding over a few yards of calico; and there a man trying to sell a net full of fish. One or two women, veiled up, passed us as we rode through the streets; and indeed I never rode in the street of a village, when such possessed streets, which had not double the activity of Soor. An air of indolence and stupidity reigned throughout. In a sort of a square, which we soon passed, and where I was told were the stores of the importing and exporting merchants, I saw a few boys playing at throwing flat stones at a small round one—a game much played in the East, called *Dowsh w'Sara*, which consists in driving the round small stone by the flat one; and the boy who sends the *sara*, or the round stone farthest, gains the game: but even among them I missed the zest and earnestness of boyhood.

The merchants had long closed their stores and gone home, though it was barely four o'clock in the afternoon; and there was not a single store opened from which I could enquire my way to the house of the Protestant family already mentioned. As we stopped to enquire from a solitary person passing by, the boys left their games and crowded around us, each asking me if I would not like to go to his house. I told them where I wanted to go to, on which they sheepishly left me without saying a word, and had it not been for the kindness of the passer-by, already referred to, I should have stood a good chance of spending the night where I was. He, however, led me through a series of narrow lanes, over heaps of ruined houses, to the abode of Abu Zaid, the Protestant.

Whatever credit I may be willing to accord to these boys for hospitality, I cannot refrain from mentioning their obstinate aversion to Protestantism. This was the reason why they left me so insolently, without replying to my enquiry. The Gospel light is a new thing in Soor, and the inhabitants have not yet overcome their bigotry to view it charitably. A Protestant school was commenced here by the missionaries at Sidon, some time ago; but it fell to the ground, on account of the opposition it met; and now, with the exception of the family where I took my abode, no vestige of Protestantism is to be met with in the place.

In guiding me to the house of Abu Zaid, I asked the man about the number of the inhabitants of the place, and their trade. Of the former he had no conception; of the latter he told me that the principal trade of Soor was exporting a few bales of tobacco to Egypt, which is bought from the *Fellahs* (peasantry) of the adjoining villages, and importing rice, mats, and salt, in exchange, from the Egyptians. Some grain is shipped from this port, being the nearest to the fields where it is grown, to European markets, on account of the merchants of Bayroot, from which last place the petty traders import their little stock of dry goods, colonials, and hardware. And this is all that remains of the grandeur and trade of ancient Tyre—that crowning city, whose merchants were “*princes*,” whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth.

Two or three smacks lay in the harbour in front of the town; and the antiquary asks, Can this be Tyre, the joyous city, once the undisputed mistress of the sea, whose mariners founded colonies far and near, rivalling mighty Rome in grandeur and beauty; the boards of whose ships were of the fir trees of Senir, whose masts

were of the cedars of Lebanon, whose oars were of the oaks of Bashan, and whose benches were made by the Ashurites of the ivory of the isles of Chittim—whose sails were of fine linen and brodered work from Egypt, and whose awnings were of blue and purple, from the isles of Elishah?

Yes, traveller; the miserable village of Soor represents the ancient Tyre—that city of ancient antiquity, the history of whose trade comprised that of the whole world, as related by Ezekiel; the mother of many colonies, whose borders were in the midst of the sea, whose builders have perfected its beauty—that city, which was once the scene of activity, noise, joyfulness, gaiety, bustle, and wealth, but which has long since passed away, like a feverish dream of a disturbed sleep. “Ships,” says a writer, “are indeed seen on the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, but none go near the ‘Queen of waters.’ No merchant in any part of the world enters the name of Tyre in his books; and where thousands assembled for centuries in pomp and pride—where the arrival and discharge of ships were almost an hourly occurrence—where the loud voices of the captains directed the ready mariners—where the songs of the boatmen and the dash of the oars enlivened the rolling ocean—where a thousand other scenes peculiar to great commercial cities—is now a scene of melancholy desolation, misery, and wretchedness”; indeed, the history of this city—its former grandeur and its fall—are so touching, that it has been said with much force and truth, that “the noble dust of Alexander, traced by the imagination till found stopping a beer barrel, would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and abasement than Tyre at the period of being besieged by

that conqueror, and the modern town of Soor erected on its arches." Well may the antiquary ask, "Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?" Let him find the reply in the following verse: "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth."

But this is not all: ancient Tyre, the old town, called Palætyrus, which Strabo situates at thirty stadia south of the insular city, has ceased to exist, and no vestige of it remains; so much so, that able writers are perplexed in determining its exact site; thus leaving us an astounding proof of the fulfilment of the prophecies predicted upon it, that it "shall be a terror, and never be found any more;" yea, even "though thou be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again." It is, indeed, a terror; and the Christian traveller gazes with wonder and awe at the melancholy but literal fulfilment of God's word on the crowning city.

Determined not to be obstructed in my observations by trivial ceremonies, I left Khalil with the baggage at the door of the lodgings, and, procuring a guide, I sallied forth to view the remains of the "insular city." He led me first over heaps of ruins, the work of the earthquake of 1837, which caused great damage in Syria, and by mean hovels, to the remains of the ancient cathedral, which stands at the south-eastern corner of the city; its interior is now filled up with rubbish and huts of a mean description. Some granite columns, of great dimensions, lay buried in the ground. We ascended a spiral stair-case in its eastern end, which still stands, but could not ascend high, as the government has been pulling

it down, carrying off the stones to build a hospital at Bay-root with them for its troops. This I found was the case in all the remaining buildings of Tyre: there were one or two smacks loading with these remains of former grandeur when I was there. This is, perhaps, the cathedral mentioned by Eusebius, and described by him as the most splendid of all the temples of Phœnicia; and here it was, probably, that the bones of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa were entombed.

Jumping over the wall, which here is broken, we made our way through a Mahomedan cemetery to the sea-side. Here a scene of devastation presented itself: broken columns, hewn stones and cornices, lined the sea-beach. I saw traces of an ancient wall. A small tower, whose stones were being pulled up for government purposes, stood at its eastern extremity. I followed the wall in a westerly direction; and, from what I saw, was convinced that a great deal of insular Tyre is buried in the sea. A few modern-looking shops, now ruined and deserted, showed clearly that where the sea now beats was once a thoroughfare. At the extremity of the wall, where it breaks to the north, I saw a man fishing with a rod; another was drawing his net, and, as it contained some fine-looking fishes, I bought them from him for a few piastres. I counted three nets drying on the rocks of Tyre. Yes, indeed, the joyous city has become "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." A glorious sunset, such as often beamed on the once proud Tyre, was gilding the horizon in gorgeous hues as I retraced my steps to my lodgings.

It has been observed by a lecturer, that "a person in Syria cannot be an infidel." It needs no more than to read the predictions on Tyre, and compare them with

her history, her grandeur, her fall, and her present condition, to see one of the most literal and memorable accomplishments of God's word on a city which had boasted of her strength, and made not God her refuge. But I refrain from further observations. Her grandeur and beauty are buried in the waves of the sea, her commerce is no more, her wealth no longer exists, no architects now perfect her beauty, no harp is now heard in her streets, and her galleys no longer brave the waves of the ocean. "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." The whole history of Tyre is a chain of fulfilled prophecy: its overthrow by Nebuchadnezzar; its neglected condition for seventy years; its flourishing afterwards, and "heaping up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets;" its invasion by Alexander; his making up his mole from the ruins of the old city, thus laying "her stones, her timbers, and her dust in the midst of the waters;" its final overthrow and desolation—are so many marked points which testify strongly to the truthfulness of the chain of prophecies predicted concerning her, and crowned by the fact that, though old Tyre has been long sought for, it has not as yet been found. Behold, the waves of the sea bury her, and the fisherman dries his net on her rocks! In view of these facts, how can a reflective mind be an infidel? The thing is impossible! The history of Tyre, no less than that of other unfortunate cities in Syria, utters loudly its testimony to the word of God as given in the Old and New Testaments.

Wednesday, 7th March, 1855.

I was up this morning at four o'clock, and while Khalil was packing the luggage, and loading it, I sauntered to the sea-shore, where, tempted by the placidness of the

waters, I jumped in, and had a delicious bath, after which I returned to my lodging refreshed in mind and body. At six o'clock all was ready, and I mounted my horse. We did not make our exit by the gate, but over the fallen wall, which immediately ushered us into the cemetery already mentioned; we crossed it obliquely, and at ten minutes past six were on the sandy beach out of the insular city. Here I stopped and looked back on the peninsula as it stretches itself into the sea. I had no doubt that where I now stood must have formed part of Alexander's mole. Our course was now along the beach. In half an hour we turned a little to the left in order to ford the stream, which comes down from Ras el Ain. Here I left Khalil to pursue the journey, and rode up alone to look on the stupendous reservoirs mentioned by various travellers, but particularly by William, archbishop of Tyre. The time it took me to come from Tyre to Ras el Ain, was about forty minutes. On leaving Khalil, I rode to the left on the banks of the stream issuing from the reservoirs. About midway between the pools and the sea are the remains of the factories of cloth, erected by Ibrahim Pasha, and afterwards abandoned by him, and now are deserted. It took me five minutes to reach my destination. Here I was shown four pools, substantially built up, with thick walls, and of a height of about fifteen or twenty feet, they were full of beautifully clear water, but not so clear as to discover to the naked eye the bottom of the pools. The natives say that they are unfathomable, but the observations of various travellers who sounded them, confute this statement. Robinson measured the depth of one, and found it to be fourteen feet deep. Sundry large decayed stones are seen in the vicinity, and bear the resemblance of petri-

fied trees. From these reservoirs the water was carried, by means of a substantial aqueduct, parts of which still remain, though in a dilapidated condition, to the city of Tyre. It may be that these are the waters which Shalmaneser, after his unsuccessful invasion of Tyre, tried to cut from the Tyrians, and which forced them to dig wells within the city, and drink therefrom for the space of five years.

The view of Tyre from this place is peculiarly significant; along the coast must have once encamped the armies of Shalmaneser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander, when they besieged Tyre. Here, there, and all along this ground mailed generals, and active soldiers plied in all the energy of warfare. Here were hopes excited and disappointments felt. Shalmaneser, after a five years' siege, gave up the blockade as hopeless; and more than once Alexander bitterly repented his having invested the city at all, and were it not for the dangerous consequences which might ensue, particularly as touching his own reputation, of which he was very tenacious, it is a question whether he would not have preferred following the example of his predecessor, and relinquishing the siege. But Alexander was now in the midst of his Oriental career of conquest, his fame would receive a shock did he retire without overcoming the place—he persevered for seven months, and it was only by building a mole, which converted the island into a peninsula, that he at last succeeded in taking it, and revenged himself on the merchant city by burning it, whilst of its inhabitants he put to the sword eight thousand, crucified two thousand, and sold thirty thousand as slaves.

And the mind of the traveller would also seek in the mazes of imagination the return of the ships of Tarshish

from a three years' voyage; they had left Tyre a flourishing city, beautiful in its buildings, joyous in its circumstances, what must have been their surprise on returning to see no Tyre? How significant must have been their looks as they gazed on each other, or asked for the "*merchant city*"!

About an hour's ride up the hills, Robinson mentions a sarcophagus called, by the natives, Kabr Hairam, or the grave of Hiram; and as the tradition about it is more Mahomedan than monkish, Robinson is inclined to think that it may have been the identical grave of the friend and ally of Solomon.

At seven o'clock, I left the reservoirs, and rode obliquely to the right across sundry gardens, of which I soon got out, and found myself once more on the high road. In about twenty-five minutes I caught up with the baggage.

So far the chain of Libanus was still preserved, but only like the gasps of a dying man—here, and there, a bluff rose up to show that we were still under its shadow, but now it so far receded back, that it was hardly discernible, and hence the scenery became flat and uninteresting; it was, therefore, with no small share of pleasure that my eye once more alighted on something grand and wild. I refer to the white promontory just ahead of us, which we soon reached and began to ascend; our path was cut in the rock, and so much did it resemble a staircase that the people of more ancient days appropriately called it "the ladder of Tyrus." I reached it in about one hour from Ras El Ain. In the middle of the craggy ascent is a small khan, which consists of only one room; it is situated on an eminence of about three or four hundred feet above the sea. As we rode up to it the sea seemed immediately under us;

and so clear were its waters that, at this height, I could easily see the bottom, and trace the rocks in it. I was told that the depth of the sea here was from five to ten fathoms. The view from here was majestically, beautiful. High above me, towering many a hundred feet, rose the wild projection, on whose base the sea, like a thing of life, was playing; beneath me a placid sea courted my admiration—one was wild and grand—the other sweet and beautiful. The insular city of Tyre lay before my gaze, as also the more distant plains beyond it.

In this khan once I had the misfortune to spend one night in the early part of the year 1843; and, though twelve years have passed since the event now to be related took place, yet it has never been forgotten, and perhaps never will. I arrived here, in company with an English friend, late at night; our muleteer told us that we could proceed no further, and, truth to say, we were glad to stop, for we had been nearly twelve hours in the saddle, having left Sidon that morning. In this room, which constitutes the whole khan, we found a blazing fire of green wood and dry sticks, the smoke of which filled the room and brought the tears in copious streams from our eyes. We entered in, and tried to make the best of it; we laid our blankets on the ground and ourselves upon them. Hassan, our muleteer, now brought in also his horses and tied them in front of us, whilst he squatted comfortably round the fire and began to puff the smoke of his pipe, filling the interludes between each puff by smoothing down his curly black beard. We had hardly been in ten minutes, when a man brought in three cows and a donkey; these also he domiciliated with us, whilst he sat him near Hassan, with whom he joined

in conversation, which rendered sleep out of the question. We asked for something to eat, and the man brought us a few cakes of *markook*, which were certainly of the worst kind of wheat I ever saw, for they were exceedingly brown, so that we gave them the name of brown paper; the man brought us also a basin of *lebban*, a kind of curdled milk; upon this we tried to satisfy our inner man, but, lo and behold! whilst we were eating, a man and a woman came in, the former leading a camel, the other carrying an infant of, I should suppose, two months' old. These were all housed with us; and now, if we add the khan-keeper and his dog, all of whom found lodging in that solitary room on that eminence above the sea, I shall have acquainted the reader with the number of our room-mates; O no! I beg its pardon, I omitted to mention a one-eyed cat which kept mewling all the while we were eating.

Till the last addition was made to our number, we were tolerably quiet, if we except the bites of the fleas, which swarmed around us in untold numbers; O! how they loved us those fleas! They sucked and they jumped, they jumped and they sucked, that at last, forgetful of the annoyance, we began to feel amused at their eccentric movements. When the last lodgers entered in, a new scene occurred, which upset all our quietness—the child began to cry, at which the dog began to bark, the cat to mew, the donkey to bray, and the camel to roar—the poor cows remained quiet; but now the men began to jabber; the father took the child with the hope of quieting it, but it became the more uproarious. Hassan puffed away at his pipe, and we laid us down to sleep. The reader need hardly be told that we slept but very little, and were off before dawn on our way to Jerusalem.

In recollection of that night, I stopped here a few minutes, and wrote a note to that friend who spent the night with me here, to be posted from Acre, after which I pushed on my way to Iskandroona, a beautiful spring, where I stopped to breakfast.

I enjoyed the water, which was of the coolest and purest I ever drank. It is said that Alexander built the fountain. An inscription seems to have once been above the orifice; but it has been taken away. The ruins of a modern village testify that the spring was appreciated, and that people resided around it.

Leaving Iskandroona we now continued our way in a craggy road, which, as we got onward, became worse and worse, till at last riding became out of the question; and we dismounted to lead our horses up the hill. The road here now resembled the entrance to the promontory; in fact, it was a part and parcel of it; and glad was I when I reached the top, where a deserted Khan is located, and where I had a view of Acre, and Carmel in the distance. The day was very warm, and I was very thirsty; but, as no one was in the Khan, I could get no water. Khalil told me that half-an-hour a-head of us was a spring, so I galloped on, and reached it in the time he said. How gladly I hailed it, none know but those who, like me, have felt the torment of thirst. I made a rush to it; but, alack-a-day, what was my disappointment, to see a filthy *dervish* bathing in it.

I proceeded without stopping; but soon found that I was getting faint, and could proceed no further. A large tree, whose shadow looked very friendly, courted me to rest; and, jumping off my horse, I laid me down, and ordered Khalil to hand me a bottle of wine from the case of provisions. I would here say that, though I

carried wine with me, yet I never made use of it when I could get water, and never did I adulterate the water of Syria, that pure, clear, and crystal-like liquid, with any invention of man. It is far too good to admit of being improved.

Half-an-hour I rested here; and then pursued my way in a plain which seems to be newly cultivated. Far to my right lay the village of *Zeeb*. An hour before reaching Acre we saw several gardens of oranges and citrons, which were just being planted; and, from all that I could see around me, I was satisfied that the country was waking up to a better state of things. Half-an-hour afterwards, we passed, to our left, the aqueduct built by Abdalla Pasha, and which conducts the water to Acre, by a series of fine arches. A little nearer to the city are the pleasure-grounds once belonging to His Excellency, but which have now been bought by Mr. G. Giammal, United States Vice-Consul of this place. At four o'clock I entered the gate; and forthwith proceeded to the house of Mr. G., where I was hospitably entertained.

The distance from Tyre to Acre is calculated to be nine full hours. It took me ten; but the reader will observe that I stopped on the way nearly two hours. Besides, there is no going fast on the Promontorium Album, which extends nearly four hours' distance. It is a fearfully craggy piece of road; but is not devoid of interest. I rather like the first and last portions of it; there is something grand in them, which entertains the eye, and amuses the mind: the towering rock above you—the rudely-cut path before you—the sea immediately below you—and a height and depth above and beneath you of many a hundred feet, from which many a rock projects like a castellated buttress. A small lateen-sailed

boat passed under us, and we could see the men plainly. It seemed, at one time, just beneath me. The middle portion of this piece is, however, flat; and, though it is not so craggy, it is by no means so interesting. The other parts of the road, namely, from Tyre to the Promontory, and from that to Acre, are easy plains; the former being a sort of cove, formed between the insular city and the promontory; the latter a series of new gardens.

It was a fortunate thing for me, that on the evening of my arrival at Acre, the pasha paid a friendly visit to Mr. Giammal, and thus I had the pleasure of being introduced to His Excellency Redshid Pasha. He is a fine-looking man in person; and I was told that he was not less so in his manners. The topics of the evening led us to speak of the subject of my travels; and I told him that I intended going to Tiberias, Nazareth, Nablous, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. He at once proposed to send a guard with me to Tiberias; and also to give me letters of introduction to the various governors, on my way, calling upon them to provide me guards whenever I wanted, and to see me safely escorted from place to place.

His arrangement fell in exactly with my plans; and I was confirmed in the original route which I had planned to myself, and which I was wavering about following, on account of the insecurity of the roads. Three Jews had just been robbed and killed, not far from Safed, and all for the paltry sum of 2,000 piastres, something less than 20*l*. A man, it was told me, was robbed on the way to Haifa, a city under the shade of Carmel, about three hours' ride from Acre. Many other instances were rumoured, which made it imprudent for me to go alone;

and, consequently, I was glad to put myself under a government escort.

This escort costs the traveller nothing. The guard is in the Government pay; and, as the Government is bound to look to the safety of those travelling in her territories, she provides them with guards, if asked. I took a guard to Tiberias; there I changed him for another, who took me to Nazareth; another one accompanied me to Mount Tabor; another was sent with me to Nablous; and another brought me to Jaffa. These guards, as soon as they reached a place, the seat of a district like Tiberias, or Nazareth, or Djenin, or Nablous, or Jaffa, proceeded to the Mutsellim, or governor, and, through him, got a receipt from me that I arrived safely at the place, which they take back to their superiors. The next day the Mutsellim sends with me one of his own guards, to carry me through his own district, and so on. These guards are always cavalry. There are some foot-guards; but they are not used for this purpose. I was told that the district of Acre had seventy guards; Tiberias ten; Nazareth five; and Djenin twelve. Their pay is seventy-five piastres a month, including their horses, which are their property. The government, however, provides rations for man and beast.

I said that a guard costs a traveller nothing, but I would inform him, that a backsheesh is generally expected at the end of each guard's district. I generally gave them a present at the rate of half a dollar per day, and also kept them and their horses. I found one guard at a time was quite sufficient.

The historical notices of Acre are interesting to the English reader. Here Richard I. of England attacked the Saracen army; Sir Sidney Smith annihilated the

hopes of Napoleon Bonaparte, in his grand scheme of forming for himself an Eastern empire; and, latterly, the cannons of Sir Charles Napier left their marks upon this place. The city lies on the plain which takes its name and occupies the north western point of a bay, whose south western point is formed by the promontory of Mount Carmel. It has no harbour, and in stress of weather the ships are obliged to run down to Haifa, at the opposite extremity of the bay, for safety. In the storm of December, 1840, which caused great damage to the shipping on the coast of Syria, the British sloop of war *Zebra*, mounting twenty guns, was stranded in this bay, a couple of miles to the north-east of the city of Haifa.

The more ancient name of the place was Accho, but it was afterwards called Ptolemais, from Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. It has since then reverted to its old name, and the natives now call it Acca. By the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, it was called St. John d'Acre, the Europeans still call it by that name.

The first notice we have of Acre is in the first chapter of Judges and the thirty-first verse, where we see it allotted to the tribe of Asher; it seems then to have been a place of considerable strength, for it is recorded that the Asherites could not drive the Canaanites out of it. In the twenty-first chapter of Acts, we read that St. Paul visited it on his way to Jerusalem, and abode with the *brethren* one day. It has, however, been the scene of many remarkable transactions and struggles, which it is not the object of this work to detail in full; one event in its history is, that during the phrenzy of the religious war excited by Peter the Hermit, it was repeatedly the object of obstinate and bloody contentions

between the Christians and the Saracens. In 1110, it was first taken by the Franks under Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, but in 1187 it was recovered by Salah-ed-Dein, from whom it was wrested ten years afterwards by the united armies of England and France. It was in this siege that the famous lion-hearted Richard of England made such a distinguished figure, which ever afterwards obtained for him the fear and respect of the Saracen chief. A century afterwards, when it was defended by the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, who had fortified it strongly, it was attacked by Khalil Ben Kelwan, Sultan of Egypt, and surrendered to him after a siege of thirty-three days. This event took place on the 5th of April, 1291, and history records that sixty thousand Christians were either massacred or made slaves. The fortress of the Knights was destroyed, their Grand Master slain, and out of the five hundred of them only ten survived. A few of the besieged, among whom were the King of Jerusalem, the Patriarch, and the Grand Master of the Hospital escaped by sea to Cyprus. Since then, Acre has been in the hands of the Saracens, and all attempts on the part of the Franks to regain it have been fruitless. It was here that the military order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem first existed, and here was their first stronghold.

In 1750, the Arab chief, Daher, who had defied the Sultan, took possession of it, and fortified it. He was succeeded in its government by the barbarous Djezzar, His name is Ahmed, but the nickname Djezzar, which signifies a butcher, was given him on account of his many atrocities. This is not the place, nor have I the desire, to enter upon his cruel career. He was a monster in human flesh; and to this day the mention of his name

in Syria is sufficient to create a shudder. He, however, did much to regain for Acre its former importance. It was during his pashalik that the French warrior, Bonaparte, besieged the city, but was baffled in his design by the intrepidity and skill of Sir Sidney Smith. Sixty-one days after commencing the siege, the hero of Austerlitz and Marengo, un-Alexander-like, whose career he tried to imitate, gave up the contest, and turned his back on Acre. In 1832, it was besieged and taken by Ibrahim Pasha, the intrepid viceroy of Egypt, but was wrested from him and given back to Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid in 1840, by means of the English arms, and in whose hands it has remained ever since. This last attack took place on the third of November, 1840, and only lasted a few hours, when a powder magazine blew up, and the town surrendered.

Acre presents two sides to the sea, one facing to the west and the other to the south. In its last capture it was found necessary to attack it in two divisions. It seems that Admiral Stopford determined to make speedy work of it. On the 29th of September (1840), Omar Bey was ordered to advance from Sidon, with two thousand Turks, upon Tyre, and then to occupy the White Mountains to the northward; while three thousand men under the immediate command of Selim Pasha, and small detachments of Royal Artillery and Sappers, under Major Higgins, of the former corps, and Lieut. Aldrich, Royal Engineers, embarked on board the squadron, which comprised the following ships:

BRITISH.		
Princess Charlotte	104	Captain Fanshawe.
Powerful . . .	84	Commodore Napier.
Thunderer . . .	84	Captain Berkeley.

BRITISH—*continued.*

Bellerophon	.	80	Captain Austin.
Revenge	.	76	Captain Waldegrave.
Benbow	.	72	Captain Stewart.
Edinburgh	.	72	Captain W. Henderson.
Castor	.	36	Captain Collier.
Pique	.	36	Captain Boxer.
Carysfort	.	26	Captain Martin.
Talbot	.	26	Captain Codrington.
Hazard	.	18	Commander Elliot.
Wasp	.	16	Commander Mansel.
Gorgon	.	War Steamer	Captain Henderson.
Phoenix	.	do.	Commander Stopford.
Stromboli	.	do.	Commander Williams.
Vesuvius	.	do.	Commander Henderson.

TURKISH.

Flag-Ship	.	84	Rear-Admiral Walker.
Cutter	.	8	

AUSTRIAN.

Flag-Ship	.	60	Admiral Bandiera.
Frigate	.	46	H.R.H. Archduke Frederick.
Corvette	.	20	

In order to explain the cause of the bombardment of Syria in 1840, it is necessary to give the reader a short sketch of the political relations of Turkey at that time. The Porte claimed to hold sway over the whole of Syria and Egypt, and appointed pashas to govern them; many of whom, owing to its weakness, gradually became independent.

One of the most remarkable of these men was Mohamed Ali. From a low origin, having become a soldier, he raised himself by his talents and intrigues to a high command in the army of the Sultan; and afterwards being sent to Egypt, he deposed the pasha of that province, and stepped into his shoes. Ever vigilant, he

never lost an opportunity of strengthening his power; and, to reach that end, he was unscrupulous as to the means he used. Finding the Mamelukes who had much assisted him in obtaining his pashalik very troublesome, he invited them, to the number of nearly five hundred, to a feast in the citadel of Cairo, where he had them all massacred with the exception of one chief, who leaped his horse over a high wall and escaped.

Now Mohamed Ali, having consolidated his power in Egypt, and made himself perfectly independent of the Ottoman Empire, began to consider the possibility of rising a step higher, and mounting the throne of the caliphs. To effect this object, which was doubtless his aim, he assembled a large army, which he disciplined under European officers, and at the head of it placed his son Ibrahim Pasha, and sent him into Syria. In the expectation that the Pashas of Syria, who also were unruly, would oppose his march, and thus weaken each other's power by the contest, the Porte did not at first complain of Ibrahim's advance into the country; when, however, he made himself master of Acre and other places, the Turks assembled an army to oppose him. This army he speedily drove before him; and a still larger one having been collected, he finally defeated and dispersed it at the battle of Koniye, where the Grand Vizier himself was taken prisoner. Had Ibrahim at once advanced, said the author of the "Blue Jackets," from whom I am gleaning this narrative, he might have captured Constantinople, but he delayed till the Russians, called in by the Sultan for his protection, had reached the Bosphorus, and with them he had no wish to try the fortune of war; he, therefore, entered into a treaty, by which, in addition to Egypt, he and his father

obtained the government of the whole of Syria and the pashalik of Adana. The Sultan, however, never ceased to long for the recovery of Syria, and at length sent an army to drive out the Egyptians. Hearing of this, Ibrahim Pasha at once collected an army and met the Turks at Nezib, where, on the 24th of June, 1837, he gave them battle, and, after a sanguinary conflict of four hours, completely routed them, with a loss of six thousand in killed and wounded, and ten thousand left in his hands. To add to the difficulties of the Turks, their fleet, under the command of the Capudan Pasha (Admiral), who had been sent to the Dardanelles, sailed for Alexandria, and joined the Egyptians. It was at this juncture that Sultan Mahmood the Second died, and was succeeded by his son, Abd-ul-Medjid, then a youth of seventeen.

The Turkish Empire had for many years been gradually decaying; and Russia, Austria, France, and England, it is supposed, looked with longing eyes each to obtain a portion of it, when it finally fell to pieces; but as each of these three great powers are jealous that one should possess a bit of more value than the rest, they are all interested in maintaining what *they are pleased to call* THE INTEGRITY OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE. Russia, especially, had resolved to make herself mistress of Constantinople, and waited only a plausible excuse for sending an army to take possession of that city; the other powers, therefore, though they had no objection to prevent Turkey from ever regaining sufficient strength to do harm, would not allow her, if they could help it, to be so weakened that she might fall an unresisting victim into the hands of Russia. This it was that induced the European powers to interfere then, and put

a stop to Ibrahim Pasha's career of conquest, and compel him to withdraw his army into Egypt.

Having come to this conclusion, Commodore Napier was despatched to Alexandria with this ultimatum. He (Mohamed Ali) was to have the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and the possession of the pashalik of St. Jean d'Acre for life. If, within ten days from the notification of these terms, the Pasha should not accept them, the Sultan was to offer him Egypt alone; and if he still persisted in refusing, the European powers were to compel him by force to assent to the proposed settlement. In spite of the threats held out, he refused to accede to the proposed terms, and made every preparation in his power for resistance. His reply to the ultimatum is worthy of record; he said, "*That the territories he had won with the sword he would defend with the sword.*"

On the 12th of August, Commodore Napier's squadron anchored off Bayroot, and declared the coast in a state of blockade.

Bayroot, Tyre, Sidon, and other places having surrendered, it was deemed necessary to attack Acre. For this purpose the Turkish admiral appeared before it on the 26th of October, and summoned it to surrender. The flag of truce sent with the message was not received, and the garrison threatened to fire into the boat which brought it.

On this, the whole squadron sailed to Acre, and attacked it in two divisions. Commodore Napier led the way in the "Powerful" to the northward, closely followed by the "Princess Charlotte," "Thunderer," "Bellerophon," and "Pique"; while Captain Collier, of the "Castor," commanded the south with the "Benbow," "Edinburgh," "Carysfoot," "Talbot," "Wasp," and "Hazard."

As the ships successively anchored they opened a tremendous fire on the batteries; and so well were the shot directed, that it would have been impossible for any human beings to have stood their ground. The Egyptians, consequently, were soon thrown into confusion, many of them endeavouring to make their escape as they best could. Five guns only, placed in a flanking battery, were well served, and never missed; but they were pointed too high, and did damage only to the spars and rigging of the "Powerful." The maintopmast and mizentopsail-yard of that ship were shot through, and her rigging was much cut. She was twice hulled: one shot struck her in the cut-water, and one hitting the main bits on the quarter-deck. The "Thunderer" had her quarter gallery shot away. Captain Collier's squadron engaged the batteries on the south. The steamers were not idle, as they kept up a hot fire of shot and shell, some of their shells doing much execution.

After an engagement of two hours, the grand magazine blew up, with a most tremendous explosion; whether caused by a shell or by accident it is difficult to say. A large number of the garrison were blown up, and many probably were buried alive in the ruins, or in the casemates. The five guns before mentioned, notwithstanding this catastrophe, kept up their fire with great spirit to the last. About sunset, the signal was given to discontinue the engagement; but the Commodore kept the fire up some time after dusk, lest the enemy should be tempted to re-man their guns. The flag-lieutenant then brought the order to withdraw. The "Revenge" slipped her stern anchor, and made sail without difficulty. The "Princess Charlotte" picked up both her anchors, and made sail; but casting the wrong way, nearly got on

shore. The "Powerful" was towed out by the "Gorgon." The "Thunderer" and the "Bellerophon" remained in their position.

In the course of the night, a small boat brought off the information that the Egyptian troops were leaving the town; and in consequence, at day-light, three hundred Turks and a party of Austrian marines landed, and took unopposed possession of the place. This closed the war in Syria; as, on the fall of Acre, the Egyptian garrisons of Haifa and Jaffa evacuated those places, and endeavoured to fight their way into Egypt. The Syrian tribes declared for the Sultan, and the garrison and inhabitants of Jerusalem returned to their allegiance. Commodore Napier then hastened to Alexandria, and made a convention with Mohamed Ali, in which the pasha agreed to order his son Ibrahim to evacuate Syria, and to restore the Turkish fleet, as soon as he received official notification that the Sultan would grant him the hereditary government of Egypt; the commodore, on his part, undertaking that hostilities should be suspended against Alexandria or any other port of Egypt, and that the Egyptian army under Ibrahim Pasha should have an unmolested passage through Syria. These terms were ratified after a fresh treaty, and on the 11th of January of the following year, the Turkish fleet was given up; and soon after the Sultan sent a *firman* granting to the pasha the hereditary possession of Egypt, without any interference on the part of the Porte, while a yearly tribute of about two millions of pounds sterling was to be paid by the pacha, besides about two millions more of arrears.

Thursday, 8th March, 1855.

Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Giammal took me up to the terrace of his house, and showed me the view, which certainly was beautiful. Immediately before me, to the west, rolled the waters of the Mediterranean, on whose waves, in the year 1840, the English fleet, composed of leviathan islands, gallantly rode before this city. I was shewn where they anchored. What a glorious sight it must have been to have seen those monsters of the deep, with the union-jack flying at the main; or to have gazed on the many boats which swarmed on the waves, plying with all the alacrity of British seamen! To the north lay the Promontorium Album; whilst, at an equal distance to the south, rose the shrubby heights of Carmel, hiding beneath their shade the city of Haifa and the river Kishon, now called El Mukatta, which signifies *cut up*, and which empties itself into the Mediterranean about a mile and a half north-east of Haifa. Gazing to the east, the eye rests on a fruitful plain, dotted with tents here and there, round which hordes of cattle were grazing. Farther back, and almost joining the southernmost chain of the Libanus, rose the fruitful hills of Lower Galilee. Mr. G— directed my attention to the fortifications, which are of no mean strength.

Descending from the terrace, we proceeded to call on the Pasha. Our road led us through a series of lanes, and in about five minutes we reached the Seraglio, where we saw his excellency in the court, surrounded by many people. He invited me to walk in; but I declined, as I wanted to go and see the city, on which he sent a Janissary with me; meanwhile, he ordered his secretary to write for me letters of introduction to the Mutsellims of Tiberias and Nazareth, and promised to send me a guard

early next morning to accompany me to Tiberias. I thanked him, and went out, leaving Mr. G— with him on business.

The streets of Acre, like all those of the Levant, are dirty, narrow, and infested with dogs. We passed before the great mosque built by Djezzar, and shortly afterwards entered a covered street; hitherto I had seen nothing of importance. My guide now led me through a series of thoroughfares, where I witnessed some activity. Mr. G— had told me in the morning, that Acre was now waking to its former importance. I saw some people weighing skins of oil, which I was told were intended for European markets; baskets of rice, imported from Egypt, were huddled here and there.

Immediately near a Greek church I saw the tombs of two English officers: one was that of Lieut.-Col. Walker, who died in this place on the 8th of December, 1840; the other bore the name of Major Oldfield, “of the British Marines, who, in leading a sortie from this garrison, when besieged by Napoleon Buonaparte and the French army, on the 7th April, 1799, at the age of forty-three, terminated a life which from early youth had been devoted to the service of his country. He was buried by the French with military honours; a soldier ‘*sans peur et sans reproche*.’ He carried with him to the grave the esteem of both friends and foes.” The inscription goes on to say, that the tablet was erected to his memory by his nephew. Near to this is the Greek church already referred to. We now made our way towards the southern wall, close to which I saw one or two cornices in a wall, and some old remains; these, I was told, were the remains of the church of St. John. The walls here, as everywhere, were strongly fortified.

There is a Roman Catholic convent in Acre, which affords lodgings to pilgrims; but, like other institutions of the kind in Syria, its hospitality is limited to three days.

After dinner I accompanied Mr. G— to his newly-bought house, the pleasure-grounds of Abdalla Pasha already referred to. I enjoyed the ride, but still more the walk in the gardens. As for the houses, they were in a dilapidated condition, and would require much repair before they could be rendered habitable. I admired much a large square pool, on the four corners of which have been once erected summer-houses. Mr. G— is improving his purchase by planting new trees; and when all is finished, the place will look beautiful.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACRE TO NAZARETH.

Departure — Reminiscences of Old Times — Recollections of Joseph's Brethren—Carmel—Its Grottos—Fabulous—Carmelite Convent—An Excursion on its Ridge in 1843—The Scene of Elijah's Trial of the False Prophets of Baal—The Kishon—Abelleen—En Route—Cultivation—Water—Turaan—Tell Hattin—Battle—Beer Kerrazé—Loobia—Arrival at Tiberias—The Fleas—An Excursion in 1843—Capernaum—Chorazim—Bethsaida—A Bath in Tiberias—Scene of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes—Dirty Condition of Tiberias—The Mut-sellim — The Jews — The Earthquake of 1837 — Historical Notices of Tiberias—Warm Baths—Situation of the Lake—A Squall—Departure—Hajan-el-Nsara—Kurun Hattin—Views and Ideas—Kefr Kenna—El Mash'had—Er Reineh—Arrival at Nazareth—Casa Nova.

Friday 9th March, 1855.

I FELT greatly refreshed by my rest of yesterday; and therefore I was prepared to start early this morning. My destination this day was Tiberias, which I was told was ten hours' ride from Acre: the caravans perform the distance in twelve hours. I was ready to be on my way by six o'clock; but the guard did not make his appearance till half-past seven, and it was eight o'clock before we made our exit from the gate of Acre.

At last we are off. Sheikh Hassan, the guard, an elderly-looking man of about fifty years of age, armed

with pistols, swords and gun, mounted on a grey horse, whose misfortune was that he had lost one eye, rode ahead. We soon left the sea beach, and struck into a goodly plain, of which the reader will learn enough in the course of the journey. Our course was east slightly by north, over the rich plains, where were hosts of tents, scattered in groups here and there, surrounded by horses and herds of cattle, which grazed *ad libitum*. I was strongly reminded of Joseph's brethren, who, in a similar manner, thirty-six centuries ago, led out their flocks and herds to spots of green pasturage. The custom still remains, as in days of old, for a wealthy man to send a few of his men to watch his cattle during the grazing season. We saw a host of horses belonging a gentleman in Sidon; a little further off we saw a drove of camels, which, I was told, belonged to a man in Damascus; and so on. On eating up all they can find in this plain, the animals and cattle are led somewhere else, and so on till the grazing season, which is generally in the early part of spring, is over, when they are brought home. This is what is understood in Syria by putting the animals to grass. There is another custom in Syria of planting fields of grass on purpose for horses, which grows up just like corn, and upon which the horses are allowed to feed. This, I apprehend, is not what was done by Joseph's brethren; I should rather suppose they were following the first custom, which is still very current in Syria, especially in this part, and further on towards Nazareth and Nablous: the very places to which Joseph's brethren led their flocks from Hebron.

The people who come to watch the animals, on arriving at a green spot affording pasturage, at once pitch a tent, and reside there till the animals have made away

with all the verdure around. I entered one of these tents, and found four young men comfortably housed: the ground was spread with an old carpet, on which their slight mattresses were laid; on a rope, which was fastened to the pole, and extended to different sides of the tent, hung some of their clothes; a jar of water lay at the entrance, and immediately before the tent I saw a man cooking. They had a large supply of tobacco with them, and seemed to be contented and happy. Every now and then they went out to look on the animals, and returned again to smoke or lounge.

At nine o'clock we reached a well, near to a small ruin, topping a conical hill. I found that it was only the remains of an ancient khan; but having once dismounted, I stopped here to breakfast. I located myself on the top of the cistern, whilst our horses were let loose to graze. There was no fear of their running away, as Hassan took the precaution to tie their fore-feet together with their halters, so that we could easily catch them.

Immediately before us, to the south, lay Carmel in all its glory: the river Kishon we could also trace meandering at its base, and pouring into the Mediterranean a little this side of Haifa, which city was also visible to us, and bore, from where we now were, south-west. The bay of Acre on one side, and the low hills of Galilee on the other, completed the picture.

I did not ascend Carmel this time; but I have often done so in former days, and I still have a recollection of the hospitality of the convent situated on its southwestern extremity. On one occasion we made an excursion of its whole length from north-west to the south-east. It was in the month of May, 1843; but I must

confess that, though the ridges were covered with a dense growth of shrubbery, I missed the fertility incident on the "excellency of Carmel," which, as a reader of the Bible, I was led to expect. Nowhere does it bear comparison with the verdure or luxuriance of Lebanon; and, as there is no question that this is the Carmel of the Scriptures, I could only account for its present barrenness as a fulfilment of the prophecy of Amos, who predicted that "the Lord will roar from Zion, and utter His voice from Jerusalem . . . and the top of Carmel shall wither." If, therefore, the tourist expects anything in Carmel, superseding Lebanon, either in beauty or fruitfulness, he will only find, on visiting it, a melancholy fulfilment of the above prophecy. Here, and there, the traveller's eye may rest on patches of fertility; but, on the whole, Carmel presents one continued grove of brambles, bushes and shrubbery. Such did it always appear to me whenever I visited it; and this has been no less than five times during the various seasons of the year.

Its sides are full of grottos; and no end of traditions are told about them, most of which are connected with the prophet Elijah. In one of them it is said he hid himself from the vengeance of Ahab and Jezebel, after putting the priests of Baal to death. To shew how utterly unfounded tradition is, in this instance, we have only to refer to sacred writers, and there we shall find that Elijah, alarmed by the threats of Jezebel, did not hide himself in Carmel, but "arose and went for his life, and came to Beersheba, which belonged to Judah." Another grotto is shown, overlooking the sea, where it is said the prophet taught the divine mysteries to a generation of prophets. But enough. I do not doubt the fact that there are grottos or caves in Carmel, which were

once honoured as the abodes of prophets and other religious men. The prophets Elijah and Elisha, we know, often resorted there; but, to be pointed to the spots by modern men, where such and such a thing took place, looks to me very much like the fabulous.

The traveller will enjoy his stay at the Carmelite convent, where the table is unexceptionable. The monks have also built another house for the reception of travellers. The view from both these buildings is beautiful, affording a great scope for the eye; towns, rivers, plains, hills, and the wide sea, fall within its compass. The order of the monks resident here is Carmelites, and they derive, it is said, their name from this mount. They pretend that the prophet Elijah, himself, was their founder.

I mentioned a ride which I made, in 1843, to its southeastern extremity. Here, on a hill, I saw the remains of a blackened altar, if a congregation of stones could be so called, and I was made to understand that this was the scene of Elijah's great miracle, as recorded in 1 Kings xviii, where he made a trial of the false prophets of Baal, and where he uttered those memorable words,—“How long halt ye, between two opinions? if the Lord be God follow him; but if Baal then follow him.” A little lower down the hill we saw the dry bed of a spring, from which it is said water was carried into the trenches around the altar. At the base of the hill ran the river Kishon; and, immediately on the opposite bank, is a mound which tradition says was the place where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. The hill called *Tell-el-Kassis*, or the *hill of the priest*, is visible from where I now sat. Indeed the whole scene, where this transaction is said to have occurred, was immediately

opposite to me, across the plain. Whatever credence the traveller may wish to attach to these traditionary sites, one thing he should bear in mind, which would outweigh all the interest of these traditions, is the fact that those things *did* occur here, and, if not exactly on the sites shewn, not far from them. Hence is the interest with which Carmel is clothed with in my eyes. Elijah often resorted here; and it was here that he gathered the priests of Baal, and proved to them that the Lord is God. Sufficient for me, therefore, was the knowledge that this was Carmel, and yonder the brook Kishon. Of the river Kishon and its source, I shall speak in later pages. Meanwhile I will inform the reader that it is a narrow stream, fordable in many places. I forded it near Haifa as also at Tell-el-Kassis. The scriptural account of the overthrow of Sisera's host manifestly shews that the stream must have been more considerable than it is now; but it is not improbable that, when the plains of Esdraelon were more wooded, there were also more streams, which, pouring into it, swelled it to more than its present size: but to this point I hope to direct the attention of the reader, in a future chapter.

At half-past nine we left our breakfast-ground, and made our way towards Abelleen, a village, on the hill of which more when we come to it. Here the Nazareth road breaks off to the right. Another hour's ride brought us to another well, where we made a halt of a few minutes; so far we had been riding in the plains of Acre, but now our road shot off a little to the left, and entered a gorge between two hills. Abelleen was now visible to us, occupying the shoulder of a ridge a-head. Passing a grove of olives we ascended the hill on which it stands, and reached it in fifty-five minutes from the

last halting place. We stopped at the door of the Sheik's house for a few moments, while Hassan was having a parley with him. Adjoining the abode of that chief was a mosque and an old ruin, but of which I could make nothing.

Leaving Abelleen, which is wholly inhabited by Mahomedans, we descended the ridge, and for an hour and a half continued to wind through a narrow valley. I was astonished at the extent of cultivation which I saw everywhere; fields, hills, and all, were waving one ocean of wheat. Emerging from this valley we were ushered into a small plain, bounded by low hills on every side save the north, where the peaks were higher and bolder; Hermon, towering above them, added to their romantic appearance. At the entrance of the plain we came upon a well, but as there was no bucket wherewith to draw water, we pushed on without stopping, and in a few minutes reached a winter stream, called El Gadeer, whose waters are very red, but nevertheless are good. It took us nearly one hour to cross this plain, after which we entered a narrow gorge, from whence we were ushered into another plain, smaller and narrower than the last, but more cultivated. Our road kept to the base of the ridge on the left, whilst to our right we could see in a hollow, across the fertile plain, the village of Kefr Kenna, of which more to-morrow. At three o'clock we reached the village of Turâan, where we alighted for a few minutes at the priest's house. This is a Christian village, and the priest a plain unostentatious man; he made no pretensions of ability, but failed not to press upon me his hospitality for the night. This reminded me that I had four hours yet to ride ere I could reach my day's destination, so, declining his kind offer, I bade him

good-bye, and proceeded. He came down with me a short distance of the way, and then returned.

An hour and a half after leaving Turâan we were immediately under Loobea, a large village luxuriantly situated in a grove of olive trees on the top of a hill, commanding two beautiful slopes descending east and north, which we left to our right. In half an hour we passed to our left the hill and plains of Hattin, famous in history for being the battle field between the Franks and the Moslems. Here on the 5th of July, 1187, took place that celebrated battle which expelled the Christians from the government of Palestine, and ignominiously drove the Franks to their own shores.

The day was fast coming to a close—the last streaks of a setting sun were lingering on the battle field as I passed it, and the whole scene of that conflict where Mahomedan union prevailed over Frank treachery, passed in review before my mind. It was fortunate for Salah-ed-Dein that he had no lion-hearted Richard to contend with, otherwise the issue of that struggle might have been doubtful. The feeble and weak-minded Guy of Lusignan was no match for the Saracen Chief; and the discord that reigned in his camp formed a strange contrast to the union of an eager and fanatic race. Under the circumstances who could doubt the result? The Christian army were routed with great slaughter, and the king and some of his nobles surrendered to their powerful antagonist, who treated them mildly and respectfully, with the exception of Raynald of Chattillon, who had once broken truce with Salah-ed-Dein; and thus provoked an oath from the Sultan, that should he ever fall in his hands he would slay him himself; and so he did. On being interrogated, by the Sultan, whether he would become a Moslem, the Frank

warrior answered that he would live and die in the Christian faith; on which the Sultan rose up, and with a single blow of his scimeter, cut the shoulder of the prisoner—Salah-ed-Dein's servants now did the rest, and Raynald of Chattillon was no more! The Moslems now followed up the battle of Hattin by other conquests; and, in less than three months, the Frank dominion in Palestine was at an end.

Whilst riding on this table-land, we were joined by a Bedouin, from whom I determined to learn something about the country. High on a hill to our left lay in full view the town of Safed; the remarks to be made on Tiberias will illustrate the condition of Safed, both being now on a par, with the exception that one is situated on a high hill, and the other in a deep valley. Immediately beneath Safed, though of course some hours from it, bearing north of the lake, I espied a hill, which I expected was Tell Hoom; fancy my surprise then, when the Bedouin told me that it was called "*Beer Kerrazé*," the Well of Kerrazé—and where is Tell Hoom? said I. "Immediately beneath it," he said. I was now very anxious. Could this be the Chorazim of the Scriptures? Now let it be understood, that this is no monkish story; but the name given me was by an illiterate Bedouin. I determined to visit it next day, if I could get the only boat on the lake to take me there, meanwhile, I followed up this discovery, by asking him what is to be found at Beer Kerrazé? He said, "Nothing, save a well and '*rijme*'"—a collection of stones.

I asked if there were any ruins there; "*None that he knew of*," was his answer, "save the well and the black stones around it." I asked him how far it was from the lake? He said, "It was near."

I afterwards learnt at Tiberias that this Beer Kerrazé was about one hour's distance from the shore of the lake; that it was on a hill immediately above the ruins of Tell Hoom. That Tell Hoom is the ancient Capernaum, I have no doubt, though able authors of late years have doubted its identity;—I did not, therefore, make any inquiries about it; but turned my attention to the finding, if possible, some clue to Bethsaida.

Travellers have been in the habit of seeking the lost Bethsaida, near which the “five thousand” were fed, on the shore of the lake. I had for a long time been differently impressed, expecting that if that Bethsaida was at all to be sought for, it must be in the table-land above Tiberias. I asked the Bedouin, if there were any ruins in this vicinity?

“No,” he said, “save ‘*Hajar el Nasara*,’ the stones of the Christians.”

These I already knew, and as I shall pass them tomorrow, I shall speak of them then; meanwhile I continued my inquiries. He said, “there are no ruins, that he knew of, but yonder was a ‘*rijme*,’” pointing to a black spot to the south-west from where I stood, the name of which was “*Sayada*.” I could see it well from where I was; a heap of stones, more than any other ordinary field, marked a large piece of ground. Its situation is on the table-land, one hour and a half's distance, in a westerly direction, from the lake. It was getting late, or I would have gone to it at once. To confirm the name, I asked Hassan about it, but he averred he never heard of it, though he had passed this road more than a hundred times in his lifetime. Some of the inhabitants of Tiberias knew of its existence, but that was all; and I found none who suspected that it may

be Bethsaida of the Scriptures; and when I ventured the supposition that it may be that lost city, I was contradicted, and they asserted that the Bethsaida I was seeking was on the opposite side of the lake; and they pointed to a promontory on the south-east shore, where they said that a ruin of that name existed.

We had now reached the ridge above Tiberias. Here a view of the lake, bound by a drapery of mountains, burst upon us, and simultaneously with it the last gleams of a glittering sun departed. The view from here is enchantingly beautiful—the placid lake; the bold mountains which fall down to it, topped by high cliffs, above which rose Hermon crowned with snow, and the river Jordan entering the lake at the north, and, least and last of all, the village of Tiberias beneath us, presented an uncommonly interesting picture. It took us about twenty minutes to make the descent, and consequently, we reached Tiberias at a little after six o'clock, and found lodging at a *soi-disant* hotel, kept by a Jew called “Hayem.”

The fleas! Oh the fleas! This is a fearful place for them. I had thought Banias the worst off in that respect, but I am now inclined to give my verdict in favour of the Tiberias fleas. Hundreds—I can safely say, thousands of them were in the bed where I attempted to sleep; as for any repose, that was out of the question; I tried hard to shut my eyes, and keep still, leaving the fleas to do their worst: but in vain. I tumbled about in feverish delirium; I re-lit my candle, and tried to read myself to sleep; but neither the effects of the day's journey, nor the monotony of reading an old newspaper, helped me in the least. Here, there, everywhere, the fleas were biting me fearfully. Oh, yes: Tiberias takes

the palm for fleas over any other place that I have yet visited.

Saturday, 10th March.

It was my intention to have remained in Tiberias over Sabbath, and to-day take a boat excursion on the lake. There is one boat here, but unfortunately for me it was absent; and as the sailors were Jews, I, of course, could not get them to go for it. The next day being Sunday, and as I had to be off on Monday, I was obliged to give up this excursion. It was no great loss to me, for in May, 1853, I had a pleasant sail on the waters of Tiberias; I was then on my way to Safed and Damascus. Having sent the baggage to meet us at Ain el Teen—a fountain some three hours north of the town of Tiberias—we took the boat, and sailed obliquely in a northeasterly direction, to the spot where the Jordan pours into the lake. At first it was calm, and our speed was slow; but a fresh breeze rising up filled the sheet of our little mast, and we soon were at our destination. We landed at Bteeha, and walked up for a short distance the banks of the Jordan, which here are very flat, possessing neither the verdure nor the rapidity of the lower Jordan. We swam across it to and fro, and then returned to the shore of the lake, where, under a tree, we enjoyed a luncheon, and then started on foot for *Ain el Teen*, where the tents were to be pitched for the evening. The lake is often ruffled by sudden squalls and violent storms, so much so, that its navigation has been considered dangerous; the winds sweeping down the hollows of the surrounding mountains, break upon it with fury and convulse its waters. It took us three hours to reach our evening encampment on our way, and immediately

between two promontories, the last of which overlooks *Ain-el-teen*, are found some ruins, called by the natives, *Tell Hoom*; these ruins consist of ancient foundations, and a few standing columns and walls. It is, evidently, the site of a town; and almost all writers agree in the fact, that it is the remains of the ill-fated Capernaum. Its situation, name, and present remains, all go to confirm it as that once splendid city. Robinson argues, that Capernaum must have stood at our evening's encampment; namely, at *Ain-el-teen*. His argument is worthy of notice; and the curious will find profit in reading it. I, however, am not aware that there are any remains, or even a gathering of stones sufficient to warrant the idea that Capernaum was situated there.

One or two arguments which Robinson adduces in favour of *Ain-el-Teen*, that it is the site of Capernaum, may with as much propriety, and perhaps more force be applied to the ruins of *Tell Hoom*. I have already said, that the ruins at *Tell Hoom* are evidently the site of a town. This is beyond doubt. Now then for the argument which Robinson adduces, which he says, "*strengthened*" his conclusion, that "*Ain-el-Teen* is the fountain mentioned by Josephus as Capernaum." He says, "that in a skirmish near the Jordan, where it enters the lake of Tiberias, his horse (that is, of Josephus, of whom this incident is related) sank and fell in the marshy ground; by which accident, his wrist being dislocated he was carried to the village of Kepharnome, and thence the next night to Tarichæ, at the south end of the lake." If Robinson's conclusion is worth anything, it would go more in favour of *Tell Hoom*, as being nearer to the place where the accident occurred, and where Josephus was more likely to obtain the medical

aid he required. If Capernaum lay at Ain-el-Teen, what then are those remains on the other side of the promontory? Surely they could not be the site of Chorazim; for St. Jerome tells us that it was on a hill two miles north of the lake, whilst these ruins occupy a tract of land on the lake-shore; and seemingly from the extent of ground over which they are scattered, it was no mean town. Could it be supposed, therefore, that Josephus, in his disabled condition, would go farther than this city for his first day's ride, which is at a distance of two hours from the Jordan? I am led to infer from Robinson's own conclusion, that the city of Capernaum, which was once a great city, must have been the first important one after leaving the Jordan; but if this is not Capernaum, here are the remains of another seemingly important city—what can it be? Will Robinson tell us?

Robinson again adduces another argument which also *strengthened* his conclusion, that Tell Hoom is not the site of Capernaum, and left him more disposed to rest in the conclusion that Ain-el-Teen is the site of that place. He says, that Arculfus, who at the close of the seventh century proceeded northwards along the lake, and then ascended the mountain to the reputed place of feeding the five thousand, whence he saw Capernaum without visiting it, thus describes it. "He (Arculfus) describes the town as without walls, stretching along the shore from west to east in a somewhat narrow tract between the mountain and the lake, having the mountain on the north, and the lake on the south." "This description," says Dr. Robinson, "applies well enough to Khan Minyeh, and to no other place along the lake." On the contrary, this description exactly suits Tell Hoom far more than it does Khan Minyeh. Dr. Robinson further

adds, that "no other spot is thus shut in by a mountain on the north." This is not so; and the learned doctor prejudiced in favour of his idea, is somewhat mistaken on this point, for the hill which is called Beer Kerrazé is immediately north of the ruins, and completely shuts them to the north.

Having located Capernaum, it would not be a hard task to find the site of Chorazim. St. Jerome tells us, that it was about two miles north of the lake on a hill. This description would at once answer for the ridge already mentioned. It is still called by the natives Beer Kerrazé. The well of Kerrazé contains the remains of an ancient well, and a heap of blackened stones sufficient to warrant us in believing that a town once existed there.

The locality of Bethsaida I deem the most difficult task on the canvas; this difficulty has arisen not so much from an ambiguity with which it is clothed, as from the assumptions of various writers. Till the days of Reland, it seems that there was only one Bethsaida known, which, (as also the site of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes), was located by early commentators on the western border of the lake. That these two places were near to each other we can readily infer from Luke x. 10, where it is said, that the "desert place" to which our Saviour took his disciples privately, belonged "to a city called Bethsaida."

In order, therefore, to locate this city we have to find out first, *where* occurred the miracle referred to. I have already mentioned that before the days of Reland, it was always supposed to have taken place on the western border, but since the days of that writer, who discovers for the first time a Bethsaida on the north-eastern border

of the lake, various writers, among whom is Professor Robinson, have *assumed* its site to be on the eastern border; and in order to reconcile their statement with the Scripture narrative have made out two Bethsaidas; one of the miracle, which they place on the eastern border; and one of Galilee, to which Philip, Andrew, and Peter belonged, and which they locate on the western border. Pococke finds it at Irbid; Seetzen at Khan Minyeh; Nau at Mejdal; and others at Tabigah—all on the western portion of the lake.

Now, without assuming that the site of the miracle referred to, was on the eastern, or western border, of the lake, I want to prove that it could have been on the western, as well as the eastern border, and that the Scripture narrative does not give any objections to its being there; and I want further to show, that it was more likely that it occurred on the western than on the eastern side of the lake.

In the first place, I doubt the existence of *two* Bethsaidas, in connection with the Scripture narrative of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. I rather regard them as one place, nor does the Scripture narrative afford us any other conclusion. Whether we regard the *Sayada* I have referred to, on the table-land above Tiberias, or the sites found by Pococke, Seetzen, and others, as that lost city, would not alter the circumstances of the case: both could have comprised in their lands the present site of the miracle, which tradition places at *Hajar-el-Nasara*, an hour and a quarter north-west of Tiberias, just as now, all the lands above Tiberias, and not half an hour distant from it, are called "*Ard Loobee*," the Land of Loobee, and not "*Ard Tabaria*," the Land of Tiberias, though

Loobeea is three times as distant from that land as Tiberias.

Now I don't wish to assume that the miracle occurred at Hajar-el-Nasara, but I want to show that it could have occurred *there* as well as not,—my impression is, that it occurred in its vicinity. But this is not the question at present. We must first find out whether the miracle occurred on the eastern or western border of the lake; and in this I will follow the Scripture narrative.

Jesus was in the country of the Gadarenes (Mark v. 1); He then comes to His own country (Mark vi. 1). This we are told by some commentators to be Nazareth; by others, Capernaum. I am inclined to think it was the latter, from the fact that it was on the lake-coast, and our Saviour, it is said, departed to a desert place in a ship (Mark vi. 32). Thus leaving us no doubt of its being on the sea-coast. We hear of no movements of His after coming to His country. Consequently I see no objection in the way of adopting Capernaum as the city, whence He started by ship to go to a desert place. He goes with His disciples in a ship;—it is not said how far. Was it not likely that they coasted on the north side where Capernaum lay, and landing on the western side, ascended the hill, which would at once bring them to the table-land above Tiberias, where the present tradition, as also all commentaries previous to Reland say the miracle occurred.

This argument is further strengthened. We are told (Mark vi. 33) that the people saw Him, and running "*afoot*, outwent Him." Now this could hardly be the case, if they had to go right round the lake; in that case, a ship going by a straight course might outstrip them. But perhaps here the objection will be raised,

that they may have had adverse winds. I do not think it likely that our Saviour would at that moment seek a spot disadvantageously situated. He was not going to any particular place; all it seems He wanted, was to go to a desert place where He could be private. I do not, therefore, suppose that our Saviour had any choice, so long as the spot was at hand where He would not be disturbed. If we assume that Hajar-el-Nasara, the present traditionary site of the miracle, or its vicinity, as the spot where the miracle occurred, I can see no difficulty in the way; for people going from Capernaum, Chorazim, etc., will surely, or at least in all probability, outgo those who have to embark and debark, and then ascend a hill. I know that this argument will answer just as well for the north-eastern border as for the north-western; but the reader will observe that I have not assumed any of these localities for the site of the miracle, I want to show that it could have occurred in the western as well as in the eastern border, and this I want the reader to bear in mind.

So far I have tried to show *equal* weight to both those localities: now I will try and prove, that it is more likely to have occurred in the western than in the eastern border. We know from the Scripture narrative, *that there was a Bethsaida in Galilee*. Taking this for our starting ground, we have so much advantage for the western border. As soon as the miracle was over, our Saviour tells His disciples (Mark vi. 45) to depart in a ship "*before into Bethsaida.*" This I do not apprehend to mean that He meant them to precede Him to Bethsaida, *as they did not go to Bethsaida*, as the sequel will show. He wanted them to go to a place over against Bethsaida, as some commentators have it. The word unto, *προς* in

the original, does not necessarily imply *to*, but if the reader will compare Acts ix. 5, he will find that it is rendered there, in the English text, "*against*." What strengthens this idea is, that *the disciples did not go to Bethsaida*: they crossed over (Mark vi. 53) by "the midst of the sea" (Mark vi. 47), and came into the land of Genesaret. Now according to the sacred narrative, this happens to be Capernaum, for unto Capernaum they went (John vi. 17)—not by stress of weather as some may apprehend; but, says the sacred writer, on receiving our Saviour into the ship, it was immediately *at the land whither they went, or whither it was their intention to go*. That the word "*toward*" in John vi. 17 might not be misconstrued for a place near Capernaum, read the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of the same chapter, and it will be found that *it WAS Capernaum*, for the people on coming to the opposite side found Him there. Hence it will be clearly inferred that our Saviour's charge to His disciples to go "*before unto Bethsaida*," did not mean that they should go *to* Bethsaida, but as the circumstances show, *over against it*.

I am so far satisfied, that there was only one Bethsaida in this connection, and that Bethsaida was a city of Galilee, on the western border of the lake. I cannot make out any other.

Now, therefore, for the site of this Bethsaida; I have already said, that a Bedouin pointed out to me a *rijmé*, which signifies a "collection of stones," or "the remains of a place," one hour and a half distant west of the city of Tiberias, which he called "Sayada." I am not sure that this is Bethsaida; but I apprehend it could not have been far from it. It is between it and the lake that we must look for the lost Bethsaida. In that case it

would place Capernaum obliquely *over against it*, bearing from it in a north-easterly direction; and as Capernaum was the most prominent city on the coast of Galilee, and as it has been called the Saviour's city, there is nothing unlikely in the fact, seeing *that they did go there*, that He sent the disciples to Capernaum, whilst He dispersed the crowd, and went up to a mountain to pray. It was this which led me to think, that the table-land above Tiberias was the most suitable place for the site of Bethsaida. In regard to its being too far from the lake to be the city of Philip, Andrew, and Peter, who were fishermen; I do not see the necessary reason why that should be immediately on the sea shore. We are nowhere told that Bethsaida was on the coast, that I know of. It is sufficiently near for that purpose, as is the case with many villages on the borders of the Mediterranean, whose inhabitants are fishermen, but who are not so near to the sea by an hour or two.

In regard to the Bethsaida which some of the Christian population of Tiberias told me was on a promontory to the south-east side of the lake, I could learn nothing definite. Many that I asked knew nothing about it, and even those who told me of its existence, did not know where to locate it; some said that it was a *rijmé* on the shoulder of the cliff, and others on the coast; and others told me it was in the gorge beyond. If any ruin exist there, I apprehend it must be of some other place. I intended to have gone to it, but the absence of the boat to-day prevented me from doing so.

We now return to Tiberias. I was out of bed very early, long before Hayem had dreamt of opening his eyes. The first thing I did was to run over ruined

houses, and heaps of rubbish, to the wall on the southern side, over which I made my way, and had a glorious bath in that lake, whose waters were often honoured by the presence of our Saviour. O it was delicious after contending a night with fleas! I swam to some distance, then came to the shore again; and then, as if regretting to leave the water, I put forth once more. The shore, which is composed of pebbles, slopes down immediately, and the traveller is soon out of his depth. I drank a great deal of the water, and found it pleasant. Returning to the town, I went to the Latin convent, but it was silent, and I could not get it opened. Here the Latins have built a chapel over the spot where it was said Peter, by the advice of our Saviour, let down his net, and which resulted in the miraculous draught of fishes, recorded in Luke v. 1—10.

By this time the place began to be astir; and I was disgusted with the filth which presented itself to my sight as I passed from door to door. Here the Jews revel to their heart's content in dirt. It is beyond my power, and certainly my desire, to describe that morning's scene; it is sufficient for me to say, that I was glad to get out of the town, even without my breakfast! Who could eat after such a sight?

On again going out of the town, I passed by the Mutsellim's house, and finding him up, I walked in, and gave him the letter of introduction which the Pasha of Acre gave me. He read it, placed it on his head, and invited me to sit down and take a cup of coffee and a pipe with him. As I wanted to speak to him about a guard, for Hassan's district was here finished, and he had to go back, I accepted his invitation, and walked in. I found him a pleasant and agreeable young man of, I

should suppose, thirty years of age. He had a small black beard, a fine moustache, and a piercing eye. After the usual Oriental compliments, I asked him about a guard, and he at once furnished me one to accompany me as far as Nazareth. Meanwhile, he would send his son with me, a little fellow of about ten years of age; and also one of his men to show me the warm baths, south of the town. I understood from him, that the number of inhabitants here was about two thousand five hundred, mostly composed of Jews: there were about thirty Christian families in the place. It is altogether in ruins, the effects of the earthquake of 1837, which told so fearfully on a great portion of Syria, but on no place worse than Tiberias or Safed. The condition of these two places is precisely alike; the houses swarm with dirty Jews, and the streets are really unapproachable on account of the odour which the dens, a miserable apology for houses, emit. Safed is, however, built on a hill, something like two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, whereas Tiberias is built on the slope of a narrow plain, over which tower high and perpendicular ridges, and is eighty-four feet below the level of the sea. What, therefore, between the bad smell and the heat in summer, I should think Tiberias a most unhealthy place. Both Safed and Tiberias belong to the four sacred places of the Talmud. If these are their sacred cities, I wonder how dirty will be their profane ones? Could the thing be described at all decently, I should have no objection to relate the condition of the Jews in these places; but their dirt and filth are beyond all conception, and no description, however high coloured it may seem to the reader, can reach it.

The earthquake which caused the devastation which

the tourist now sees around him, occurred at five o'clock of the afternoon of Sunday the 1st of January, 1837. Mr. Calman, of the Jerusalem Mission, who was then travelling in Syria, says that it was very violent. He has written a touching account of it, which is found in the missionary records of the day. He writes—"At nearly all the places which we have passed, and where the earthquake was felt, nothing has been left behind but destruction, desolation, and human misery. The few who have survived this dreadful overthrow are struck with consternation, which makes them appear more like so many lunatics than men of sound reason, brooding over the fragments of their habitation and bemoaning their relatives who were lying under the ruins. The first question put to us everywhere was, 'If the day of judgment had not already begun?'" Mr. Calman tells us, that the well-built village of Gish, situated near Safed, was totally destroyed; and out of two hundred and fifty inhabitants only fifteen escaped. Of them about fifty were assembled in a church for evening prayers, but none of them escaped, save the priest, who was protected by the arch of the altar. In Safed, five thousand and twenty-five, out of a population of nearly eleven thousand, got buried under the ruins. In Tiberias no less than seven hundred and seventy-five were killed besides the wounded. No wonder the people thought the judgment day had begun. The motion of the earthquake was said to have been felt perpendicular and not horizontal, "so that it shook every stone from the foundation out of its place." The noise which attended the shock was very great. "On the north side of Tiberias numberless hot springs burst out during the earthquake, and continued for a short time discharging torrents of

hot mineral water, which made the lake swell to an unusual height. Beyond Jordan, in the district of Bashan, volleys of fire were shot out of the ground to such a height, that those who saw it in its descent were led to believe that it came down from heaven." But the most singular part of the earthquake is, that whilst some places were completely destroyed by it, others in their vicinity were not even slightly affected. Mr. Calman mentioned in his copious details three or four instances of the kind. He says, "While Gish was completely destroyed, a village close to it was not at all injured, nor did its inhabitants feel the shock. While the city walls and towers of Tiberias could not withstand it, the mineral baths, about one mile to the south, and which, especially the new one, are comparatively slight buildings suffered no injury. Lubia, Stedsherah, and Rammah, villages situated near each other, about two hours north-west of Tiberias, were all completely overthrown; while at Cana of Galilee (Kefr Kenna), only half an hour distant from some of these, the motion was not felt. Rainé, about one hour's distance from Nazareth, was completely destroyed; whilst Nazareth itself suffered comparatively little." But we cannot follow the details of Mr. Calman's letter, and the reader is referred to it for more information. Enough devastation, however, remains to confirm all the statements of that gentleman. I would only remark, that Safed, on account of its high situation suffered, if not the most, yet far more than many other places.

The history of Tiberias is brief. It has always been held by the Jews with great veneration; and, as has already been mentioned, it is one of their four sacred cities. After Jerusalem was destroyed, Tiberias submitted to the Romans. In 1110 it was taken by the

Christians under Godfrey, but six years afterwards it was retaken by the Saracens. At the present moment, a new mission has been opened there under the auspices of the London Jewish Missionary Society. I met the missionary going there, as I was crossing the plains of Esdraelon a few days afterwards, on my way to Jerusalem. I am not aware that any mission now exists at Safed, though I know that that station had been occupied for several years. These missions, which are branches of the Jerusalem bishopric, have for their object the evangelization of the Jews.

Leaving the town, I proceeded in a southerly direction towards the warm baths, which are situated on the lake coast, a little better than a mile out of the city. The walk thither is a pleasant one, skirting the shore. Ruins are to be met with all over this tract. I saw sundry tombs in the ridges above. We reached the baths in about twenty minutes after leaving the town. These baths, of which we found two, are a little elevated above the shore of the lake. The spring is under a domed building, near the oldest, which is the southernmost bath. I entered the first one, which was erected by Ibrahim Pasha, the late Viceroy of Egypt. It was surrounded by small rooms, for the convenience of bathers, whilst in the centre was a large basin, which acted as a reservoir for the water, which came pouring down into it, hissing hot, from the mouths of two or four (I forget which) lions cut in stone. The other one is an older building, and going to decay. These baths are much frequented by the sick; especially in the month of July. The springs contain sulphur, salt, and iron; and are resorted to for medicinal purposes.

I left them, and sought the shore of the lake; and at

the spot where, in the year 1843, we encamped, I sat me down to gaze on the lake. Down came the drapery of mountains, on every side; and we seemed to be in a deep pit. The river Jordan could be seen entering it at its north-eastern extremity. To the east and west, ridges of whitish rock came boldly and perpendicularly down to the water. Hoary Hermon appeared, topping the north-eastern hills; a gap or two broke the ridge to the eastern side, which added romance to the picture. Immediately where the town of Tiberias is situated the mountains recede and leave a narrow plain, but afterwards rise up steeply to the level of the table-land above.

I remained here enjoying the scene; my mind, in the interval, was picturing the lake dotted with ships sailing on its bosom. At present there is only one boat on its waters. As I rose up to go, a squall came, breaking the water from the south. My guide told me that he had often seen it worse than the Mediterranean; its waves curling and dashing fearfully. I did not perceive this time, the current of the Jordan dividing the lake, though I have seen it on other occasions.

The morning was fast advancing, and I had made up my mind to leave this day for Nazareth. I now rose up and retraced my steps to the town. On arriving at my hotel, I found the guard already there; so, ordering breakfast, I packed my things; and, while Khalil was loading the baggage, I ate a mouthful of something. If ever I go again to Tiberias I will take a tent with me.

At eleven o'clock, precisely, we were outside the walls of the city. I told the guard that I wanted to go by Hajar-el-Nasara. Instead, therefore, of taking the path up to the table-land by which we descended last night, our road now lay much to the right of that, and,

consequently, was not so steep. We, however, soon got to the table-land; and, in a little better than an hour, we reached a number of large blocks of stones gathered together; all around, was one complete carpet of green grass. This is the site of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. I attach no weight to the tradition that these stones are those on which the disciples sat; though I believe that the miracle must have occurred somewhere about here.

It will be noticed, that this site is not on any high road. The present one, from Tiberias, is made on purpose for it. The locality is good; and I can conceive of no better site for such a miracle. Here the ground gradually slopes down, and is densely covered with grass; a person, therefore, standing on the table-land, where the blocks of stone are, can command a large audience easily, which he could not well do if the land was level. I do not pretend that this is the exact site, for there are other spots in this vicinity which resemble it, and which could as well do for it as not. The tradition, in regard to this site, has been handed down since the fourth or fifth century. Both Greeks and Latins unite in locating the miracle on this spot. Immediately south-west of it, and not more than half-an-hour's walk from it, is the *rijmé* of *Sayada*, to which I have already referred. To the north-west are the Tell and Kurun Hattîn, which I was told, is regarded by the Latins as the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered the "Sermon on the Mount." This tradition has been held only since the thirteenth century, for it was then that mention was first made of it. The peak on which it is said the sermon was delivered is one of three peaks, or, rather, two peaks, which shoot off from the ridge called Tell Hattin, and it

is hence that they are called Kurun Hattin, or the Horns of Hattin.

Like the site of the miracle above-mentioned, there is nothing in the site of this mount to contradict the scripture narrative. The adjacent grounds are well adapted to the seating of a large congregation, hearing a discourse from the peak referred to. The difficulty with me, however, has been, that I do not believe that the exact spots where such and such a thing occurred should be known to us, lest they should become objects of idolatry; otherwise I see no reason why the Evangelists were not more explicit in giving us details of the sites, so that we may know them at once. In all the narratives of scripture-scenes, we have the geographical localities, but I see no description of the particular sites; and this is sufficient reason for me that they were not meant we should know them. Consequently I am inclined to attach no great credence to the legendary sites of such or such a scripture-scene; so that, without contradicting the site of the tradition, I do not feel at liberty to admit its validity. It may, or may not, be the exact site; other hills in the vicinity may do just as well; and in the absence of accurate scripture details on the precise sites, I think it presumptuous to pronounce in favour of one spot to the exclusion of others, which may hold equally as good claim to it.

But to the Christian traveller, methinks this land is enough invested with deep interest, when he thinks that these localities have been hallowed by the foot-prints of Emmanuel. Before his stretched gaze lies the lake of Tiberias, and the localities where Capernaum, Chorazim, and Bethsaida must have stood; around him are the fields, which doubtless our Saviour traversed when in the

flesh. Here, on a warm summer's day, He might have been seen, eighteen hundred years ago, wearily threading His way through fields of corn. Oh, this is sufficient interest, and I want no more. My eye sees enough to clothe my Saviour's earthly career with a life-like reality. In this I think the object is well attained; further than this, and idolatry may be the consequence; the stones and the fields would then be worshipped instead of the Supreme Being, who was the Creator thereof. It is one of the glorious dispensations of a Divine Providence, that the accurate descriptions of sites were not given us, that we may not be tempted to make more of the creature than of the Creator. Earthly potentates erect for themselves monuments, by which to be remembered in after-days; but the sacred writers have left no *such* monuments for us; on the contrary, we are expressly told that *His Kingdom is not of this earth*; the reality is in heaven. Instead of directing our sympathy to fields and stones, our affections are directed *above*. "Set your affections on things above," said the eloquent apostle of the Gentiles. The traveller, however, cannot help feeling interested and excited, as he threads his way through scenes of such deep interest; and far from me be the wish to deduct from that natural pleasing strain of feeling. I myself confess to it, and acknowledge no pleasure so great as the thrilling interest which always filled me as I journeyed in the Holy Land. Every stone, every pebble, and every stream are associated to my mind with sacred interest.

Leaving Hajar-el-Nasara, we now again passed the battle-field of Hattin, and left Loobeea to our left. We were now again on our yesterday's road; but here, instead of continuing in it, we left Turâan to our right, and

struck diagonally along the base of sundry ridges towards *Kefr Kenna*. This is the plain of El Battauf, mentioned by Robinson. Like all the adjacent grounds, it is very fertile, and was now waving in one green ocean splendour.

At a quarter past two, we reached the village of *Kefr Kenna*, and passing through the miserable houses, we made our way to the beautiful spring on the other side of it. Here under a grove of olive-trees we stopped to luncheon. This has been long supposed to be the site of Cana of Galilee. Professor Robinson, however, discards this idea; and by a train of arguments, he says, that he feels himself authorized to consider a ruin pointed, to him by a Greek Christian of Nazareth, whom he calls his "kind friend, Abu Nasir," about three hours distant at half-east from Nazareth, and called *by him* "Kana el-Jelil," to be the identical Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour wrought His first miracle by turning the water, which had been put into water-pots, into wine; and of which Nathanael was a native. Dr. Robinson, forgetting the distance, which makes his ruins more than three hours' ride from Nazareth, consequently more than six miles from that place, which, according to early writers, was the distance of Cana of Galilee from Nazareth, and nearly sixteen miles from Tiberias, he argues that the name Cana-el-Jelil is a sufficient evidence for him that it is the identical site of Cana of Galilee. He assumes that the various descriptions of early writers, among whom he mentions Seawulf, confirm Kana-el-Jelil as the site of Cana, and forgets that their descriptions will equally, and with more strength do for *Kefr Kenna*. Now his Kana-el-Jelil must at least be ten miles from Nazareth, whilst Seawulf, whose opinion he regards,

“describes Cana as nearly six miles north of Nazareth.” This, I think, agrees better with the site of Kefr Kenna than Kana-el-Jalil; the latter being upwards of three hours’ distance from Nazareth, whilst the former is only about an hour and a half.

As for the name, I really think Kefr Kenna is far more natural: the other seems to have the appearance of being dubbed over. The situation of Kefr Kenna, which means *the village of Kenna*, near enough to the original to leave it perfectly natural, is also in accordance with early writers; it is situated on the slope of a hill north-east of Nazareth, having before it the rich plain of El Battauf, and lying on the high road between Nazareth and Tiberias, and Nazareth and Capernaum. Fields of corn, and groves of olives, surround it on every side. A beautiful fountain is near to it, whose waters are *very* good. It is evidently, if not the site of Cana of Galilee, the remains of some ancient overthrown city, otherwise whence came the abundance of stones scattered all over the place! We do not find this to be the case with modern villages. Besides the distance of Kefr Kenna from Tiberias, which we are told is sixteen miles; from Capernaum twenty-three miles, and from Nazareth six miles, decidedly go to confirm it as the site of Cana of Galilee, which it does not of Dr. Robinson’s Kana-el-Jelil. All things considered, I think that Kefr Kenna has more claims to be the Cana of Galilee than Kana-el-Jelil.

At the spring where I lunched, there is an ancient piece of masonry, very much resembling a sarcophagus, but which was evidently intended as a trough for cattle: it is still used for that purpose. There are here the ruins of a Greek church, where sundry stone vessels, hollowed in the centre, are placed by the walls. This is said to be

the house where the marriage took place. In this, of course, I place no faith; and the hollowed stones, which resemble the *jurns* at the baths, have no appearance of being once used to carry water with. I apprehend the jars mentioned in the scene of the miracle are the same sort of stone jars now in use in the country.

Leaving Kefr Kenna, we now ascended a ridge; the village El Mesh'had was visible on our right, close by. In this village I was told is the tomb of the prophet Jonah. Robinson is inclined to think it the Geth of Jerome and the Geth-hepher, mentioned in 2 Kings, xiv. 25. It is a small Moslem village. Half an hour afterwards, we passed the small Christian village of Er-Rainé, where we saw a beautiful well of water, vaulted over, and descended to by steps. A young damsel went down to the fountain as I passed; and to show me that she was a Christian, made the sign of the cross. It was simply and beautifully done; and I stopped to speak with her, as also drink, which she kindly fetched me from the well beneath. The village is well situated, overlooking endless groves of olive-trees and several fields of wheat.

One more descent, one more ascent, and we are on the ridge overlooking Nazareth. Tabor rose in the distance; but oh the feeling of excitement, as the traveller gets the first view of Nazareth, which has given the name of a Christian to the world, and where the Saviour of mankind spent his boyhood! I leave the reader to conceive my feelings.

We descended this last ridge, passed by the fountain of the Virgin, near which I encamped on previous occasions, and finally stopped at the gate of the Casa Nova, a new building erected by the monks for hospitable

purposes. It was, indeed, a joy to be in it, to lounge once more on clean sofas, to sleep in flealess beds, and to have the comforts of a European hotel. O anything is good after Tiberias; but this is delightful! I hope that all those who enjoy its hospitality pay handsomely for its comforts, in order to have it kept up to befriend the weary pilgrim after his day's toil. I stayed in it the full term of three days, and well did I enjoy them, as also all the civilities of the attending brother, Fra Luigi.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAZARETH.

The Convent — History of the Roman Catholic Church in the East—Jealousy of France and Russia—Fatal Results to Turkey—Suggestions to England.

THE reception of the weary pilgrim at the Casa Nuova is certainly most hospitable; and the first impression of the traveller, as he enters the premises, be he of whatever creed he may, for none are excluded, are delight and gratitude at finding such a home after the toils of a journey in Syria—where the fatigue of riding a whole day on horseback, scorched by a blazing summer's sun, or drenched to the skin by a driving winter's shower, are compensated by a comfortable domicile, possessing almost all the comforts of a European hotel, where the fleas of the past night, which have feasted upon you as if you were *pain à discretion* (if I were to be allowed to quote the words of Eothen), are forgotten in a clean bed, amid the snowy sheets of which it was delightful “to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more for the sake of sleeping again!” and where the sick traveller not only finds the medical aid his ailments require, but is nursed with care; and, if breathing his last there, is buried decently, and with respect.

Here, in these pages, without the slightest hope that these lines will ever fall under their eyes, I beg to tender

the good and jovial friars, whose *vin d'oro* and their hearty laugh, no less than their jolly faces, I shall ever remember, my cordial gratitude for the hospitalities I received from them here and elsewhere. There is my friend Fra Luigi, of whom I am inclined to use the words of the author of the Ingoldsby legends—

“What squire, or knight of the shire,
Is half so good as a barefooted friar!”

His face is all hospitality, and as his kind gaze is fixed upon you, from eyes “flashing with joyous bonfire,” for the society you afford him to vary the monotony of his life, you feel as if you scarcely need to open your mouth, for he seems to know your wants by instinct. Look in his jolly face, and you think you read there, “Be easy; I know what you want, and if I do not make you comfortable, and once more again yourself in less than two hours, I give you leave to forget me.” He has hardly ushered you into the sitting-room, and seen you reclining on the divan at full length, when he is off, and in less time than it would take you to count a hundred he is back with you, and you enjoy a tumbler full of lemonade with which he presents you. Away, again he goes, and this time comes back with a cup of coffee, which he places before you; this done, a bottle of the golden wine of Lebanon is placed at your disposal. Oh good Fra Luigi! You essay to thank him; but he answers you kindly, and, with an inimitable blink of the eye, he bids you “drink more, and be of good cheer.”

Your bed-room is ready; you enter there; and, O shades of Coleman and Macgregor! you find the comforts of the Astor House of New York, or the Queen's Hotel of Glasgow, flourishing under the clime of conventual life—you bathe your throbbing temple—you cool your

inflamed eyes—you wash yourself—you rub yourself with ecstasy unimaginable. Never in your wildest dreams did a wash appear to you half so glorious, or produced such refreshing effects. You do not seem to be weary of dipping your face in the clear water before you; you stop for breath, and again go at it; then comes the crowning point—the luxury of clean linen; and then are you not another man? You feel yourself once more above the common herd of mankind.

But you have forgotten yourself. In that delightful wash, time has passed quickly away; and you are astonished to hear Fra Luigi's silvery voice, admonishing you that your dinner will get cold if you do not make haste. You hurry on your clothes, you brush your hair, and follow him to the sitting-room, which serves both the purposes of parlour and dining-room. The dinner is good, and the *cuisine* unexceptionable; and the programme runs thus: macaroni soup, boiled meat, roast meat, cheese, and an abundance of fresh and dried fruits. Wine *à discretion*, and coffee, ends the repast. Fra Luigi waits upon you; he is chatty, and talks with you on everything but religion; he presses you to eat more, and drink more, and make yourself comfortable.

You are satisfied; the table-cloth is taken off, and a fresh bottle of wine is placed on the table for your occasional use. And now Fra Luigi leaves you to look over the register, the leaves of which you are supposed, if not expected, to perfume with your fragrant Lattakia: and O what a register! As Fra Luigi hands it over to you, you expect to see nothing but dry matter in the shape of visitors' names. You were never so mistaken in your life-time. I know not what the present new one may contain, as the register of my day was nearly well filled

up; but it is of that I speak: never did I see such a register in my life-time. It was a conglomeration of things as funny as they were varied. Here were names of travellers without number, many of whom I knew. One the name of a dear friend in Kentucky, U.S.; another, the name of one who lives on the banks of the Clyde, in Scotland. Here were a couple of names I knew in the city of "Brotherly Love," and another now residing in London. Names of clergy and laity of many denominations were interspersed in this register. They came from South America, from North America, from Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of the sea. O this register was interesting!

But it was also funny. Not only did it contain the names of the travellers, but a chronicle of their movements and adventures; where they came from, where they were bound to, what interesting sights they had seen, and what enjoyments they had experienced. One was robbed near Djenin, and tells his story with feeling and pathos; another gives us an account of the Christmas he spent at the convent. One is full of pious feelings, and seems thrilled at every step he takes in the Holy Land; another delights in bad weather, since it secures to him his good quarters for a few days longer, and regrets his departure. One warns his fellow-travellers against engaging such a dragoman, and another against putting up at such an hotel. One traveller advises those who follow in his steps not to fail making such and such a tour, and another tells them to be sure to do such and such a thing. One Roman Catholic (from Australia, I believe) is indignant at Protestants stopping there, and asks them why they do not go and encamp in the village? A score of Protestants and more take him

up severely, and assure him that of all schismatics they pay the handsomest.

But the most amusing parts of the book, if one part could be said to be more amusing than another, are the strictures of the travellers upon each other, as also upon the attending brothers. A sense of gratification runs through the whole book, expressed in prose, in rhyme, and in as many different ways as the humours of the writers were varied. For two hours and more I pored over this register, laughing away at a furious rate, and for the time I had actually forgotten the weary ride of to-day, and the preceding sleepless night; and it was not till Fra Luigi bade me good night that I essayed to look at the time, and, lo, it was after ten o'clock. One more tumbler of wine, one more pipe, and I sought my pillow.

The hospitality of these institutions is proverbial, and travellers of all denominations have enjoyed the entertainment, which is gratuitous on the part of the convent; but those who go there, not as pilgrims, generally pay something, though it is in no case asked for. I paid the same as if I were putting up at an hotel, which is something like thirty piastres a day, or a little more than a dollar: when my stay exceeded a week, as it did in the convent at Jerusalem, I paid at the rate of a dollar a day. This will be found ample, and will be gratefully received; not, however, as I was assured by the monks, as a compensation for what I received, but as a donation from me, to be given as charity to such poor people as the "padre superiore" may think proper.

One of the most essential elements to the keeping up of these convents, I thought, was hospitality. Rome is peculiarly happy in that line; not only does she show forth her charity to the world, and hears her praises

from penniless pilgrims, the recipients of her charity, but she thus gives a diversion to the monotony of conventual life; the attending brother is not always the same, but one after another is permitted to act the part of head steward; and thus the poor monk finds some zest in a life which otherwise would be worse than dreary—immured within castellated walls, dead to himself and dead to the world.

I would here except the “padre superiore” and the “padre missionario,” both of whom are continually engaged in active life, the one acting as supreme governor of the establishment, moving always in a lordly manner, and surrounding himself as if it were with a kind of “court.” Glorious glib-tongued Eothen! he describes him well; he says of him, and his words are exactly what I would use if I had his gift of expressing myself: “There were no lords of the bed-chamber, and no gold sticks and stones in waiting, yet everybody who approached him looked as though he were being ‘presented.’ [Exactly what I felt when Fra Luigi took me to call upon him next morning]. Every interview which he granted, wore the air of an ‘audience;’ the brethren, as often as they came near, bowed low and kissed his hand; and if he went out, the Catholics of the place hovering about the convent, would crowd around him with devout affection, and almost scramble for the blessing which his touch could give. He bore his honours all serenely, as though calmly conscious of his power to ‘bind and to loose.’” The “padre missionario” is differently, but not less actively, engaged—rather more if anything—he is to be seen among the pilgrims receiving their confessions and donations, visiting the sick and weary, and praying by the side of the dead corpse.

Here, as in Carmel, the accommodations are good and the table excellent. A medical brother is generally connected with each of these convents; indeed Rome has left out nothing that worldly charity can suggest. Travellers, generally speaking, when in towns where there are hotels or consular agents, do not go to the convents, and, hence, in the towns, unless in the case of Jerusalem, where many poor pilgrims are to be met with annually, the convents suffice for all the claims of hospitality; but in such places as Mount Carmel, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, the convents have an extra building outside of the castellated walls for the accommodation of travellers, and which is called the "Casa Nuova." With the exception of the convent at Jerusalem, hospitality is limited in all the Latin convents of Syria to three days, unless circumstances beyond human control, such as the illness of the traveller, bad weather, or inability to procure animals prevent his departure. At the convent in Jerusalem, thirty days' hospitality is afforded.

But Rome, under the cover of hospitality, serves another purpose of far more import to her than the former. Until these convents were erected, there were few, if any, Roman Catholics in Syria. The Maronites and Greek Catholics, though they acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, can scarcely be called Roman Catholics; indeed, in their creed and ritual, they differ essentially from the Church of Rome. But the Roman pontiff, unwilling to lose his hold of them, accepts them as they are, and has a legate continually residing in Syria, whilst every now and then a cardinal is sent out there "on a mission," as they term it, but what that *mission* is no one can tell, unless it is to keep up the imposing spectacle, and if not increase, at any rate

prevent any slackening of the allegiance to the Roman pontiff.

These cardinals come to Syria in great pomp, and are received on the threshold of the country by the French and other Roman Catholic consuls: hordes of priests and monks from all parts of the land, hasten to swell the train of the "illustrious Monsignore." He travels in state, visiting the various convents; wherever he goes he is received with a flourish exceeding that of trumpets; the petty native consular agents go out to meet him as he enters each town; his arrival is previously announced, and hundreds of Roman Catholics and others, who go out from curiosity, assemble near the gate of the city to see him enter in.

He enters—not in the spirit of his Heavenly Master, who was meek and lowly, but in the spirit of the pontiff whom he professes to serve. A score or more of the Janissaries of the various consulates, with their silver-headed canes, ride in advance, in pairs; then comes the cardinal, with a host of consuls and bishops, all of whom reverentially bow to him. Next to them comes an endless train of priests and monks; and, following these, come the servants. To see him thus enter in amid the hundreds, if not thousands, who line the hedges in order to see his entry, one ignorant of his position would be led to suppose, that he was some Richard Cœur de Lion making his triumphal entry into a vanquished city: indeed so pompous was the entry of one of those emissaries of the pope into the city of Aleppo, in the year 1850, that it excited the jealousy of the Mahomedans, who became frantic at such a Christian display in the heart of their country, and it resulted in a riot. Christian churches were ransacked and burned; Christian property

was plundered; Christian females were dishonoured; and Christian life was at a very low premium. Many Christians were massacred, and a greater number were wounded; and all this the result of the pompous entry of that Romish prelate. And at whose door shall the miseries, still fresh, which resulted from the Aleppo massacre, as it was called—people, once wealthy now impoverished; the child now an orphan; the dishonoured wife; the ravished daughter, or the dying man—be laid? I am no apologist for Mahomedan fanaticism; but at the same time, I cannot forget that Rome is responsible for all that mischief.

But why all this parade? Simply to instil into the hearts of the people an idea of her grandeur, and to give them the strongest motives to respect her power. This is the way Rome does, and the trick succeeds; the people are struck with her imposing titles, robes and cavalcades: they bow their necks, and the Roman yoke is fastened on them. Henceforwards, though once hating to be called Roman Catholics, yet, dazzled by all this pomp and parade, they gladly find out, that their allegiance to the pope gives them a share in these proceedings, and they go home more impressed with Rome, and every day finds them nearer to its church; so that at last they think their church is one with Rome; and they no longer attend on the Maronite or Greek Roman Catholic ritual, but repair to the Latin convent, preferring to attend mass there, as in England the people attend the most fashionable church, or run after a popular preacher. It is thus that Rome has made her converts from the Maronite and the Greek Roman Catholic churches. They are not Roman Catholics; but Rome is willing to acknowledge them as such till

she breaks down their scruples — smooths the obstacles in their way, and makes them truly so; *then* there will be no longer a Maronite or a Greek Roman Catholic church, but all will have quietly *dreamt* themselves into the arms of Rome. O cunning Rome! Here she acts by stealth. If they were really Roman Catholics, what needs it for Rome to make all this display? It is because, whilst she would make them believe that they are one with her, she does not think so herself, and is therefore anxious to beguile them over to her creed.

The exertions of Rome to proselyte in the East is no new-born desire, but one of long standing. Long has she been watching her opportunity, and never failed to ingratiate herself whenever an occasion presented itself.

The Maronite Church, which owes its origin to a hermit in the fifth century, was, at the time of the crusades in the Holy Land, greatly divided. Rome seeing that, quietly ingratiated herself with the people. They saw her power and influence; and this, combined with their hatred of Mahomedanism, in which they had a common interest with Rome, prevailed upon one *Hanna Maroon*, one of their monks, to attempt to unite his church to that of Rome. Rome heard that, and was delighted. She made overtures to him; and the stratagem finally succeeded, only so far as it brought this sect under allegiance to the Roman pontiff. This step satisfied Rome; the rest she is doing by stealth and cunning devices; and, unless the Maronites are converted to Protestantism, they will, sooner or later, cease to exist as a sect, and will have become *bona fide* Roman Catholics.

This was Rome's first achievement in the East; her second great effort took place about two centuries ago, when she drew off a great number of the members of

the Greek Church to her allegiance, and who are now called Greek Roman Catholics. It was at a time when the election of one Karolus to the patriarchate of Antioch was not ratified by the head patriarch at Constantinople, on account of some doctrines held by him in contradiction to the tenets of the Greek Church, one of which was, that he asserted that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son; not from the Father only, as the Greek Church believes. Well, this, and other things of lesser import, brought on a dispute, which resulted in another being chosen for the vacant see.

Karolus had now made himself notorious, if not popular, and large numbers crowded around him. He was now in the position for forming a new sect, but what should it be? It was at this time that Rome sent him her emissaries. Up till now, Karolus and his followers were considered simply in the light of rebels to their true church, and that, sooner or later, they would come back and acknowledge their perversion, and make amends for their faults; but no sooner did the patriarch at Constantinople see what Rome was about, than he became uneasy. He wrote to Karolus, solemnly admonishing him not to heed the tempter's voice. Karolus seemed now in a strait: on the one hand was his venerable patriarch, for whom he still had a reverence, entreating him to return to the church; and on the other hand, Rome was trying, in arguments and promises, to induce him to place himself under the allegiance of the see of Peter. On the one hand, she showed him he was ejected from his church; and on the other hand, she placed before him the tempting advantages which his allegiance to the Church of Rome promised him. The stratagem succeeded; his ire was raised against his mother church,

his ambition was excited, and Karolus acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, drawing with him a large number of the members of the Greek Church, who, after that, took the title of Greek Roman Catholics. In their liturgy, and many other points, they resemble more the Greek Church than the Roman Catholic; but Rome is daily gaining them over, as she is doing with the Maronites, viz., by making it appear as if there was no essential difference between them, and thus prevailing upon those members to worship in her churches. And it is to this end that such beautiful structures are rising up in Syria, under the titles of convents (one is now being built at Beit Jala), hospitals, colleges, and such like. I often wonder at the amount of money spent by the Propaganda in the erection of these buildings. Thousands upon thousands of pounds have been laid out; and to the query, Why Rome expends these sums, when buildings of lesser magnificence would serve her purpose just as well? the answer is, That parade and subtlety are her arguments in the East—without them she would lose her hold of the people. And it is pleasant for these poor natives to see such structures rising up in their midst; and it is a boast with them to say, that they are one with that Church which is erecting them. Rome notices that, and sees in it, sooner or later, the extinction of the Greek Roman Catholic and Maronite Churches. She is not so foolish as to excite their jealousy; but she lulls them to sleep. She becomes their fashionable church, and they fall into a snare well laid out. O Rome! Rome! Rome! The parents scruple not to send their children to her schools; and the result is, that even now the distinction of the sects is giving way, being merged into Roman Catholicism.

But Rome is doing something else; she has now got a footing in the East, and this footing she is determined to extend: but how? I have already said that the arguments of Rome are display and cunning; and the history of every convent proves it. Where a few years ago there were no Roman Catholics, we now find a fair share of the population belonging to that faith. Indeed, I know of nothing that has helped to put the Roman Catholic Church on the footing she now has more than these convents.

The Easterns, as a race, are sensitive to kindness; the presence, therefore, of the monks among them, going about speaking a kind word here, and doing a kind action there, relieving the poor, visiting the sick, establishing schools for children, and securing French protection to those who would join it, has had its due influence, especially when we add the beautiful structures rising up in their midst, which excite their admiration that *this is their church*, not only in confirming the Greek Roman Catholics, and the Maronites in their Roman Catholic propensities, and in coiling round them still stronger the chains of Rome, but also in making proselytes from the Greek Church. Towards this end she is labouring hard, and it is amusing to watch her efforts. She leaves no stone unturned, that she may get the supremacy in the East. And in this she has decidedly the advantage over the Greek Church.

Those proselytes from the Greek Church who are proof against the seeming kindness of the monks and pecuniary bribes, generally fall before the more tempting inducement of the promised protection, which France extends to all those who become Roman Catholics. And here it would be well to say, that France is considered the protector

of the Roman Catholics, as Russia is the acknowledged protector of the Greek Church. France is always before the people; her ships are there; her commerce is there, and the people see it; her influence is there, for she can make it tell by ordering a line of battle ships to the coast: this the people see. Not so with Russia; it is true they hear that she is a great power, but they hardly ever see her ships; she has no trade with them, and they see not her influence: the result is, that the people prefer French protection if they can get it; and this is at once extended to them if they become Roman Catholics.

But here we are on different ground—the religious touches the political, and in this instance breeds no end of evils, all of which are destructive to the powers that be. It drags in that infamous PROTECTION SYSTEM, which is nothing short of a *vital struggle between European Powers for POLITICAL INFLUENCE, at the Porte's cost, in its dominions.*

But what need the people of protection? They are Turkish subjects; and what want they of any more protection than the law of the country affords them? To those who know not the petty officers of the Turkish government, and are not cognizant of their extreme meanness and oppression, this may be an intelligible question, but the unequally-taxed peasant of Syria knows it; the Christian insulted by the Mahomedan knows it; and they are glad to accept the protection of a power which can redress their grievances or lighten their taxes, even at the expense of their faith. Now if Turkey was such a popular government, how is it that her Christian subjects are glad to put themselves under the protection of a foreign power? If her laws were so just, and satisfactorily carried out, there would be no occasion for the

people to flee from her and take refuge under the wings of another power. But the truth of the fact is, that, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the present Sultan and his cabinet, the benevolent views of the government fail of being carried out, because of the corruption of the pashas and governors, and other petty officers of the Turkish Empire, who, while they do not possess her enlightened policy, have, nevertheless, inherited her spirit of Islam, and her corruption of dealing.

It is herein that the influence of France and Russia appear. Turkey lays herself open to their attacks, because the laws which the Christian powers have forced her to adopt are not carried through, or perhaps the shame to have it known that her officers are corrupt keeps her silent: otherwise the query would be, What right has France and Russia to protect any of the Sultan's subjects? As well may France claim the protectorate over the Roman Catholics of England! I should like to know how John Bull would view such a measure! Yea, so corrupt are her officers, that the Turkish Government cannot place confidence in them. In a recent visit to Smyrna, I was asking an intelligent Armenian, how it was that Turkey lets out her custom-house and her lands. "Surely," said I, "she must be the loser; for no one would be such a fool as to purchase the Government revenues unless he made something by them." "To be sure," was the response, "and Turkey knows that: she would sooner lose a thousand pounds, perhaps one fifth of the revenue, than lose the whole. By letting out her revenues, she knows that she is sure to get so much; whereas if her officers collect her revenues, she is sure to get nothing at all, and perhaps they may bring her in for some liabilities." So much

for Turkey's faith in her own officers! It is the corruption of her officers and their inability to carry out the laws, even if they had the will to do so, which is often very questionable, that gives the foreign consuls a power to interfere in the internal administration of her territories. Hence it is that a consul in the East has so much power: he is looked up to as the head of a party.

And this leads me to notice another great fact in this connection, that Russia and France are no less interested in the question than the Greeks or Roman Catholics are anxious to proselyte from each other, and to increase their own number. Is it out of Christian charity, that Russia or France are so interested in their co-religionists in the East, protecting them so zealously? What matters it to France or Russia who repaired the dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem? Was that enough cause to bring on a quarrel which finally resulted in the war now pending, as I suppose it is not unknown to my readers, that it is owing to the officiousness of those two powers, resulting from their mutual jealousy, that it has been brought on. But I pass over this subject. I only want to remark how destructive this partizanship is to Turkey. In the first place, it keeps alive in her an anti-national spirit: half of her subjects feel no interest in her, but flee to foreign powers for protection. Now this cannot but be injurious to the interests of Turkey. And things will continue so. Foreign powers will always have a handle to create a quarrel with her, such as the one now pending, unless her laws be better sustained in her own dominions—unless the Christian be put on the same footing as the Mahomedan; and this will never be, until the barrier between the Mahomedan and Christian is broken. Nor will this ever take place, until

Turkey repeals that law which makes a Mahomedan professing Christianity amenable to capital punishment, and protects the convert in the profession of his adopted faith.

Until this takes place, it is in vain to hope for any material improvement in the Ottoman empire; nor even for a cessation of troubles on her account. This war will only be an earnest of more wars. The Christian inhabitants of the East will ever favour Christians, and lean towards those European powers who protect them. Surely the Sultan cannot expect that his Christian subjects will feel an interest in a government in which they have no share, or rejoice in a flag which for ages has been the declared enemy of the Cross, and which they consider as their shame. Does the intelligent reader wonder that there are parties in the East who would welcome any Christian government, even were it Russia; not so much because it would relieve them from any oppressions or exactions of Turkey, for they expect to be ridden over equally as roughshod by any other power, but because it would relieve them from the ignominy which that flag, the Mahomedan crescent, entails upon them, as it floats on the ramparts of their holy cities.

And what will be the result of this? Simply to keep Turkey under the control of the European powers. The cause of this war may be the cause of more wars. And when we come to consider the amount of blood shed on its account, it is well to pause and see if this cannot be remedied.

What the lovers of Turkey want is not to weaken the European powers, for that they cannot do; but to strengthen Turkey, which they can do. And how is that to be done? Certainly by enlisting the sympa-

thies of all her people in her behalf; but I have already shown that her Christian subjects cannot feel any real interest in her. For ages, they have been oppressed by the Mahomedans, looked upon as infidels, and treated as dogs. With what face, I want to know, can we ask them now to feel an interest in that government? Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the members of the Greek Church in the East are in favour of Russia, and that, could they only rise in arms, they would do so? No! My only wonder is, that they have not shown more warlike demonstrations; and this I account for, from the fact, that they have looked upon the war as a hopeless one for Russia, since England and France took the part of Turkey. Statesmen may rise up in all the powers of oratory and assert to the contrary; but I can tell them an honest truth, which every Christian heart in the East will respond to, that Christians in the East can *never* feel an interest in a Mahomedan government.

And Turkey knows that it is for this reason that she will not have Christian soldiers; she cannot trust them. She knows they have no interest in her.

What then is to be done? How can the interests of all her people be centred in her? In no other way than by repealing the law, which makes the Mahomedan professing Christianity amenable to capital punishment. We do not want to force our Bible upon the Mahomedan, but we want him to have the *liberty* to read it, as we read his Koran. If this takes place, that is, if the Bible be allowed to do its work against the Koran, I have no doubt as to the result. At any rate, this liberty being extended to proselyte from each other, both bodies are put on the same level. They may in course of time either become Christians or Mahomedans.

It is plain, therefore, that until you break this barrier, the feud between Christianity and Islamism will be kept rife, and in course of time cannot but be disastrous to Turkey as a government. Her Mahomedan subjects are daily decreasing by war and pestilence, whilst the Christians as a body are rapidly growing. Is it not, therefore, to her own interest, politically, socially, and morally to grant that liberty which makes all her subjects one?

What is the use of her making laws that Christians are eligible to military and civil offices, when the Christians will not dare to assume them. I should like to see the Christian who would wish to be Pasha of Damascus! His head would not be safe twenty-four hours, unless he was strongly guarded. And even should the laws finally pass and be tolerated by the Mahomedans, shall we forget the difficulties which each of them will have to contend with from the unavoidable collision with Islamism?

No: the great wall of partition requires to be removed first; this root of the whole matter must be struck at first. This one being achieved, and I admit the difficulties in its way are great, all the others then, each of which will have to combat the same difficulties singly, will come in without the slightest opposition. Here, therefore, is the root of the whole evil.

But this point is not only interesting to Turkey, but also to England. England is not seeking to prop up Mahomedanism, but, I apprehend that England is desirous to keep up the integrity of Turkey as a government, to strengthen her and make her a match against Russian aggression; well then, I have pointed out the evil and the remedy. Until Turkey repeals that law, she will every day grow weaker and weaker: and even should

peace be established now, England will find that sooner or later she will have to go over the same ground again. If England care at all for the integrity of Turkey as a government, then she cannot be blind to the fact, that it is essential to strengthen Turkey with her own materials, and this she must do by reconciling her Christian subjects to her. And this can only be done by breaking the barrier between Christianity and Mahomedanism, and by throwing down the gauntlet of fair play for either the Bible or the Koran to prevail.

But aside from political objects: if Turkey repeals that law, she will make her people happier, and I apprehend the happiness of the subjects should always be the highest aim of the government. The Christian will no longer be afraid of a Mahomedan riot, and whilst the Christian can now feel an interest in his country, the Mahomedan, on the other hand, will improve under the blessing of education; the Mahomedan female will no longer be a slave. In fact, the country will wake up to a better state of things; her resources will be developed, and refinement, wealth, and happiness, will be the result of such a measure.

The reader will observe, that I am not one who would cry down Turkey, but I would improve her, if she is capable of improvement; and this is her only chance. If there is any virtue in the Bible, Turkey will, sooner or later, become a Christian government; and, under its blessings, we may hope for a new regime of things.

In a Christian light, too, we must view the subject. Here are thousands of Mahomedan souls daily passing into eternity, without the Bible or the knowledge of salvation through a crucified Saviour. Is it not the duty of *Christian* England to make an effort to bring the

Mahomedan to the light of the gospel? Are not the Mahomedans the creatures of God, and may they not be the elect of Christ as well as the rest of the human family? But how are they to be brought to the knowledge of that Saviour when such a barbarous law hangs over them, declaring them amenable to capital punishment if they should *profess* Him as their Saviour, Lord and Redeemer.

And when is this to be done? Now, if at all. Now, whilst Turkey is under the influence of Christian Europe; while her laws are rearranging; whilst she is undergoing material changes; now is the time to call for a repeal of that law which will eventually strengthen Turkey, and advance her interests politically and socially. It is now, whilst war is pending, that Turkey can be made to listen to the proposals of Christian England. Let peace once be declared; and it will be found inexpedient to stir up any seed of dissension or quarrel, and the mischief will remain. Turkey will grow weaker. European powers will always have a cause to quarrel with her, and England will have to fight out her battles. O, proud England, think of this! Your heart's-blood is interested in this question; your Christianity is interested; and the happiness of your fellow-creatures calls loudly for your present consideration of this point. Think of it for your own sake—think of it for our sake.

What is the use of propping up a house that is always falling? Either repair the house, so that it shall stand, or let it go. And it must come to that. It is not a temporary alleviation of evils that is wanted, but something sure and lasting, that will secure the integrity of Turkey, as an independent government, and as a sure barrier to Russian aggression.

CHAPTER XV.

Nazareth—Its Associations—Romanism and Protestantism—The Damsels at the Fountain—A Visit from the Mutsellim—Start for Mount Tabor—*En Route*—The Ascent—Buildings—Mount Tabor not the Scene of the Transfiguration—The Hermit—Reflections—Plains of Esdraelon—View—Scenery—Leading Features in its History—Return to Nazareth—The Fair—Return the Governor's Visit—Letters to England and America.

"FAIR NAZARETH ! 'mid thy mountains,
Softly where thy waters run,
By thy bright and sparkling fountains
Sit thy daughters in the sun.

"Through thy streets a stranger straying,
Feelings, deep and sad, upspring ;
While I see thy children playing,
While I hear their voices sing.

"Can I wander here, forgetting
Mary—mother undefiled ?
See thy sons, without regretting,
So unlike her holy child.

"Can I breathe without emotion,
Nazareth, thy golden air !
Joyful yet with his devotion,
Poured from lonely mountain there ?

"O the strange, sublime revealing,
God in human form appears !
O the strange and deep-concealing,
Dwelling here a child of years !

“O the joy, and O the sorrow !
Thrilling here His bosom through,
As the cross, each coming morrow,
Darker rose upon His view !

“Cana yonder, famed in story,
First beheld the Godhead’s sign,
When the Word revealed His glory—
Turning water into wine.

“But His mission, great unfolding,
Prophet of the human race,
Here the Synagogue beholding,
Wondering heard His words of grace.

“’Mid thy olives green reposing,
Fair yet sad to see art thou ;
Nazareth, thy guilt disclosing,
Ask yon mountain’s rocky brow !”

REV. JOHN ANDERSON’S “*Pencillings in Palestine.*”

IF NAZARETH is not rich in historical matters, its sacred associations are of the deepest interest to the Christian. Dead must be that pilgrim’s heart where the scenes of eighteen hundred years ago, which occurred in this unassuming village, do not waken in him the most solemn thoughts. Here “Jesus of Nazareth,” of whom it was said by the mouth of the angel that, “He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end” (Luke i. 32, 33)—spent his boyhood—days of sweet innocence !

Without anything extraordinary about it, yet what charm does it not possess for the pious pilgrim? Weary

has been his day's ride—the sun has overpowered him, and he is well-nigh faint when the first view of Nazareth revives his drooping spirit. Approach it, from where you will, and you cannot be disappointed. The eye rests not on Baalbeck-like ruins, or Tyre-like devastation. No towering column greets the eye; no fallen castle arrests the attention. Situate on the slopes of the hill, overlooking a small plain, mountain-locked on every side, so that you cannot see it until you are close to it, and stretching itself in clusters of white-washed flat-terraced houses in the form of a crescent, is the exceedingly interesting village of Nazareth.

No confused ideas gather around you; it is perfect simplicity throughout. The ideas of early boyhood, in my case, were realized. Nazareth is an unpretending village in the vales of Syria—such did I always deem it to be, and such did I find it. There it lies, perhaps, in the same spot as ever it did. But the first view of Nazareth is deeply interesting—the emotion of a Christian heart, as the pilgrim, for the first time, gazes upon a spot so fraught with deep interest, are such as I cannot describe.

And this feeling increases at every step. May not these fields and these streets be the identical ones which our Saviour often trod: and had the traveller been there eighteen hundred years ago, would he not have seen Him the King of Glory, a boy among a host of village boys—perhaps the most eager one in the sport, or the merriest in the lot? And this is Nazareth, which gave a cognomen to Him who is the supreme Ruler of the universe. Could it be possible that this village should be so highly honoured, that He, unto whom the heavens are as a throne, and the earth a footstool, who rides in

the clouds, and whose name is Jehovah, is called a "Nazarene?" Yes, this is Nazareth—sweet Nazareth! brightened for His sake with the visits of angels, and invested with the undying interest of having witnessed His presence, and been embalmed by His prayers.

But I will not infringe on the thoughts which doubtless fill the traveller's mind, as he gazes on the scene before him. Nor will I weaken the picture by unnecessary remark; I would rather leave Nazareth as it is, shrouded in its sweetness and unassuming beauty.

Certainly, the fact that our Saviour's boyhood was spent there, attaches to Nazareth the deepest interest of any. But it has also other points of attraction. Here Mary lived; and it was here that the angel of the Lord announced to her, that though a virgin, "she shall conceive . . . and bring forth a son, and shall call His name JESUS." This place of the annunciation is shown by the Latins in the chapel of their convent. The grotto, which is hewn into the rock, and where it is said the virgin dwelt, is immediately behind the altar. The Greeks, however, say that it is not, and allege that the angel appeared to Mary as she was drawing water from a fountain, at the south-eastern extremity of the village, which is still called by her name, "*Ain Sitna Mariam*" (the fountain of our lady Mary), and near to which the Greeks have erected a chapel.

The shop where Joseph worked, and the house where he and Mary lived, are also shown by the monks, as also the alleged site of the "Mount of Precipitation," so called, because it is the reputed one from which the Jews "sought to cast our Saviour headlong . . . But He, passing through the midst of them, passed His way."

That Joseph and Mary lived here, and that it was here

that the announcement was made to Mary that JESUS would be born, and that it was from one of the hills hereabouts that the Jews sought to cast our Saviour, I have no doubt; but I do not feel at liberty to admit the sites pointed out; indeed, in the case of the Mount of Precipitation, the tradition, I think, is rather extravagant. We are told, that on thrusting Him out of the city, "they led Him unto the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built," whereas this mount is more than two miles from Nazareth; and unless the town once extended as far as there, I do not see how the monks could make it out, and still keep the site of the Annunciation and that of the Precipitation.

Sunday, 11th March, 1855.

The bell of the convent was chiming sweetly when I woke up next morning. Fra Luigi was in attendance, and immediately after breakfast he acquiesced in my desire of visiting the Chapel of the Annunciation, and then calling on the Superior. In the chapel were a host of men and women at their devotions; not wishing to interrupt them, I took a hasty glance at the grotto, which has already been referred to as the site of the Annunciation, and then followed Fra Luigi through the capacious corridors of the convent, to the room of the Superior. My reception by the Superior was pleasant and agreeable; his welcome was gracious and gentlemanly. He hoped that I had slept well during the preceding night, and trusted that I would make myself at home. I thanked him, and retired.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I repaired to the Protestant Chapel. What! A Protestant Chapel here? Yes; under the shadow of the convent of the Annun-

ciation, so to speak; and within a stone's throw of the Casa Nuova and the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy is a Protestant Chapel, with a congregation varying from one to two hundred members, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Klein, of the London Church Missionary Society. Thither I repaired on this holy Sabbath, and found a congregation exceeding a hundred engaged in the ritual of the Church of England, the Common Prayer Book having been for several years translated into the Arabic language. Hitherto, and so far south, we had met Protestant congregations who worshipped in the Presbyterian form, because they are the offspring of the American and Scotch missionaries, who are generally Presbyterians. From Nazareth, and further south, the Protestant congregations are Episcopalian in their form, the missionaries being sent out by the London Church Missionary and Jewish Societies. Bishop Gobat has the charge of this part of the field.

Protestantism has ever been a sore thorn in the side of Romanism. Here in Syria, Rome was progressing along quietly, but surely: the Maronite and Greek Roman Catholic churches were dreaming themselves into her open arms: the Greek and Armenian churches were no match for her; and their members who were proof against bribery, fell one after another, before the more tempting bait of the protection of France, which she would extend to them. Everything was going on smoothly with her; and she was dreaming of the time when Syria would be converted to the Roman Catholic faith, when this new champion appeared in the field. Rome at first looked with contempt upon the few Protestant missionaries who landed there, hoping to convert any person; but she soon found that the new competitor was no mean rival.

Before the Protestant missionaries had been three years in the field, she deemed it necessary to take active measures against them. In one year (1824) she sent twenty missionary priests and thirteen thousand dollars to Syria. The Cardinal Soámaglia, then Dean of the Propaganda, wrote urgent letters to the Patriarch of Mount Lebanon, enjoining him to make it his first care to drive away this spiritual evil. The Jesuit College of Antura, which had been let out to Mr. Way for the use of the Protestant missionaries, was taken away from them. The Turkish government was incited against the Protestant missionaries; and on the representation of *Rome to a Mahomedan government, that the SCRIPTURES WERE NOT CHRISTIAN BOOKS, a firman was granted forbidding their distribution.* Priests and people were set against the Protestant missionaries; and from every church anathemas were hurled on their heads, and on all those who joined them, or had any dealings with them. So terrible were these anathemas—so severe were the persecutions inflicted on the converts to this new faith—so unwearied was the zeal and so great were the efforts to crush Protestantism in the bud, that it is a wonder how the movement succeeded.

Backed by France and the treasury of the Propaganda, the Oriental churches were no matches for her. By cunning, stealth, and parade, she was making her way over them; and easy was her task, for the people were ignorant, and she possessed the wisdom of the serpent. This last would have been sufficient for her to proselyte the East with, had not this new movement, which required to be met by the harmlessness of the dove, made its appearance.

The new movement at first progressed slowly, and

Rome was still hoping to crush it when Christian Britain took the cue, and prevailed on Turkey to respect her co-religionists: this was enough, and the movement spread rapidly over the land. It is true that Protestantism is still a new way to the people, but it is fast developing itself; and, from Aleppo in the north to Jerusalem in the south, native Protestant churches are being organized, and the reader of these pages will have already discovered how much has been done. Here we have fair play between truth and error—open-hearted Protestantism and double-dealing Roman Catholicism. Both are operating on the same mass of people; and the result is doubtless in favour of Protestantism, though this latter possesses not the wealth of the Propaganda, nor has it the magnificent buildings which the Romish church has. Nor do the Protestant missionaries make the influence and protection of England a bait to the people. It is true England always exerted herself in behalf of the persecuted converts; but England would do the same to any other of the Turkish government's subjects, be they Roman Catholics, Druzes, Nestorians, Samaritans, or any other that might be oppressed.

But Rome also had another advantage; she had the start over Protestantism by centuries: her converts were there, as also her influence. Protestantism began about thirty-five years ago, with none of the above advantages, and here are the results: and to those who know the East, and how loth the people are to take to novelties, this must speak volumes in behalf of Protestantism. Here we find Rome triumphing over the Oriental churches, but unable to stand her ground against an open Bible. I want here to remark, that England does not make protégés of Protestants, as France does of the Roman

Catholics: England only exerts herself in their behalf when Popery persecutes them; otherwise they remain as before. Indeed, in the beginning of the movement, before the firman recognising Protestantism in the Turkish Empire, was issued which, I admit, is due to the exertions of England, the poor Protestant converts were at the mercy of all the other sects. Even the Mahomedans and Druzes were incensed against them, as I have shown in the history of the Hasbaiya Church.

It was now, indeed, that Rome was fairly roused, and woke up to meet the Missionaries in their own element. The Jesuit College of Antura was put into requisition. The Lazarists erected a similar institution at Bayroot. Every Convent now had a school, and, under cover of teaching the pupils the Italian and French languages, Rome made them adepts in her faith. The clever boys were sent to Europe to be educated under the eye of the Propaganda for the priesthood. New Convents were built everywhere, as also hospitals; female education also became a part of their care, seeing the Protestant Missionaries had already adopted it. Rome would rather have had nothing to do with that part, or, in fact, any education at all, beyond the mere rudiments of the alphabet. But the Protestant Missionaries were making headway, and a band of native Protestant females, educated and refined, were rising up in the land. Was it a wonder, therefore, that these would have their influence on society, and might not many an influential Roman Catholic like to marry them? Rome knew that, and to obviate this evil, the Sisters of Mercy, as they are called, were imported to teach the females, and attend upon the hospitals,—in fact, nothing was left undone that could promote the ends of Rome.

This is a new element to Rome ; but it is certainly the only one which will allow her a standing. Speaking of the Sisters of Mercy, I am grateful for the opportunity here afforded me of bearing my unreserved testimony to their self-denial, praiseworthy efforts, and acceptable ministrations during seasons of sickness. The cholera and fever-stricken natives have occasion to bless their unwearied attentions. Mahomedans as well as Christians have been the objects of their benevolent care. From what I have seen of them, I am willing to believe that no feelings of self operate with them against deeds of charity. In seasons of sickness, whilst others flee to the mountains for a better atmosphere, they have been seen going from house to house heedless of contagion from cholera, fever, or holes steaming with heat and stench, enough to make any one sick. They take their watch by the bedside of the sufferer, cherishing him in his illness, or smoothing his dying pillow. And it is not too much to say, that they are not proof against contagion, and one by one falls down by the bedside of the dying sufferer. They die, but their memory lives, and no wonder many rise up to call them blessed. This is decidedly Rome's most charitable effort, and for which she deserves the greatest praise.

But here I will leave this subject; I trust that I have treated it fairly and impartially. In a previous chapter, I gave a brief history of Rome's career prior to the appearance of Protestantism in the field. I have now tried to give the remainder of the history of the Romish career since then. It is interesting; and were it not foreign to the object of this work, I should have been pleased to have gone more fully into detail. But I refer the reader to the early history of the American Mission in Syria, as

given in a foregoing chapter, to illustrate the contest betwixt Roman Catholicism and Protestantism.

In the afternoon, I took a walk down to the Mount of Precipitation, and then returned by the fountain of the Virgin already referred to. Of the former nothing need be said beyond the tradition; of the latter I have a word to say.

It was now about the hour of sunset, the damsels had come to the fountain to fill their earthenware jars; there were at least about thirty of them; and I truly cannot say that one was less beautiful than another. Besides my guide and myself, there were no other men. As we sat on the lawn where in former visits I encamped at some distance from them, they took no notice of us, and therefore their freedom and hilarity were not interrupted—girls all over—the woman altogether. Here, seemingly, they met every evening to discuss sundry matters in their own history. I was not near enough to hear their conversation, nor did I desire it. I was interested in seeing them *telle quelle*. As their jars were filled, they would stroll off in parties towards the village. Their cheerful merry voices still ring in my ears. Oh! it was a pleasant hour which I spent by that fountain; and when I rose to return, the shades of evening had already begun to gather, and the fountain was deserted. I have seen the American, the English, and the Scotch girls in their various moods, and really I cannot say, that they differed much from these. The whole of their manner was exactly what I would expect from a girl had I met her in the West. I returned home perfectly satisfied, that woman is the same all the world over, unless the finer endowments of her soul are crushed by Islamism or tyranny. They were so many Claras, Janes, Emmas,

and Marions; and though disguised under a different garb, and though they spoke a different tongue, and though they they did not belong to the sunny plains of laughing France, nor owned the sweetness of Old England's scenery, though they never gazed on the lochs of bonnie Scotia, or stood on Niagara's foaming precipice, yet I will venture to say that they possessed equally as fine sensibilities, and had a heart and imagination equally as warm, and were the *woman* as much as any that are to be met with there or elsewhere.

On my way home, I learnt that a caravan of Armenian pilgrims had arrived in the course of the afternoon, who were on their way to Jerusalem. They were to rest the following day at Nazareth, and then proceed south on the day after. My intention was to remain quietly at Nazareth till Tuesday morning, on that day visit Tabor, and on Wednesday proceed to Nabloos, but the arrival of the caravan changed my plans; the disturbed state of the country rendered the hills of Samaria dangerous for a single traveller, so I determined to accompany them on Tuesday, whilst I would devote to-morrow to visiting Tabor. I was on the point of sending word to the governor to let me have a guide to accompany me to Tabor, when I learnt that he was already waiting to see me at the Casa Nuova. Thither I repaired, and to my delight found him there with the Padre Missionario, who was entertaining him till I came back. He was a Turk, a native of Asia Minor, and on being told I was the person he called to see, he rose up and saluted me. He then told me that he had received letters from His Excellency Reschid Pasha, of Acre, desiring him to be very attentive to me, and he now wished to know how

he could serve me. I told him my plans; and he promised to have a guard ready to accompany me to Tabor on the morrow, and another to proceed with me to Nabloos the day after. I told him that I did not think this last necessary, as I would go with the caravan; but he would hear of no such thing, and insisted on my having an escort as far as Nabloos. After some consultation with the Padre Missionario, I thought it best to accept of the escort. Matters being thus arranged, he now left me, hoping that I would call and see him on my return from Tabor, a promise which I cheerfully made.

During the course of the evening, I read such Scripture narratives as related to Nazareth, and the interest with which they were invested was beyond description. It requires a trip to Syria to make the Bible a life-like book, and to invest it with an interest which it would never otherwise have. People who never visited this land, much as they may enjoy the Bible, cannot realise it so much as those who have travelled in it. One in Nazareth could almost hear the angel's voice addressing Mary, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!" Thus closed a happy Sabbath in Nazareth, one which I would often revert to with pleasure and delight.

Monday, 12th March, 1855.

The Mutsellim was true to his word. On waking up, I found "*Abbas*," the guard who was to accompany me to Mount Tabor, waiting in the court of the Casa Nuova. He told me that the governor had also sent me his horse to ride to the Mount, supposing I wished to give mine a rest, seeing he was bound on a journey on the morrow;

but this I unhesitatingly declined, and requested Abbas to send him back.

Breakfast was on the table; a good omelette and a warm cup of coffee soon put me in the humour for travelling. Fra Luigi was there, too; and, to my astonishment, I found that he had not neglected to provide for my luncheon. A roast chicken and a cold piece of meat, an ample supply of bread, and two bottles of wine, he had placed in a saddle-bag, which Abbas was to put under him.

All was now ready. Abbas started, and I followed. (Khalil I left in Nazareth, as I had no use for him.) At the "*Fountain of the Virgin*," which we passed at about eight o'clock, we saw again a bevy of Nazareth damsels, who graciously saluted us with the usual salam of "*Alla Makom* (God be with you)!"

Our road now lay due south; at first over the rising ground which shuts the valley of Nazareth, and then over a succession of hills. The loveliest flowers grew on both sides of the path, and their fragrant odour added not a little to the charms of the trip. About half way we passed a tree called the *Tree of the Monks*. The monks annually make a visit to Tabor; and on their way to and fro, they rest under it, and hence the name. We stopped not for a moment, but pushed on amid the greenwood scenery which interspersed the hills which we were ascending and descending. In about one hour and three-quarters we reached the base of Tabor, which rises up to the height of about twelve hundred feet from the plain of Esdraelon. Here we started a wild boar: Abbas shot at him, but missed his aim; and the boar escaped. It now took us an hour to get to the top. We halted midway, and had a drink of warm milk,

which we obtained from some goats that were grazing on the slope of the mount. Shortly after we began our ascent, we left on our right the village of Dabboorea; a small village, but whose name carried us to days long gone by.

Mount Tabor rises abruptly up from the plain in the form of a bee-hive; its sides are clothed with thick shrubbery, brambles, and here and there a small carpet of the richest turf. The ascent is exceedingly tedious; and though it does not absolutely require to be made on foot, yet the traveller hardly ever thinks of riding up the rugged path which leads to the top of the mount. As you reach this latter, you begin to discover the foundations of extensive buildings. You enter by a massive gateway, which, after a little more ascent, introduces you to the area crowning the top of the mountain, which is a crest of table-land, not exceeding six or seven hundred yards from north to south, and about half as much across. The belt of this area seems to have formed the outwork of the fortress that crowned the top. Here, and there, may be seen the foundations of towers, which flanked the walls of the fort. Outside can be seen extensive ditches running all round. Within this fort we saw extensive cisterns, made to catch the rain-water: some were dry, but in others we saw water, which we would have been glad could we have got at; but not having anything to pull it up with, we had to be content with our wine. I know not whether this be the case with any other; but I always found that whenever I drank milk it made me very thirsty afterwards.

On the summit, to the south-east, I saw a vault which I was told was the Latin Chapel of the transfiguration. At another end, the Greeks also have a second chapel of

the same name, and this leads me to say that tradition locates the transfiguration of our Saviour on this mount; though with what right I have never been able to discover. Though this tradition has been handed down since the beginning of the fifth century, perhaps a few years earlier, still it is not sufficient authority, and cannot bear the evidence opposed to it.

In the first place, it is not likely that our Saviour would have chosen a city, as the site of such a scene; and Josephus tells us that a city, called Itabyrion, was erected on the summit of the mount, and existed at the time of our Saviour. I am happy to agree with Lord Nugent on this point; and I think, with him, that this fact alone is sufficient to refute the tradition referred to. As for me, I am willing to consider Hermon the site of the transfiguration.

Our Saviour was at Cæsarea Philippi, which is at the base of Hermon. Without any further history of our Saviour's movements, we are told, that, six days after a certain scene had occurred, He "taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart." The last word I apprehend to mean, that this *party* were taken apart—solitary—alone, by themselves, and has no reference to the mountain (Mark ix. 2) which is described to us as a high one, to distinguish it from any other. Well, now, Mount Tabor is only a hill compared to Hermon. Might it not have been likely that our Saviour took the disciples to the top of Hermon? Here was a *high mountain*, indeed, and it was solitary; for the snow, which covers it perpetually, prevents any person living on its top. The allusion made to the snow (Mark ix. 3), I think, adds weight to the idea that Hermon was the site of the transfiguration.

At any rate, if Hermon is not that *high mountain*, I am inclined to think that it must have been about there. This is, however, mere conjecture; and I do not believe that any person can tell the site of that scene. Six days are allowed to pass; perhaps all the while in Cæsarea Philippi, or, perhaps, in moving about; and then we hear that "He taketh three of His disciples to a high mountain." It may have been any high mountain in Syria for aught any one knows. One thing is evident; the sacred writers do not seem willing to gratify our curiosity on this point. The transfiguration is described by them circumstantially; but not a word of the locality do they say, more than, simply, that it occurred on a high mountain, and if one mountain could be considered as the identical one more than another, I think that Hermon, all things considered, stands the best chance of being the one; its proximity to Cæsarea Philippi, where we are told our Saviour was; indeed the town is exactly on its base, whereas Tabor is about four days' off; its *solitary* top, for the reason I have given, whereas we are told that Tabor then had a fortified city on it—and, finally, the allusion to the snow, all render Hermon the most likely "high mountain" on which the scene of the transfiguration took place.

I have followed this train of thought, not with the idea of showing that Hermon is the identical mountain, nor from any wish to disrobe Tabor of such a glorious scene, but to show how lightly this tradition stands.

A Greek monk had been living here for some time, but he had gone now. He began to build a convent, which still remains only at the basement rooms. Why the *hermit*, as he is called, had left, or whither he had gone to, no one could tell. I made many inquiries, at Naza-

reth, but failed in learning anything about him. I wandered over the premises for nearly an hour, looking into every cavern, and scrutinizing every fallen wall. There is something painfully interesting in an abandoned place. Once a city was here; voices of mirth and love were heard in it. The excitement of a fortified town added not a little also, to the life which once invested this mount, now deserted and silent. You seem as if you were in the land of the dead. The fallen towers, the broken walls, the gateless city, and the ruined archways, all proclaim a builder, and a resident; but where are they? The land that once knew them now knows them no more. A shudder crept over me as I walked through the deserted fort; another convincing proof of the instability of human things. Let them remain. I would not, even if I could, recall the architect who planned, or the general who commanded it. Let the sepulchral vault be sacred over them. The interest, as it is, is enough; and the deserted fort is a sufficient warning that *we too must go*. The time may also come when we may become a matter of conjecture to others.

Wearisome has been the ascent; but where is the stoical traveller, who, now that he has gained the heights of Tabor, and looks on the scenery around him, does not forget his fatigue. Here, on this area, Barak gathered his ten thousand warriors, and, at the instigation of Deborah the Prophetess, who assured him of success, he swept down on the mighty host of Sisera, whom he discomfited. Beneath him lies the plain of Esdraelon, whose every portion is fraught with the deepest interest. He looks down and beholds, under a little hill, the lesser Hermon, the small village of Endor (still retaining its name), where Saul in his despair

sought the woman of a *familiar spirit*. Further on, to the south-east, is the village of Shunem, now the modern village of Sholam, where the Philistines gathered themselves together to give him battle. Hard by is the hill of Gilboa, now called *Jabel-El-Fukua*, where he terminated his career by committing suicide. Close at hand, and stretching itself to the west, is Carmel, where Elijah discomfited the false prophets of Baal; underneath it, meanders the river Kishon, by whose banks they were slain, and whose waters carried on their current the mangled corpses of Sisera's mighty host. Well may the mother of that general ask, "Why is his chariot so long in coming?" Ah, lady! he, whom you once called a son, is no more. He has not sped, and instead of receiving "a prey of divers colors of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil," he has been discomfited, and has fallen before the hand of a woman; with a nail in her hand and a workman's hammer she smote the head of your son and he bowed and fell.

And there is Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, where Naboth had a vineyard, which, because he inherited from his father, he would not sell or barter to Ahab, King of Samaria, and for which he was murdered at the instigation of Jezebel, that woman of notorious character, who afterwards, at the behest of Jehu, was thrown from the window of her palace and became food unto dogs.—"Throw her down," said he; and they threw her down, and thus ended her vicious career.

But scenes of deeper interest now gather around the traveller. Behind him, and only hidden by the hills, is the vale of Nazareth, where Jesus spent his boyhood; a few miles further on is the village of Kefr Kenna,

where He changed the water into wine. To the north-east of the plain is the Mount of Beatitude, where He preached His sermon, recorded in Matthew vi., close by to which is visible the site of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand. In yonder hollow; where the mountains fall so abruptly under the shadow of Hermon, are the waters of Gennesaret, on the waves of which His voice rose, bidding his disciples, "be of good cheer." "It is I, be not afraid." Immediately beneath you, at the foot of *Jabel-el-Duhee*, the lesser Hermon, so called to distinguish it from the greater Hermon, is the village of Nain, where our Saviour compassionated the sorrow-stricken widow, and restored her son to life again.

And, later still in the chain of history, we read of the Crusaders and Saracens alternately encamping on this plain. To the north-east, is the scene of their last conflict, a conflict which made Saleh-ed-Dein master of Palestine; and, later still, this plain was the scene of General Kleber's resistance to the Turkish Vizier. This last conflict ended better for the honour of the West than the former; Kleber had only a small force of infantry, whereas the Turkish Vizier had an overwhelming army; but nothing daunted, he stood his ground, until Napoleon, after a forced march, reinforced him, and though still inferior to their adversary, the victory on the part of the French was decisive. History relates, that Napoleon, after having achieved his victory, dined at Nazareth, and that night slept at Acre.

But I have only touched on the leading features in the history of this plain—the battle field of every army that invaded Palestine "from Saul to Kleber." Oh, had this plain but tongue to speak, how it would afford

us matters of deep interest; how it would tell us of high hopes bitterly disappointed; of great armies routed by an inferior antagonist. What conflicting scenes occurred here; war and all its horrors, on the one hand, and deepest love exhibited on the other. Here one brother sought the life of another; and, on the same field, acts of compassion were performed by him who is Lord of all, and whose wearied feet must have oft traversed this plain: Oh stoical indeed must be that traveller who can gaze on all this and not feel absorbed!

It was now one o'clock. I had been nearly two hours and half gazing with unwearied attention on the localities around me. I now made a hasty luncheon, and bade Abbas to lead the way home. This we did, and reached Nazareth about four o'clock. On the way, we saw a host of the peasantry coming from a fair, which was held that day *Khan-el-Tajjar* in the plains of Esdraelon. This is the same fair which we had met near Hasbaiya. It is held every day in a different place, and people come from far and from near to trade with it. We also passed a little to the left of the road, the source of the stream Esh-Sherar, which the traveller will see meandering in the plains of Esdraelon.

On my return to Nazareth, I immediately called on the Governor and thanked him for the guard. I wished Abbas to go with me on the morrow, but I found that he could not do that, as Abbas was otherwise engaged, but he would send with me another guard to Nabloos. This satisfied me. I now left him, and sauntered again to the fountain where I spent a pleasant hour, talking to some boys whom I met there of Him who, like them perhaps, was wont to come to this fountain to quench His thirst. They listened to me with apparent interest.

On my return home, Khalil told me that there were a party of travellers going to Bayroot in the morning, and as I knew how delighted some of my friends in England and America would be to get a line from me *from this interesting spot*, I spent most of the evening in writing letters, and having enclosed them to the care of my friend Mr. Heald in Bayroot, I retired to take my last sleep in Nazareth.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM.

Tuesday, 13th March, 1855.—Regret at Leaving Nazareth—En Route—Plains of Esdraelon—The Rain—Caught up with the Caravan—Desolation—Djenin—The Guards—“*A Fix*”—A Scene in our House—Human Nature the same everywhere—The Visit of the Mutsellim—How I got off—A Sunset—Expense of a Night at Djenin—The Guards—The Caravan—East and West compared—True Christianity—Abatia—Sennoor—The Secret of the heavy Yoke of Turkey—Siege of Sennoor—Sebastia—The Valley of Nabloos—Route from Nabloos to Jerusalem.

IT was nine o'clock, but yet I lingered. I felt a regret at leaving Nazareth. The caravan had already gone these two hours past, and with them Khalil. Hassan was waiting for me; but I yet tarried. I felt as if I could not leave this sweet vale so soon. But go I must. My baggage had already preceded me, so I bade farewell to Nazareth.

Hassan was my guard for to-day. He was a Herculean-looking fellow; his face was intelligent; his eye beamed with fire.

“Don't hurry yourself, sir,” said he; “we will catch up with the caravan before they are half through the plain.”

I scarcely know when I looked more sober in my lifetime—the fact was, I was downhearted at leaving Naza-

reth. Hassan saw this, and thinking that an hour or two longer might gratify me, he bade me take my time.

But I had already bade adieu to Fra Luigi, and was now standing by my horse—a boy who sat down, lazily holding the bridle, now sprang up, and held the stirrup—there was nothing for it now but to go, so, motioning to Hassan my wish, we jumped into our saddles and rode down the gorge towards the great plain, which excited my interest on the preceding day. Our course was now due south, a little to the right of the road which led to Tabor. At the end of the little plain, which closes the view of Nazareth, I made a halt, and looked back on the unpretending village, and once more bidding it farewell, we dashed down the gorge, a piece of exceedingly bad road, and, notwithstanding our rapid pace, it took us nearly an hour before it introduced us into the plains of Esdraelon.

So far the day was fine, and the sun shone brightly, from which I augured a pleasant ride on the plain; but we had hardly got into it when the sun was overcast, and heavy drops of rain began to fall down. Here was no shelter, and we had to stand it out. Not a single tree was in sight; and, what was worse, my cloak, plaid and all, were with Khalil, who I could see with the caravan a long way off. Our hope was that it would only be a passing shower; but no, it was a heavy pelting rain—not the thin rain known in England, which has more the resemblance of mist—and such large drops, too. In a few minutes we were drenched through; my boots were half full of water.

On we galloped, and down came the rain. One hour passed, and yet the rain was pouring down on our devoted heads. A little longer, and it began to abate, when we found ourselves a short distance from the

caravan, between the villages of Foolea and Afoolea. Nain and Endor were close at hand on our left, and further on we could see Zerin and Sholam.

The plain of Esdraelon is an exceedingly rich plain, and extends east and west from the heights above Tiberias to the shores of the Mediterranean. The soil is the most fertile that I have ever yet seen. I was sorry to see that a great portion of it lay uncultivated; but this I knew how to account for. Still, however, there were many patches of land which owned the care of man, in which the wheat waved in ocean-like majesty. Not far from Zerin we saw an encampment of Arabs.

We had now reached the caravan, which I suppose must have numbered from four to five hundred persons. We did not stop with them, as I thought that the sooner I got to Djenin the better. I bade Khalil make haste, whilst Hassan and I pushed on. On we galloped without stopping; and even Jehu would have been surprised had he seen us going over the plain, for we rode furiously. As we reached its southern boundary, we met a large party of English ladies and gentlemen. I was afterwards informed that they were missionaries, on their way to the new station at Tiberias. They, too, had suffered from the rain, and were in a pitiable condition.

We only exchanged nods, and pushed on. We had only gone a little further, when the rain again descended even more furiously than before. Hassan espied a small ruin to our left; and he proposed that we should repair thither till the rain should subside. This we did; but owing to a combination of discomforts—first, the place leaked so badly, that its shelter did not amount to much; besides, we were already wet—so, all things considered,

I thought we might as well brave it out, and get to Djenin as soon as possible. Hassan made no objection, and we were again on our way. We now passed several olive-trees, cut to the stumps. I asked Hassan the reason of this devastation, and he told me that there was a quarrel between the village of Djenin and a neighbouring one, and the result was, that these two villages made a point of impoverishing each other as much as possible, by destroying each other's property. One night the inhabitants of the other village came down, and cut all the trees: so much for the state of property here! No wonder the plain of Esdraelon was but partially cultivated! I asked Hassan why the government did not interfere? "O," said he, "this is a long story, and the arm of the government can't reach here; so it leaves them alone to take care of themselves." A pretty state of things, to be sure!

At last we reached Djenin, just as the sun once more made its appearance. I looked at my watch, it was *half-past twelve*—three hours and a half after leaving Nazareth. Khalil arrived half an hour afterwards. He had left at seven o'clock, and thus performed the journey in six hours, which I understood was about the average length of time it takes.

On my arrival, I at once called on the governor, and asked him to provide me with a room. This he did, and for which I was to pay three piastres, or about sixpence, for the night. The room was in a house situated about the centre of the village, and was attached to two other rooms, where resided two families, each occupying one. This room, it seems, was always left uninhabited, for the sake of being let out to wayfarers. Immediately before it was a small shed for the horses.

I went there; but imagine my surprise when I found that I was followed by eight stalwart persons armed with guns and pistols. I asked Hassan what they wanted, and he told me that the governor had sent them to guard the house, for the people were great thieves.

"And where are they to sleep?" said I.

"Four of them will sleep in the room with us, and four with the horses," responded Hassan.

"But that will not do," said I.

"It is necessary, nevertheless," answered Hassan; "otherwise you will most assuredly be robbed."

"But who is to pay them?" again asked I.

"Leave it to me," said Hassan, "I will take care that you pay nothing; but by all means let them stop with us, otherwise I will not answer for the results."

I had nothing to do but to acquiesce, seeing it was useless to argue with Hassan; the more so, as he seemed determined to have them, which proved to me that there was something very doubtful about this village in His Imperial Majesty's dominions. And so it is; we have now come on *robber-ground*. Djenin is famous for its pilfering propensities; and the traveller is most earnestly cautioned against it, as also against another village a little further off, called Abatia; and should he find it necessary to sleep in them, he had better at once repair to the Sheik's house, who is a sort of a governor, or be strongly guarded.

When we got to our quarters, Hassan arranged that the guards should take their post outside the door till sleeping time, when they will be called in. He then had the room swept, spread a mat for me to sit upon, and to fill up the time till Khalil's arrival, he offered me

the luncheon which Fra Luigi had put in his saddle-bags for me. O kind Fra Luigi!

Khalil arrived at last; and thanks to a waterproof cover which he had over the luggage, I found my clothes dry. I need hardly say that before ten minutes were over, I was once more in dry attire. The room was now put into a little order, a couple of fowls were sent for to be cooked for dinner, and a girl in the neighbouring room was engaged to help Khalil in preparing that repast. By two o'clock the house, which had been besieged by men, women, and boys, who had come to look at the new comer, but who had now gone to look at the caravan, wore a quiet, and, I may even add, a domestic air.

And these are the robbers who would not scruple at taking your life for the most trifling plunder! I have already remarked that a girl was engaged to help Khalil in preparing the dinner. The cooking was done in an adjoining room, where, for want of something to do, I went, not intending to remain more than a moment; but I lingered there a long hour and more.

The girl who was engaged in cooking was a young wife. Near her sat her mother, a woman of, I suppose, forty years of age. Both of them were squatted near the fire, with a large basket of cotton, which they were cleaning. On seeing me enter, they rose up and greeted me. I returned the salutation, and stood for a moment talking with them on their work. They said that for every basket of cotton they cleaned they received as wages, from the petty merchant who employs them, half a piastre.

“And how many baskets do you clean a day?”

“About two,” they said, “on an average; and for which we receive a piastre between us both.”

Khalil now brought me my camp-stool, and I sat down and helped them, talking with them on different subjects. In the interval a little urchin, whom I had omitted to introduce, went off, and shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by two pleasant-looking dames. On seeing me, they *blushed* and stopped; but encouraged by the greeting of the hostess and her mother, they muttered forth the never-failing *Allah Mákom*; and after exchanging kisses with the family, sat down near the young wife. I afterwards learnt that they were friends of the family, and had been invited to see me, just as in the West friends were invited to meet me at a dinner or a tea-party.

And these were the ruthless inhabitants of Djenin!

“Surely,” thought I, “even here, in the very stronghold of robbers, the milk of human nature runs the same as it does all over the world.” I was encouraged, and asked them why the people of the village were not more honest in their callings. On which they immediately answered—

“O no, sir! It is not this village which plunders travellers, but it is Abatia.”

“But,” said I, “the very fact that these guards are here is a proof that neither my property nor my life are safe; and yet I can hardly think you would murder me for the sake of a trifle.”

“*Stiffened be that arm that would be stretched to harm you!*” was their spontaneous ejaculation.

Hereupon one of the guards exclaimed from outside—

“Believe them not, *ya Kawadga*; they will murder you for five paras” (equivalent to an English farthing).

I have seen the eye of the lady of the West burn with indignation, but never more than these did on this occasion. Hurt by the accusation, the eyes of the four females present seemed to emit fire.

"Is that you, Mustafa?" said the mother of our hostess; and on his not answering, she continued, addressing me, "*Ya Kawadga*, he measures others by himself. I would not harm one single hair of a man's head. *I am a mother*, and know how to feel for other mothers."

"But still, nevertheless," I said, "people are robbed, and killed here."

"So they say," she answered, still smarting under the accusation; "but we do not know anything about it."

And I was inclined to believe her; the females take no part in these scenes; to them the domestic duty of the house, or the drudgery of the farm, is appointed; whilst it is the men who prowl about to waylay the traveller. I needed but to look at them to be convinced that under many a soiled *gimbaz* (gown) a Pochahontas may be found. The words, "*I am a mother*," spoke volumes for her veracity; and, sooth to say, I felt more inclined to trust my life with these females than with the guards.

But I have been digressing. The caravan had now arrived, and the village of Djenin was now a scene of excitement unparalleled save on such occasions; and, though now and then I could hear the distant voices, I was grateful for a little quiet in my abode; but this was doomed to be interrupted.

The basket of cotton being finished, and feeling weary, I went to my room and laid me down. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when a messenger came to

announce a visit from the Mutsellim. Knowing that it would be a long time before I would be able to get him off again—if, indeed, he and his suite, which I supposed would have been a score or more, did not think it necessary for my safety that they also should share my room for the night—I returned word, politely declining the visit on the plea of weariness. This, I thought, would at once settle the matter, and I was dozing myself into a quiet nap, when voices in the court arrested my attention—it was that functionary and his suite; nothing daunted, he had come; my hopes were now centred in Hassan, who like a faithful terrier sat in a corner of the room watching over me. “I beseech you, by all that you hold dear, keep him away.” Hassan obeyed; and the Mutsellim went off, leaving word that he would come early in the morning to see me. But long before he came, I was off, so he saw no more of me.

Immediately before dinner I took a walk out into the village. The caravan had taken their abode in the khan. Here and there we met straggling parties of them walking about the streets, followed by numberless ferocious-looking fellows. Djenin is supposed, by able topographers of the Holy Land, to be the Gina of Josephus, and the Engannim of the Scriptures, mentioned in the nineteenth and twenty-first chapters of Joshua. Some travellers have supposed it to be Jezreel; but the former supposition strikes me as being the correct one; the semblance of the names, Jenin and Gannim, is a great argument in favour of that supposition. Whatever might have been its pretensions in days gone by, it is now a miserable village; but boasting, however, of a khan, a bath, and a mill; the last, being out of the village, was deserted,

because, I suppose, no one dares to tenant it. The pure water of the spring, at the entrance of the village, was, I thought, its best acquisition. Immediately near it, is the *seraia*, or mutsellim's palace, an old and dilapidated building.

A sunset is glorious to look upon at any time; but hardly any where with that interest as when its last streaks linger on a plain like Esdraelon—a plain whose history involves almost every age and clime. Nations from far, and from near, have been mustered upon it—the shout of war, the clang of arms, and the rushing of chariots, have oft been heard on it. The same sun that witnessed their conflicts, still sheds its beams on a plain, which would take volumes to tell its history.

To call this land only interesting, would be an insult to the sensitive pilgrim who now scans its scenery. It is not only interesting, but thrilling! and the absorbed traveller lingers and returns to every theme of interest. People in the West, who have not visited this land, and who know not the pleasure of lingering on a scene like the present, may, perhaps, be astonished at the manner in which the tourist of the Holy Land seems to delight in recurring again and again to the same scene—in fact he only regrets that he has to leave it. I wish I could, for one moment, inspire my readers with an ideal of my feelings as I gazed on this plain of varied associations. Waterloo is interesting to the Englishman, and Marengo to the Frenchman, but Esdraelon bears on its name deeper interest than any battle-field elsewhere, inasmuch as it connects itself with the history of the world at large. It is as interesting to the Chinese as to the Englishman. In fact, it is common property to all the readers of the Bible—the battle-field of Sisera and Barak—of Saul and

the Philistines—of Ahab and Benhadad—the scene of the Old Testament sites of Jezreel and of Endor—the history of Jezebel, Ahab, Naboth, Elijah, and Jehu—and last, but not least, the footsteps of Him who compassionated the sorrow-stricken widow, and who oft might have wandered on it, makes this plain peculiarly interesting to every individual Christian of every clime or nation. But we pass on—the sun had set.

Wednesday, 14th March, 1855.

We were up at four, and off by six. The caravan had just started, and was only ahead; so that there was no fear, and yet we were anxious to be with it for safety's sake. And here I will tell the traveller, that once you have crossed the plains of Esdraelon, on your way south, keep good eye on your baggage. From Djenin to Jerusalem, the roads are insecure; in fact, this very morning the intelligence reached us, that a government guard, who had been sent on duty to collect some government-revenues, was waylaid, robbed, and wounded! These things are so now; but they were not so always. Time was, when a girl could travel the length and breadth of Syria without molestation; but those days belonged to the palmy rule of Mohamed Ali, and they are gone.

It will interest the readers of this journal to know what the night cost me at Djenin, and herewith I give it forthwith:—

	Piast.	Paras.
Room-hire - - - - -	3	
2 Chickens for dinner - - -	5	
1 Fowl for the next day's luncheon -	2	20
Backsheesh to the girl - - -	2	
	12	20, or 2s. 1d.

Of course I paid something extra for barley; but as the traveller is not supposed to keep a horse of his own, and as he does not provide for a hired horse, I omit that item. I wish it also to be remembered, that out of this 2s. 1d. I was providing for three persons; myself, Khalil, and the guard.

As for the eight guards whom the governor had sent to watch the house—it is true, they pestered me about *backsheesh*, but I did not heed their request. I told them that I did not know them, and did not engage them.

“But the governor sent us,” they said.

“Well then, go to him,” said I; “I am not going to support the imbecility of the Turkish government.”

Only fancy the surprise of an Englishman, on arriving in London or Liverpool, to find the mayor sending him a dozen policemen to see that no harm befell him, either from robbery, or otherwise!!!

Our road now lay in a romantic gorge, between two hills covered with olive trees. At the end of it we caught up with the caravan; which was made up of a motley crew of five hundred Armenians,—men, women, and children; ecclesiastics and laity. They had come from Zeiton—a village not far from Aleppo—for the purpose of visiting the holy shrines of our Saviour, and of worshipping in Jerusalem. The order of the caravan ran thus:—the women and the children were put in the centre; whilst around them rode the men. Stalwart-looking fellows those Armenians were: they had already had an encounter with the Bedouins near Homs, the ancient Emessa; and had beaten those who would have robbed them. One elderly woman who rode in the centre, had received a shot in her arm; another young one was slightly wounded; one man's horse was killed

under him; but excepting these, the caravan came best off.

I have already said that this caravan from Zeiton: the parties composing it, like all other caravans which visit Jerusalem annually, were mostly poor people. One woman told me, that in order to make this journey she had sold all she had, with the most of which she bought two mules (one of which her daughter rode); the remainder was for her current expences. On her return home, she will again sell the two mules, and set up house again.

“But supposing the mules were to die, what then will become of you in your old age?” asked I.

“‘God will provide,’” answered she, with the utmost simplicity and perfect reliance on Him whose “love casteth out fear.”

It is to the credit of these people to say, that what they believe, *that they do sincerely*. It is very often the case that they do not know the tenets of their creed, but still their faith in their church is strong, and whatever it bids them, *that they do* without grumbling or arguing. In making their pilgrimage, they believe that they have done a virtuous act, for which heaven would be a recompense. They think, therefore, that no trouble, sacrifice, or self-denial, can be too much. The title *hadgi*, which is ever afterwards given them, is deemed a sufficient recompense for all their toil, and expense of the trip. In their circles they become little oracles, and their word is respected. If a *hadgi* becomes poor, his neighbours and friends will not allow him to suffer, but club round him and contribute to his wants — *a trait worthy of imitation by more civilized nations*.

It is a great thing to say for a country like Syria,

that we do not know what it is for a man to starve. Let it but be known, and that man is at once sought out by his own sect and relieved. The Quaker acts on the same principles; hence we see none of that society begging. Friend Richard or Friend Sarah are ready to meet the wants of the poverty-stricken. The Freemason has only to make himself known, and he is not long in want. The medical fraternity are ready to help each other, when one of the profession gets in distress. The sailor and the soldier, be they ever so poor, are never known to hold back when a fellow-tar or comrade wants their help. There is hardly a class of people, even among the most degraded, where there is not a fellow-feeling for each other—I wish I could say as much of the Christianity of the day; were it so, a Doctor of Divinity, who had contributed much to Biblical literature, would not have died the other day in the greatest penury; and his case is only one of thousands. A temperance orator—once himself a hard case—because he has talent enough to move the crowd, is received by his society, paraded, crammed, and feasted, whilst a learned divine, who has, perhaps, spent his last penny to advance Biblical interests, is allowed to die almost in a garret!

I do not wish to question the sympathy of true Christianity—*that is indeed large and abounding*—nor do I wish to insinuate that there are no Christians in this land; on the contrary, some of the most holy and most philanthropic men that I know belong to it. But it strikes me as a singular fact, that notwithstanding all this Christianity, for this is a professedly Christian land, so many Christians are allowed to end their days in poverty and distress, leaving families behind them still worse off. There certainly must be something at fault

where this is the case. I am not speaking of the fallen of our race, though even these should not be forgotten nor allowed to perish. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?" was Peter's inquiry of our Saviour, but "Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times: but until *seventy times seven*." But I am now referring to a more more deserving class; I mean to those true Christians who are allowed to descend to the grave penniless and heart-broken, dying, perhaps, from lack of those necessities which they had not the means to procure.

Dost thou ask why infidelity is increasing in the land? Cease thy wonder. It is not because *true* Christianity is a fiction, nor the Bible a fable. Both are true and earnest, and the very infidel feels their influence and trembles, but it is because a great many who *profess* to be Christians, who subscribe largely to benevolent societies—those huge bodies which profess to do good by wholesale, and whose monster meetings tell the world far and near what they are doing, and whose presidents are the nobles of the land—do not act up to their profession. Without wishing to deteriorate from their praiseworthy exertions to do good by means of these large bodies, may I not be allowed to tell them, that the greatest acts of kindness and self-denial are those done in private. It is the little trivial acts of life which makes it up. It is not our lot every day to save a drowning creature, or the crew of a shipwrecked vessel, but ten thousand acts of little kindnesses fall in our way daily which we should improve. A brother has sinned, a sister has fallen, and you shut your heart against them—you say they have made their bed, and let them lie on it. Is that Christianity? *Have you never sinned?* But ah, your

faults are hidden from the gaze of the world by a large fortune; you give liberally to societies, they laud your name, and you are deceived into piety—you begin to think yourself a pious man. “Surely all the world cannot be wrong; they say I am a good man, hence I must be so; I rob no one, wish no one any harm, am willing to subscribe largely to all benevolent associations; I attend regularly on the ministrations of the Gospel, and the ordinances of salvation.” Even your faults are hidden from your gaze. Dost thou know that there are such things as faults of Omission as well as of Commission? Our Saviour died for us—a great deed to be sure—but our Saviour did not limit His benevolence to that act, which reconciles us to our Father. Follow Him in His daily course of life, and see His tender kindness. Here He sees a poor mother, sorrow-stricken on account of the death of her son, and He has compassion on her, and restores the dead to life again. Here a woman is brought to Him accused of adultery, and all the judgment He passeth on her is, “*Daughter, go, and sin no more.*” On two occasions He sees a hungry crowd and feeds them—the sick and the possessed came not to him in vain. His life was like a gentle stream running in a meadow, making no noise, but creating health and verdure around.

Christian, if thou wouldst be like Him, seek to do likewise. Be satisfied, that “thy Father who seeth in secret will reward thee openly.” In everything which pertains to this world, your motto seems to be “*Excelsior*”; let your Christianity have a similar aim. In making of money, and pursuit of pleasure, you are active and untiring. The merchant loses no chance of making money; he is ever watchful for the opportunity when he can double his gains. Money becomes no object to a man of

pleasure when his comfort is concerned; his daily thoughts and nightly vigils are to possess every comfort in this world. Christian brother! if your soul is worth saving, let your Christian energies be at least equal to your worldly ones, and fear not the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will rest on you and all that you do.

Considering my youth, and my many short comings, I wish to be pardoned in presuming to be an oracle to others; but, if it is any consolation to them, I assure all, that my desire is not to offend, but to wake the Christian from his lethargy. In writing this article, I am not conscious, to myself, of any ill-will to any person or persons. I have simply written it as a matter of duty.

* * * * *

About half-past seven we reached the village of *Abatia*, "at which," in the words of Lord Nugent, in his *Lands Classical and Sacred*, "we found it advisable not to halt, even to give food or half-an-hour's rest to our horses." This is the notorious robber village; and, if one could be said to exceed another, it even supersedes Djenin and Howara, in its pilfering propensities. As we passed through, the villagers sent many a searching look after us; but we, fortunately, were too many for them. This, however, did not prevent them from dogging our footsteps for some distance; and, on the occasion of a small party being left a little behind, failed not to exhibit their malevolence. In passing through the village of Abatia my horse lost a shoe, and I became very anxious lest he should become lame before the end of the journey, so I informed an Armenian of my predicament, who, to my joy, said he was the farrier of the company, and would

shoe my horse on the spot. We were now a quarter of an hour's distance from Abatia. I jumped down, and the horse was shod. The caravan was now a little a-head of us; and we, a small party, were left behind. The villagers now prowled about us: first they saw a leathern pouch, which I had, and they came to look at it, wanting to know what it was: then they wanted to know what this or that thing was;—questions which we did not feel inclined to answer, on which they became insolent, and said they would slay us. This was no joke; things had come to a crisis; and we at once showed them that we were their match. A whistle, also, from one of the party, soon arrested the march of the caravan; and, all things being considered, the villagers thought it best to retire, the more so as they saw the blood of the Armenians getting up; on which we joined the caravan.

We now descended into a small valley, from which we again ascended to the table-land, leaving, on our right, the mountainous boundary which runs between the countries of Manasseh and Issachar, from the top of which a fine view of the sea can be obtained. About half-past eight we were under the village of Sennoor, a fortified village, situated on the top of a hill, and which forms the residence of the Jerrar family, one of the four great factions of this part of the country, from whom the mutsellim, or governor of Nabloos, is generally appointed. It is said that this village sustained, in 1831, a siege from Abdalla Pasha, who was then Viceroy of Syria, and resided in Acre.

To understand the nature of this siege, I must first initiate the traveller into some of the mysteries of the Turkish government. I have said that the Jerrar family was one of four factions who were promoted by the

Pashas to the governorship of Nabloos. "When, after any offence, a governor, from his inability to satisfy the rapacity of the effendis of council, and other followers of the Pasha, at head-quarters, is put out of office, some member of the rival faction immediately repairs thither, and with large sums of money ingratiates himself into the favour of the effendis, secretaries, etc.; who speak well of him to the Pasha, and he is then installed as succeeding governor. He then uses all means in his power, foul or fair, to reimburse himself for his great outlay in obtaining the official title. He, with impunity, levies impositions upon all who have too little influence to be able to complain. It devolves upon him to appoint the sheiks or chiefs of the villages: those who were already in office, under his predecessor, are allowed to remain if they make suitable and sufficient presents at the time of his accession; otherwise the offices are given to those who make larger offers."—E. L. ROGERS, in "Notices on the Samaritans," p. 14.

Herein is the secret; it is not the taxes of the Turkish government that are burdensome, but the rapacity of the understrappers in office. The pasha is handsomely bribed by the effendis of the council, who in turn are bribed by the governors they appoint, and who also are bribed by the chiefs of the village under them; and this all, and more, must be made out of the peasant. A history of the Samaritans, lately published by Mr. Rogers, British Vice-Consul at Haifa (a small sea-port at the foot of Carmel), and formerly Chancellor to the British Consulate at Jerusalem, exhibits a curious system of extortion and oppression carried on by those petty governors. The cruel spoliation to which the Samaritans have been subjected has lately roused the ire of the British govern-

ment, and Lord Clarendon nobly interposed to protect this hitherto friendless tribe from similar oppression. Long live the British Lion! May he ever remain the champion of the oppressed of every nation and clime! On the petition of the Samaritan community to the British government for protection, Lord Clarendon not only favourably responded to it, but sent instructions to the consuls resident in Palestine, expressing the interest which Her Britannic Majesty's government take in the Samaritans of Nabloos, and directing them to afford, in case of need, such protection as may be proper towards subjects of the Porte. His lordship, at the same time, instructed his excellency Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to use his good offices with the Porte in favour of the Samaritan community.

But to return to the siege of Sennoor. One of the factions, of the name of *Abd-ul-Hady*, inflamed by jealousy against the Jerrar family, determined to work their ruin; and on Abdalla Pasha being, in 1831, appointed Pasha of Acre, he repaired to that city; and under cover of paying his respectful visit of ceremony, he laid plots with the Pasha for the overthrow of his formidable rivals—the Jerrar family. The Pasha lent a willing ear to these statements, and then summoned the heads of all the rival families. Some of them went; but others, among whom were the Jerrar family, did not venture to obey the summons; on which, Abd-ul-Hady represented them to Abdalla Pasha as a set of rebellious robbers; who set all superiors at defiance, and who deserved to be punished. Abdalla Pasha was somewhat piqued at their not presenting themselves according to his summons; so he wrote again “that, unless the elders of the family immediately repaired to Acre, he would himself ride with his army,

and take the village by storm." They sent back a very insolent answer; to the effect, that their defence was powder and shot; but that, in case His Excellency had not enough, they would lend him some, to be returned at the end of the fight.

Abdalla Pasha was now extremely enraged; and collecting his forces, he dispatched his vizier to storm the village of Sennoor; but from the sturdy hardihood and bravery of the peasantry of the Jerrar family, and the extreme difficulty of access to the village, the vizier besieged it for thirty days, without any result other than the loss of his ammunition and provisions. The Pasha, now more determined than ever to reduce it, went in person, taking with him much heavy artillery, and claiming the assistance of the Emir Bsheer and the Druzes from Mount Lebanon. He built a small tower on an adjacent hill-side; but after the loss of several months, was obliged to raise the siege, and make a truce with the family of Jerrar, through the mediation of other sheiks. Peace was thus effected, on terms very humiliating to the Viceroy; who, upon returning to Acre, was greatly enraged with Abd-ul-Hady, and accused him of having by his intrigues caused disgrace to the government—the loss of many lives, and much ammunition and provisions. Abd-ul-Hady, fearing that his life was in danger, made his escape to his village, Arabeh; a walled-village with iron-gates, situated about twenty miles northwest of Nabloos, which was the stronghold of the Abd-ul-Hady family. Arabeh is equally as well fortified as Sennoor; but not so well situated. Some horsemen were sent after him, but he was safely lodged before they arrived. Abdalla Pasha, after his defeat, was not willing to measure arms with another rebel; so he wisely let the matter drop.

Such is the history of the village topping yonder peak; immediately beneath it is a rich plain, where we saw some of the peasantry at work tilling the soil.

An hour afterwards brought us to a fountain, where the caravan halted, for the purpose of taking their breakfasts, and of giving rest to their animals. Here we remained till twelve o'clock. But I will not detain the reader on the manner we spent the time. The pilgrims spread themselves on the green sward, taking their morning-meal; whilst the animals were allowed to graze at liberty.

At twelve o'clock the bugle was sounded, and we were once again on the move; in five minutes, we were at the village of Djebaâ. Hence our road lay on a succession of hills. Here I parted company with the caravan; intending to visit Sebastia, the capital of Samaria, on my way to Nabloos. Hassan and I pushed on; but we lost our road; and instead of finding ourselves at Sebastia, as we anticipated, we found that we were at Sarêea, a small village on a hill, this side of Ebal. It is true, that I was vexed at this mishap; but the pleasant situation of the village, and the view from it quite repaid me for my disappointment. Nor was I greatly disappointed; for I had been at Sebastia before; my object in now visiting it was to connect it in the link of my narrative. As I felt too tired to go to it, I pushed on towards Nabloos.

Sebastia, however, lies to the left of the road on the brow of a hill, from which the Mediterranean is visible. The village consists of a few poor houses; and the only claim which the former capital of Samaria lays to the attention of the traveller, are a few ruins dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which tradition marks

as the place of his burial; a few standing columns are also to be seen in a garden on the top of the hill.

As we gained the heights of Ebal we once more caught up with the caravan. The landscape that now broke on our view was really enchanting. Never did I look on a picture of such lovely luxuriance—on the opposite side lay the mountain Gerizim, between us and which ran a deep and beautiful valley. Lord Nugent said, whilst writing of this valley in his excellent work, entitled, “Lands Classical and Sacred,” “The richness of the whole valley is hardly to be described. Between the gardens and the road, the margin is lined with a natural and abundant growth of aromatic bay trees of great size, and pomegranates and medlars in full bloom thus early in the year (this was in the early part of March). In many places, they overreach the road for some distance. Bright streams and fountains gush forth on all sides, to join in a wild and rapid stream that flows westward in the opposite direction from those on the other side of the heights we had just left. This is the vale of many waters, and we had passed the boundary which divides their course.”

Almost at the end of the valley, covered with a luxuriant growth of green leaves, were to be seen the minarets and houses of the town of Nabloos. We rode slowly down towards it, and about two o'clock I was wending my way through its streets towards the only hotel—if so it may be called—kept by one Audé Azzam, an excellent man, who is the head of the Protestant community here.

My plans now were to remain in Nabloos a couple of days, and then proceed to Jerusalem, by way of Jaffa, I therefore bade farewell to many of the members of

the caravan with whom I had scraped a decent acquaintance. They left early next morning for Jerusalem, by the regular route.

I have on more than one occasion traversed that road, and as the traveller will, in all likelihood, wish to take it, in preference to the route I now intended to take, I will therefore conclude this chapter by conducting him thither.

The traveller is now one day's ride from the Holy City; the road lies by Jacob's Well, then it passes through a succession of vales. At the distance of three hours from Nabloos is another famous robber village; Howara is its name, and I have occasion to remember it. Whilst making a tour of the Holy Land in 1842, with Sir Archibald Macdonald, we were waylaid here, and should have been robbed, had we not proved more than a match for the scoundrels. Passing this, you see on your right a white building topping a high hill, called, Nebi Samweel—it is a Moslem wely, dedicated to the Prophet Samuel; and said to be, by some, the ancient Shiloh or Silo, where Joshua assembled the people to make a second distribution of the Land of Promise, and where the Tabernacle of the Lord was set up when they were settled in the country. The ark and the tabernacle remained at Shiloh upwards of three hundred years, when it was taken by the Philistines, under the administration of the high priest Eli. Samuel began to prophesy at Shiloh, and it was there that the prophet Abijah dwelt.

Far on his right the hills of Gibeon appear, behind which lie the villages of Beit ûr El Fowka and Beit ûr El Tahta, the Upper and Lower Beth Horons; to the East of which lay the village of Ajloon, where Joshua

charged the moon to stand, whilst the sun stood still upon Gibeon, the present "Djeeb," until he smote the five kings of the Amorites.

Further on, the traveller reaches the village of El Briéh, the ancient Beer, unto which Jotham, the son of Gideon, retired to avoid falling into the hands of Abimelech, his brother (Judges ix. 21); some travellers have supposed it to be the Beeroth of the Gibeonites. There is a wely here, and near to it a fine gushing spring, of which a legend is told among Moslems and Christians, that it was, whilst refreshing themselves at this fountain, that Joseph and the Mother of Jesus began to be anxious about Him; and it was from here they turned back, sorrowing, to Jerusalem, seeking the lost one, and found Him reasoning with the doctors in the Temple. At this village, the traveller generally stops for the night; but others, more anxious to reach the Holy City, push on.

The next place of interest the traveller reaches, is the village of Jifna, the ancient Gophna or Gophnith, the principal place of one of the ten Toparchies of Judea. The country hereabouts abounds in vineyards.

Two hours of gradual ascent bring the traveller to the heights of Shafat, from which the valley of Jehoshaphat breaks down, dividing the Holy City from the Mount of Olives.

And now the weary pilgrim looks on a scene of deepest interest. Beneath him is the City of Jerusalem. He has reached the goal of his travels. Half an hour longer, and he threads his way through the streets of the earthly Jerusalem. May it be his lot also to be accepted in the *Heavenly one*!

CHAPTER XVII.

NABLOOS TO JERUSALEM, VIA JAFFA.

Mahomedan Fanaticism—Treatment of Samaritans—Nabloos and its Associations—The Woman of Samaria and the Samaritans—The Pentateuch—Mr. B—; his Labours—School—Departure—Hospitality of Azzoom—A Letter from a Soldier in the War—Refusal of Backsheesh—The French Soldier—Jaljulia—The River Auja—Gardens—Arrival at Jaffa—Its Harbour and a History—The Armenians—The expected Arrival of the Duke of Brabant—Departure for Jerusalem—Beit Dajan—Ramla—Lydda—A Weary Ride—Abo Gosh—Arrival at Jerusalem.

NABLOOS is a small town, of about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Mahomedans of a most fierce and fanatic disposition. Eothen calls Nabloos "the very furnace of Mahomedan bigotry"; and so it is. Before the time of Mohamed Ali, a European dared not show himself in the streets in a Frank costume. These things have improved of late; but the manners of the Mahomedans of Nabloos, though it does not exhibit itself in more than curses when they see a hat, are, nevertheless, intolerable to the other denominations who inhabit the same town with them. It is not long since their virulence broke out with unrestrained fury upon the poor Samaritans, the only remnant of an old race. A Samaritan widow having embraced Islamism, it was declared by the Mahomedans that her son and daughter

must follow the religion of their mother. Mahmoud Abd-el-Hady, who was shortly afterwards made Governor of Nabloos, entered into the spirit of the Ulemas, and sought to make the children submit. The boy was about fourteen years old; and after a fortnight's imprisonment, with threats and frequent lashes, he embraced the Mahomedan religion; but the girl died from fright of the dreadful torture about to be inflicted on her. The boy's name was Isaac, but he is now known under the newly-adopted Mahomedan name of Asâad. After the submission of this youth, the Ulemas assembled and conspired to murder the whole Samaritan people, unless they would embrace the Moslem faith. One Samaritan, named M'Barak, alarmed at the threats held out, confessed faith in Mahomed. He was carried in triumph through the city on horseback, whilst his former co-religionists were being sought for. These, however, had obtained information of the scheme on foot, and some of them fled, whilst others concealed themselves. Nor was the fury of the fanatics appeased until the poor Samaritans gave them immense pecuniary presents, consisting of money, jewellery, and plate, to a very large amount.

Not so bad, however, is the town of Nabloos; it is beautifully located in a valley, between Ebal and Gerizim, well hemmed in with olive-groves, and abounding in murmuring springs. As the traveller descends towards it from the hills, it appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, half concealed by rich gardens, and by stately trees collected into groves, all around the beautiful valley in which it stands: a furnace it is within, but without, it is green and smiling. It is the Neapolis of the Romans, and the Shechem of the Scriptures, where Abraham sojourned, and where

Jacob bought the parcel of land from Hamor, the father of Shechem, which he gave to Joseph.

Its associations, also, are interesting, and the localities shown out are, perhaps, the most accurate in the land. No traditional aid is necessary to point to us Gerizim, where Israel was commanded to build an altar to the Lord, and where the blessing of the law was pronounced in a loud voice to the people; or show us Ebal, the mount of curses: there they stand, on each side of Nabloos, of the former of which it was said by the woman of Samaria, as she discoursed with our Saviour at the well of Jacob—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

But we are now on Samaritan ground, and we think of the race of her who once reminded our Saviour that she was a woman of Samaria: "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Jacob's Well is still shown, about half an hour's ride from Nabloos; and a deeply interesting spot it is, situated at the entrance of the valley of Nabloos, overlooking the plain of Moré, where Abraham first pitched his tent in the Land of Promise, and where God appeared unto him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." Near it are the foundations of a church. The well is deep, and is now covered up. When I visited it on former occasions it was open, and I descended into a small chamber which was above the well. At this well our Saviour arrives, once tired, weary, and thirsty, and sits down, waiting for some one to come and draw water, since the well was deep, and He had nothing to draw water with. A Samaritan woman comes, and He asks her for a drink. She indignantly replies—"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?"

The last remnant of the Samaritan race still exist in Nabloos; and, notwithstanding all the persecution they endured in the time of Justinian, or the oppression under which they groan from Mahomedan misrule, they still cling with pertinacity to the place where their fathers worshipped. Mount Gerizim is still as sacred to them as ever. To it in the days of unleavened bread the Samaritans repair, and live in tents near the site of their ancient temple. On the fifteenth day of the month, the congregation being assembled, the priest stands forth on a mound, and reads, in a most solemn and impressive voice, the animated description of the Exodus. The labourers having previously prepared a trench of ten feet long, by ten feet deep, and two feet wide, on which two cauldrons of water are placed, fire being kindled in the trench, and a round pit dug in the form of a well for a bake-oven, in which fire is kindled, lambs are brought in sufficiency for the whole community: seven is now the usual number. Seven men in white dresses take each a lamb before him, and at the utterance by the priest of a particular word in the service appointed for the day, all the seven lambs are slain at one instant. Every member of the congregation then dips his hand in the blood of the dying victim, and besmears his forehead with it. The boiling water from the cauldrons being poured over the fleece, causes the wool to leave the skin without much difficulty: it is plucked off with great nicety. The bodies of the lambs are examined, lest there be any blemish; the right shoulder and the hamstrings are cut off and thrown on the heap of offal, to be burnt with the wool. The seven bodies are then spitted and forced into the hot bake-oven. A trellis-work is then placed over the top of the oven, which is

covered with grass and mud to keep in all the heat. A few hours after sunset they are withdrawn, and the Samaritans, each with his loins girt and a staff in his hand, eats most heartily and greedily of the food thus prepared. The scraps of meat, wool, and bone are carefully sought for, and burnt on the heap, that not a morsel remain.

The Samaritans, who are chiefly interesting to us on account of the discourse of the woman of Samaria with our Saviour, which renders the fourth chapter of St. John an exceedingly interesting one, by reason of the numerous internal evidences of truth which crowd upon the mind in its perusal, are now a small body of one hundred and ninety-five souls in all. They call themselves Beni Israel (children of Israel), and trace their origin chiefly to Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph. They have among them the sepulchre of "Joseph the Just," the son of Jacob, who rests in peace according to that saying, "the bones also of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up with them out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." Besides Joseph's tomb, they show the sepulchres of Phineas and his father Eleazar in Mount Ephraim, and of Caleb and Joshua in Kipher Hares.

They date their separation from the Jews as far back as the time of Eli, the high-priest in Shiloh, who is an object of their special execration, as having first introduced division into the inheritance of the Lord, which had been before united in one federal bond by their common worship in Mount Gerizim, the place divinely appointed according to their reading of Deuteronomy as that which God had chosen to place his name there—the only legitimate seat of the worship of Jehovah, and the

only actual seat, as they maintain, from the time of Joshua to the days of Eli.

Now this Eli, they allege, not being of the family of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, to whom the covenant of an everlasting *priesthood* was made, but of the collateral branch of Ithamar, the brother of Eleazar, having usurped the office of high-priest, their ancestors continued steadfast in their allegiance to their legitimate priesthood, and maintained the true worship in Mount Gerizim. They believe themselves to possess a copy of the Pentateuch written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest.

Thursday, 15th March, 1855.

Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. B—— I called on Amran, the Samaritan Levite, and desired to see the Pentateuch. He led me into an inner chamber covered with old carpets, in one of the recesses of which are their religious books. He showed me three copies written on rolls of vellum. One was very old, and the handwriting was very small, the other two were written in a large and a more legible hand—the former they say is the copy written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar.

Mr. B—— is the self-devoted missionary of Nabloos. He has a living in England, but having a leave of absence for a year, came hither to labour. An interesting Protestant community of about thirty members has risen about him, who have a native preacher over them. He is not ordained. He simply expounds the *word* to them. Mr. B—— takes charge of the services.

He has also a school in Nabloos, and in the afternoon, previous to going out on a ride to Jacob's well, he took

me there. I forget now the exact number of boys I saw in the school, but one class I remember were reciting their lesson in geography. A chart was before them, and they were pointing out the spots which the teacher asked for. I asked one boy—

“What is the shape of the earth?”

“Round;” he answered.

“What proof have you got that the world is round?” said I.

“Because,” said he, “a ship continually sailing to the eastward will finally come back to its starting ground.”

“Have you got any other proof?” I asked.

“Yes,” said he; “when I go down to Jaffa, and take the first view of the harbour, the first thing of a ship that I see is its mast, and last of all its hull.”

I was satisfied with what I saw of the progress of the scholars; a more spiritual feeling exists in Nabloos than I found at Nazareth. We had prayer-meetings on the two evenings I was in Nabloos, and I was pleased with the earnest and simple Christianity, which, I thought, pervaded this community.

But Mr. B——, not content with his scriptural work among the people, or his school, addresses himself also to the agricultural interest of the country. When I was there he bought a piece of ground, in order to show the people (I believe that is the reason) how the English cultivate their land. He had also imported an oil press into the country, and which he set up under his house, but how that was going on, I could not tell. He is indeed a good man, and the people love him. I have heard them speak of him with the deepest affection and respect. May many more of his spirit and stamp bless

Syria with their presence! He lives not in high style, nor keeps aloof from the people, as some others do who consider themselves above the natives, whom they call "*Common Arabs*," but he lives in a very plain way, and mixes freely with the people receiving them in his own house, and going out with them. By this way he has won their affection and esteem, and hence it was that in a short time he smoothed down their prejudices. Even the Mahomedans now love him.

It was on account of the work of the Gospel in this place, and Nazareth, that some of the clergy of the Church of England protested against the course of Bishop Gobat. The anti-Gobat movement, as it was called, is still in the remembrance of all the readers of this work,—I am happy, however, to add that the course pursued by Bishop Gobat was sympathized with by the four Archbishops of the united kingdom, who frowned on the hostile movement, and acknowledged not the clergy who made the protest, representing in any way the Church of England.

Friday, 16th March, 1855.

At mid-day we left Nabloos for Jaffa. Hassan had left me here, and in his stead the Governor had sent me another, his name was Abaid. We now ascended the heights of Gerizim, from which we had a last view of the vale of Nabloos. Our road now lay over a succession of ridges and valleys; it was a cold and windy day, and very much reminded me of the one in which our party made its entry into Damascus—that unfortunate day which will ever live in my memory. At five o'clock we reached the Moslem village of Azzoon. Here I found lodgings in the abode of the only Christian

family in the village; who, on my alighting at their house, received me cordially. Never shall I forget their unostentatious hospitality. I had hardly dismounted from my horse when the females of the house were set apart to prepare a supper for myself and party. Our horses were cared for in like manner. A pleasant evening was that which I spent at the house of the Christian Abdalla Abu Shtara of Azzoon.

Immediately after supper, the Sheikh of the village and others came to see me. Even here the excitement of the war is not without its due influence. A man from an adjoining village had gone as a soldier, and was then on the banks of the Danube; he wrote home to say that he had been in so many engagements, and had been wounded, and for which he was allowed to return home, and would soon be with them. He told them of the war and its progress. Now this letter made as much excitement in these villages here, as I have seen in England, when a letter from an absent one would reach his home. This letter had not only been read by the parents and family of the soldier, but to all the inhabitants of the village where he resided. Every man, woman, and child heard it, and looked upon it with interest, as if its news were common property. But this was not all, the letter had been read in his village, and now was going the round of other villages, and this evening it had reached Azzoon, and as I was about the only person able to read in that place, the letter was brought to me to decipher—its calligraphy was not the most legible, nevertheless, I managed to get through it to the extreme pleasure of the score or more who heard me. I had hardly finished when they announced their intention to go down to Jaffa on the day the steamer would arrive, and conduct

him home with drums. I was amused at the interest they took in him, and, I do believe, had he been among them now, I should have been forgotten, and he would have been received rejoicingly, and feasted—in fact, his reception would equal, if not surpass that of any European political agitator on landing on the shores of the United States.

The Sheikh told me, that many years ago, when he was a child, the French army came here, on its way to besiege Nabloos.

“There,” said he, pointing to a cliff visible by moonlight, “they encamped. On the morrow, they moved into the valley beneath, and here we fell upon them and routed them. We took possession of their ammunition and other things of value; but the most curious thing,” continued he, “was the sole prisoner we took. He was a beardless boy, and very sweet-looking; and though dressed up as a soldier, turned out to be at last *a woman*.”

“What became of her?” says I, interested in her fate.

“O,” said the Sheikh, “she became a Mahomedan, and married a man in (or near) Nabloos.”

“Is she still alive?” I inquired.

“I do not know,” was the answer.

Here they began to argue about her being alive or dead, and the result was, as is often the case when half a dozen talk at once, that I could not arrive at any satisfactory clue to her.

The next morning (Saturday, 17th March, 1855) they pointed out to me the spot of the action, and where she was taken. The French army were hemmed-in in the valley, and my surprise was how they ever escaped. It had been raining during the night, and even now (seven

o'clock in the morning) it was still pouring down a thin shower.

At eight it cleared up, on which I bade farewell to my kind host, who had entertained me so hospitably and so unostentatiously. His son was holding my horse, and as I vaulted into the saddle, I put something into the boy's hand; on which the old man cried out, "La ya Kawaja (No, Sir)," and taking the money from the boy, he tried to force it back upon me. I parleyed with him for about five minutes before I could get him to allow his boy to take it. Who, reading this, will not confess that true nobility is not limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraint of rank? The duke may possess little of true nobility in his title, while a peasant reposing in yonder lowly hut may make good a title to the name.

But we pass on. A couple of hours' tedious ride in a craggy path brought us to a small meadow where the village of Jaljulia is situated. This I apprehend to be the Gilgal placed by Moses near to Gerizim and Ebal (Deut. xi. 30), and should not be confounded with the Gilgal of Joshua, which was about six miles west of the Jordan and of Jericho, and where the Israelites first encamped after the passage of that river. Jaljulia is a small village with nothing remarkable about it.

Emerging from this meadow, we came upon a small village, after which the road to Jaffa was in the beautiful plain of Sharon. Here again, as in the plain of Esdraelon, we were overtaken by a shower, which made us put our horses to the gallop; it did not last long.

Two hours further on we crossed the river Auja, perhaps the ancient Kanah, mentioned in Joshua as dividing the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. On the banks of this river we saw some small mills in operation.

An hour before reaching Jaffa the air seemed impregnated with the most delicious odours. Nothing can describe the pleasure of the ride hence to Jaffa; it was amid a series of gardens, whose rich groves of oranges, and whose hedges of diversified flowers, sent a smell which perfumed the whole air for miles. As we rode into the town we could see the orange-tree groaning under its load of fruit: and what oranges! Talk of the oranges of St. Michael: Bah! they will not bear comparison with the oranges of Syria.

We entered Jaffa by its only gateway, the town had been long visible to us; its position makes it very conspicuous. The nearer we approached it, the farther off it seemed to be, till at last the promontory on which it is situated appeared to throw it out into the sea, rising to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet above its level. We got into it at last.

Whatever may have been its former glory when it was the sea-port of Judea, where Solomon received his timber from Tyre, and which was used by the succeeding kings of Judah as their port of communication with foreign nations, Jaffa is now a dirty and miserable town with narrow and uneven streets which would make a better title to the appellation of alleys. Ascending up as it does from the sea, and rising to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet, it presents so many flights of staircases. The houses seem to stand one upon another.

As a harbour it is the worst on the coast, and in stormy seasons ships cannot lie in it; in fact, many vessels which might be quietly taking in their cargo, and not expecting to take a cruise, have, nevertheless, often been obliged to cut their cables at a moment's notice and run

out to sea till the storm has blown over, which may, perhaps, be a week or more. The merchants of Jaffa are often tantalized with the view of the mail steamer which comes near enough to Jaffa simply to tell them "Here am I;" but, on account of the heavy sea unable to land, leaves them and proceeds on her course, carrying with her their mails, goods, remittances, and friends. They strain their eyes after her, but in vain; with distance she becomes less visible, till at last a speck, the horizon hides her from their view, and they go home disappointed. . . . And yet there must have been a harbour here once. . . . Yes, once; but it was in days long gone by, when the sovereigns of the land spared no expence to build and adorn it.

If the present Jaffa has any attractions, they most undoubtedly belong to its gardens in the suburbs, which, from their contiguity one to the other, present the appearance of a luxuriant forest of the orange, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the banana, the pear, and the apple, forming a waving grove of many a mile in circuit, possessing such delicious odours as well may be compared to the "prayers of the saints" in the sight of God; a rich tint, as glowing and as varied as the rainbow; and a truly picturesque appearance from the peculiar density and luxuriance of the foliage—and, when I add an exceeding fertility of land, the reader will be prepared to learn that a company of American farmers have settled there. They live in the gardens which they have purchased or hired. The houses, too, in these gardens are superior to the miserable hovels of Jaffa, and hence I say, that a stranger desiring to reside in Jaffa will prefer the suburbs to the city.

The trade of Jaffa has also increased of late; steamers

touch there every week, which not only carry the traveller up and down the coast, but correspond with others which will carry him to every part of Europe, and from thence to America; the only pity is that the port of Jerusalem has no secure haven. On the evening of my arrival at Jaffa an Austrian steamer appeared in the offing, but on account of the heavy sea rolling in, she could not communicate with the shore, and hence, had to go to Haifa (at the foot of Carmel) fifty miles north of Jaffa where she disembarked her passengers. If it is tantalizing to the Jaffa merchant to see his letters and goods come within reach of him and then glide away from his vision, how much more tantalizing and provoking must it be to the traveller, who, arriving within view of his destination, cannot land there, but has to be carried to a long distance from it, and after a week's delay, coming by another steamer, to find that even then he cannot land, but has to be carried to another place in an opposite direction. It is hardly possible to conceive his disappointment; one must experience it before he can understand it. This double disappointment is however rare, as it seldom occurs that a steamer is debarred from landing its passengers on two consecutive occasions.

But we gladly pass from the present state of Jaffa to its more ancient history, and then we find themes of interest enough to dwell upon. It is a place of high antiquity, and Pliny assigns its foundation to a period anterior to the flood; and a tradition is preserved, that here Noah lived and built his ark. Some authors ascribe its origin to Japhet, son of Noah, and thence derive its name. It is stated that here it was that Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, was fastened to a rock by the nymphs, in order to be devoured by a sea

monster; but, being seen by Perseus, the son of Jupiter, who had acquired great reputation in slaying Medusa, and conquering Atlas, she was loosened by him, and restored to her father, who gave her to him in marriage. In the time of Pliny, the natives pretended to exhibit the marks of the chains with which Andromeda was fastened. The skeleton of the huge sea-monster to which she was exposed, is said, by Pliny, to have been brought to Rome, by Scaurus, and then carefully preserved. It was from this port that Jonah, the disobedient prophet, embarked, to flee to Tarsus from the presence of the Lord, and was subsequently swallowed by a whale, who, according to the tradition of the country, spat him out on the sea beach, between Sidon and Bayroot, and, in marking which spot, the Moslems have built a *wely*, known under the name of *Nebi-Yonas*, the prophet Jonah.

Without attempting to trace the history of Jaffa, during the war of the Maccabees, we will at once carry the reader to the time when Peter was here, and lodged in the house of "one Simon, a tanner" (Acts x. 6). Now this house of Simon is still shown by the sea-side. I visited it, but saw nothing there very remarkable; a well and a piece of ancient masonry are shown as belonging to the establishment of the tanner. The water in the well is rather brackish.

Again, we pass over the history of Jaffa for a long time: suffice it to say, that it shared the fate of all the other parts of Palestine in government and horrors of war, and we come, at once, to the last scene of painful interest of which it is a relic. In the Armenian convent is shown a large room which served the purpose of hospital to Napoleon's army, and where history records a lamentable occurrence. Rather than allow his sick to

fall into the hands of the enemy, Napoleon poisoned them, and they died.

I have mentioned the Armenian convent; and here I will add, that there is, besides, a Greek and a Latin convent. The former is a new building, just erecting, and is exceedingly beautiful. They had an old one; but, that being insufficient for their purposes, they have built a new one. In the ceiling of the new Greek church, there is the picture of God, as the FATHER. The Latin convent is a large, gloomy building; and, of all the others, it is the dirtiest and most inhospitable of its kind. I am glad, however, that I had no occasion to lodge there, as my friend, Dr. Assad Yakub Kayat, the British Consul here, invited me to take up my abode with him during my sojourn in Jaffa.

Generally speaking, there are few Armenians in Syria. They properly inhabit that part of Asia Minor known by their name; hence it is that I have not mentioned any of their convents before. As they do not properly belong to the land, I shall give a short account of their faith, and dismiss them at once. They are Christians of the Eutychian sect; that is, they own but one nature in JESUS CHRIST; and, when they speak of the hypostatical union, they say that He is perfect God and perfect Man, without mixture. They have a high esteem for a book they call the *Little Gospel*, which treats of the infancy of JESUS, and says, that the Virgin Mary being pregnant, her sister Salome accused her of having prostituted herself; to which the Virgin answered her that she needed only lay her hand on her stomach, and she would know how she came to be with child; which Salome accordingly did, and fire came of her stomach, which scorched her arm; upon which she acknowledged

her fault, and drew it back; after which it was healed by putting it to the same place.

The Armenians are honest, civil, polite, shrewd, exceedingly intelligent, remarkably handsome, and active. They are determined, generous, brave, and open-hearted; the very opposite to the Maronites, who are wavering, imbecile, niggardly, and mean. They are fond of trade, which they carry into almost all parts of the world; and so "*cute*" and clever are they, that they have won for themselves the title of *the Yankees of the East*.

Their clergy consist of Patriarchs, Archbishops, Vartabeds (or Doctors of Divinity), secular priests and monks. The secular priests marry once, but not a second time; their first marriage must occur before their ordination. The monks are of the order of St. Basil, and every Wednesday and Friday they eat neither fish nor eggs nor oil, nor anything made of milk, and during Lent they eat nothing but herbs. They are allowed wine only on the Saturday in the Holy Week, and meat on the Easter Sunday. Besides the great Lent, they have four others of eight days each, which are instituted to prepare for the four great festivals of the Nativity, the Ascension, the Annunciation, and of St. George, in which times they must not so much as speak of eggs, fish, oil, or butter.

They have seven sacraments, Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony. In Baptism, the child is plunged three times into the water, and the same form of words that is used in the English Church is repeated every time; the priest then puts a small cord, made with silk and cotton, on the neck of the infant, and anoints his fore-

head, chin, stomach, arm-pits, hands, and feet, making the sign of the cross on each part. When the child is baptized, he is carried home by the godfather, with the sound of drums and trumpets. The women do not go to the church till forty days after their delivery. At the Communion, the priests give a piece of the consecrated host, soaked in the consecrated wine. The elements are covered with a great veil, and placed in a cupboard near the altar, on the side of the gospels. When he takes the chalice and patin he is followed by his deacons and sub-deacons, with flambeaux and plates of copper furnished with bells; in this manner, with a censer before him, he goes in procession round the sanctuary; the priest then sets them on the altar and pronounces the words of consecration, and then turns himself to the people, who fall down, kiss the earth, beat their breasts, then, after taking it himself, he distributes the host soaked in wine to the people. They consecrate holy water but once a year, at which time every one fills a pot and carries it home, which brings in a considerable revenue to the church.

The reader of this work will at once observe that the *Armenians* of the East, are not unlike the *Arminians* of the West, a body of Christians who arose in Holland in the sixteenth century, by a separation from the Calvinists. They are great assertors of free will; and maintain that as CHRIST died for all mankind, all are capable of obtaining salvation by fulfilling the conditions prescribed in the gospel; and that the doctrines of Predestination and Reprobation are inconsistent with the goodness of God, and highly blasphemous.

During my stay at Jaffa, I called more than once on the Superior of the Armenian convent. He is a vene-

rable-looking man, with a pleasant countenance and an agreeable eye. The American consul of Jaffa is an Armenian; both he and Signor Antonio Yanni, of Tripoli, do credit to the Republic which has appointed them as her consuls; they are both of them gentlemen of the first standing and respectability; their moral character, if anything, transcends their public worth, and I am glad of having an opportunity here of testifying to their excellence and integrity.

Here is a small Protestant community, but as yet in its infancy; it has only recently been established. Mr. Kruse, the minister, is a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and I had the pleasure of hearing him preach on the sabbath. A female school is also established here under the direction of Mrs. Kruse, who is assisted in its management by my sister.

It was whilst I was here, that news arrived of the death of the Emperor Nicholas. At first it was not believed, but was rejected as a trumped up story. Soon, however, it was confirmed, and all doubt was set at rest; Nicholas was gone, and Alexander was now Czar of all the Russias.

During my stay in Jaffa, the town was in continued excitement; the Latin Convent was being furnished anew; the French and Austrian consuls of Jerusalem had come to Jaffa; the guns in the dilapidated fort were being put into order; the Pasha's secretary had also been despatched from Jerusalem hither; and all because the Duke de Brabant was expected. Having nothing to do at Jerusalem, and wanting still a long time to Easter, I lingered a week in Jaffa; and it was not till the departure of an agreeable English party to Jerusalem that I made any attempt to leave the town. The party in question were Lord and Lady Napier and family,

Mr. Noel Moore, of Bayroot, and my friend Mr. Graham, of Jerusalem, to whom I was introduced by Dr. Kayat. My only regret was now leaving my worthy host, who had so kindly entertained me. He is a Syrian, and having also been in England, we had many mutual points of interest on which we discoursed every evening, which made the time slide pleasantly away; I do not think that he or I are likely soon to forget the enjoyment of the few evenings I spent with him.

There are two paths which lead hither to the holy city: one, the easiest but longest, is by Lydda and Bethhoron; the other by Ramla and Abu Goth. The advantage of the latter is, however, that there is better accommodation for those who wish to make two days' easy ride of it; they can stop for the night at the Latin convent in Ramla; whereas, in the other, if they do not make the trip in one day, and have no tents with them, they will have to take up with whatever accommodation they find. We chose the Ramla road.

At three o'clock on Friday, the 23rd March, we left the gates of Jaffa, and after riding for about half an hour amid the orange groves already mentioned, we struck into the beautiful plain of Sharon—beautiful, indeed, for the whole scenery was one vast carpet of flowers. The rose of Sharon is not, however, the common rose, but a small, tiny flower, exceedingly beautiful and delicate, well adapted to represent the matchless excellence of a bride: "I am the rose of Sharon" (Cant. ii. 1). An hour after leaving Jaffa, we came upon a wely: here was a spring of water. In another hour we left the villages of Gazoom and Beit Dajan to our left; the latter the Beth Dagon of Judah, so called from the fact that a temple of Dagon existed here. As we approached Ramla,

we had a view of Lydda, about half an hour distant to the left. It is the place where Peter cured a man who was sick of the palsy (Acts ix. 30, 34). After the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews set up an academy in it, of which the famous Akiba was professor; Gamaliel, the preceptor of Paul, also taught there. Justinian, it is said, built a church in Lydda, which tradition further adds he dedicated to St. George. It is now a small village of no importance.

We reached Ramla about half-past six, taking half an hour more to perform the journey than is otherwise necessary. It was a pleasant afternoon, and we enjoyed our ride. The soil of the plain of Sharon is exceedingly rich and fertile. Long before we entered Ramla, we could see the tower, said to be that of the forty martyrs, and to have been built by the crusaders. This place is considered to be the Arimathea of Joseph the Counsellor, who begged of Pilate the body of Jesus, and had it interred "in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid" (Luke xxiii. 50—54). This is not, however, the Ramah of Samuel, as some have supposed it to be: such an opinion cannot well be supported.

We stopped at the Latin convent, which we found to be full. The superior, however, awarded us three rooms, two of which we assigned to the ladies and children, and the third was occupied by Lord N—, Mr. G—, Mr. M—, and myself.

The next day we were *en route* by half-past seven in the morning. We hoped to reach Jerusalem early in the afternoon, in time for luncheon, so that most of the party had not thought of taking with them anything to satisfy the wants of that meal, and O such

a hungry day we had of it! But let us not anticipate the evil.

Half an hour after leaving Ramla, we lost the last view of it, and simultaneously with our loss we saw the city of Lydda on our right. Both are situated in this delightful plain, surrounded by a grove of palm-trees. We continued our course for four hours in the plain of Sharon, where many flowers afforded us various matters for conversation. All went well so long as we were in the plain, but when we reached the mountains we found it slow and tedious work. Immediately on reaching the hill country, we passed the ruined modern village of Amwas, supposed by some to be the Emmaus of the evangelists; but it is too far distant from Jerusalem to allow of its being the identical village celebrated for our Lord's conversation with the two disciples who went thither on the day of His resurrection. An hour after passing Amwas, we reached a well of water, where we halted for half an hour to rest. Another hour brought us to a large tree, situated half-way between Ramla and Jerusalem. It was now one o'clock, and most of the party, fatigued with their ride, and faint with hunger, now sat down to rest. We now gave up the idea of reaching Jerusalem at any reasonable hour; on this Mr. G— proposed to precede us to Jerusalem, in order to have some dinner ready for us; and having engaged us all to dine with him, he left us.

Here we remained for one hour in a tent which was put up to receive the Duke de Brabant as he passed on his way to the holy city. We asked for something to eat, but the man, a Maltese, would not give it to us for love or for money. I think that fellow must have been born without a conscience. I did not care for myself so much

as for the lady who lay almost faint in the tent. Nor was I unprovided: I had enough with me to satisfy the cravings of two or three; but all my provisions were with Khalil; and as our party moved slowly along, the baggage had preceded us by a long way, and there was no getting at him or the provisions.

Our road now lay through a series of hills and valleys, and it was not till a late hour, that we found ourselves at the famous village of Abu Gosh—famous on more than one account. It is the reputed Emmaus, and with more justice than Amwas. Here we saw an old church, built, as tradition tells us, on the site of the house of Cleopas. But this village has been rendered famous of late on account of the rebel chief who governs it, and from whom it takes its name.

The first time this man came into notice was when Ibrahim Pasha made a conquest of Syria. He rendered that general great assistance in subduing Nabloos, and the country thereabouts, for which Ibrahim Pasha rewarded him with the governorship of Jerusalem. This he held for some time, until displaced by the Turkish government, which succeeded the Egyptian rule in Syria, at which he went to his village, and became a highway-robber. No traveller was allowed to pass unmolested; they all had to pay him a certain tribute of money. This caused so much indignation that the government was obliged to take the matter up, and she now pays him a certain income annually to let the travellers alone!

Abu Gosh is about three hours distant from Jerusalem; the road is exceedingly bad, and one part of it is even dangerous for riding. At an hour's ride from the last-mentioned village, we met the British Consul and Mr. N——, who had come to meet Lord N——. We now

journeyed slowly—faint, hungry, and tired; and a little after sunset we came to the remains of a Roman village in a picturesque valley—the most beautiful part of this day's ride. Here was a Roman bridge and some gardens. High on our right was a village, whose lights we could see. Our road hence was now an ascent, so wearisome, that I thought we should never reach the Holy City; at last we got to the heights from which we could see Jerusalem—but, alas! there was no Jerusalem to be seen; the darkness prevented our seeing it; nor did we know that we were anywhere near it till we were under its walls. The Pasha hearing of Lord N—— being on the way, kept the gates open for him, which otherwise would have been shut at sunset. At eight o'clock precisely, we entered the gates of Jerusalem, and proceeded at once to Mr. G——'s house, where we dined; after which I retired to the Latin convent, where I had already secured rooms.

Unpoetical as our entry to the Holy City may have been, let me assure you, gentle reader, that it was not the less interesting; if we did not have the excitement of a day's first view of it, we still entered it thoughtfully and solemnly.

“Of Judah's crown, the brightest gem,
Joy of the earth—Jerusalem!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

First Impressions on seeing Jerusalem—On entering it—Streets
—the Church of the Sepulchre—Topography of Jerusalem.

THE first view of Jerusalem, taken from any point whence the city is visible, cannot fail to fill the heart of the Christian with emotions of inconceivable interest—perhaps, at first, with disappointment, but nevertheless with an interest so deep, so impressive, that it can scarcely be equalled by any other view seen elsewhere. For days and days has the Christian tourist been travelling to reach this goal of his journeyings—every day as he approached it, his sense of fatigue has lessened, and his interest been excited and heightened,—and now, after many a weary hours' ride, behold him for the first time taking a view of the earthly Jerusalem!

Nor, methinks, for him to be thus impressed, need the tourist be a pious man, a Sabbath-school scholar, one who has read the Bible, though he were a sceptic of the faith and hope which it illustrates and holds forth, gazing on Jerusalem for the first time, can hardly help feeling more or less awed, as after the fatigues of a journey in the East, he views, by the last rays of a lingering sun, Jerusalem before him, and the mountains encompassing it. I have looked carefully over the sundry accounts given us by divers travellers of all creeds, and of no

creed at all; and their various impressions, on first gazing on the Holy City, penned in different forms, seems to me be alike throughout—an emotion of inconceivable interest, which filled their hearts as seemingly it never did before.

And this is not owing to the fact that Jerusalem, when first viewed, is calculated to strike the beholder with an idea of grandeur, sublimity, or beauty, which thus inspires him with interest: no majestic ruins present themselves to his astonished vision: he marks no kindly entwined ivy clinging with friendly pertinacity to some falling piece of architecture: no lightly-moulded columns shoot up amid the last rays of a setting sun to enchant him with their beauty: his gaze alights not on a single monument of former grandeur—but it is the *absence of them* that tells upon him so powerfully. A feeling of melancholly creeps over him as he observes that time, merciless in his devastation, has not added any of these telling touches, that in other places make us almost forgive him for the deed. One can hardly believe as for the first time he gazes on the small city, circumscribed by a wall of two miles and a half, encumbered with rubbish and ruined hovels, amid a rugged soil, and surrounded by the dry channels of torrents and steep hills, remote from every great road, that this is the Jerusalem over which the Saviour of the world wept, and concerning which the author of the “Fall of Jerusalem” pens the following passage, and puts it into the mouth of Vespasian as he gazes on it from the Mount of Olives:—

“It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds

The counsels of my firm philosophy,

That Ruin’s merciless ploughshare must pass o’er

And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet Peace.
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics line on line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the *Temple*
In undisturb'd and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles !
The very sun, as though he worshipped them,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery sculptured capital
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy."

In vain the traveller now seeks these monuments of grandeur—the proud city; the luxuriant vineyards; the bright and sumptuous palaces; the towers of war; the gilded temple—all, save the rich purple canopy of Eve, which still hangs over the fated city, have been demolished. If the traveller, now gazing for the first time on Jerusalem, seeks to see traces of grandeur in the desolate city before him, or hopes to find in the dirty, small, and half-ruined city of *El Kuds* the celebrated metropolis

which formerly withstood the efforts of the most powerful empires, his journey hitherto has been in vain—he is sadly disappointed! The knowledge of its ancient greatness, and its once captivating features, now only add to its desolation. The author of *Notices of the Holy Land*, says, it has rocks, but they have no sublimity; hills, but they have no beauty; fields and gardens, but they have no richness; valleys, but they have no fertility; a wide-spreading lake, but it is the Dead Sea!

Yet strange as it may appear, it is this very desolation—Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, now transformed into the forsaken city, whose bare and blasted rocks present no sublimity; whose streets, deserted and narrow, possess no symptoms of commerce; whose dirty and ill-modelled houses, prepossess you not with an idea of comfort or happiness—which forms one of the leading features of interest that now pervade your feelings. In my case, it was not the sympathy we generally feel with fallen grandeur that first made me so melancholy; but the idea that Jehovah in his anger had passed by, and cursed the city for its sins.

But the principal feature of interest to me was, that yonder was Jerusalem, the city of the Lord; where David and Solomon reigned, and where Jesus died! Herein to the Christian is the greatest interest. In view of this, he comes not any longer to look upon monuments of earthly grandeur; he seeks to see no longer a crowning city, whose terraces of houses rise one above the other;—

Nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens!

Sufficient to him is the interest that his eyes rest on Jerusalem—the scene of man's redemption.

If asked, I can hardly describe my feelings, as for the first time I gazed on the Holy City; it was in the year 1842, and I was then only a boy scarcely thirteen years of age. My first view of it was from the north. I had been that day upwards of eleven hours in the saddle, my excitement every moment increasing in proportion to my fatigue. At last we reached the heights of Shafat; and then for the first time, by the last rays of the setting sun, ere he sank in a flood of glory behind the hills which encompassed it, it was that I first viewed Jerusalem; and the deep impression it then left on my mind is such as I can never forget. All idea of fatigue vanished at the sight of the Holy City. The voice of wit in which I had engaged with my companions during the day, had ceased, and we all felt as if we were on sacred ground. For a few minutes we stood silently and reverentially gazing on Jerusalem; and to my youthful mind it seemed so solemn a sight that it reminded me of a death-chamber, when for the first time I confronted death. Breathless with attention, I listened to our guide, as he pointed out to us the scenes of interest around Jerusalem. Never shall I forget the marked reverence with which we crowded around him; it seemed to me as if we were in a church, listening to some funeral sermon. No orator, however eloquent or telling, has since then touched my inmost core so feelingly or so deeply. I wept as he pointed to us the various memorials of a dying Saviour.

Stretching itself, on our left, and only divided from Jerusalem by the valley of Jehoshaphat, was the Mount, called Olivet, unto which Jesus often repaired; and from which He finally ascended into heaven, leading captivity captive. With deeper interest we gazed on the garden of Gethsemane; that scene of agony and suffering; and

thought of that night when *He was betrayed*. There, beneath, was the brook Kedron, over which He must have crossed on that memorable night, and there was Jerusalem, the scene of His labours of love; and where He was tried before a perjured court—beaten on the face—condemned—scourged—a crown of thorns put on his head—crucified amid the shouts of a maddened populace, “Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” and the jeers of Roman soldiers, who presented Him with vinegar for water; and where, finally, for our sake, for *my sake* I then thought, He bowed His head, and yielded up the ghost.

O ye stiffnecked generation! Ye who were His own and unto whom He came, but ye who would not receive Him, well have ye deserved the righteous indignation of heaven; behold your city is left unto you desolate! Behold His blood is upon you, and upon your children! Ask no longer why ye are scattered far from your own land—that land promised unto your father Abraham and his seed after him; and dispersed on the face of the globe; nor, how comes it that you are objects of contempt and persecution all over the world. Have you forgotten that day when the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent on that act of perfidy of yours when ye put the Messiah to death. Well may the sun hide his face and the temple groan! What evil hath He done? What cause of death found ye in Him, that when a Gentile governor would willingly release Him ye shout out all the more, “Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” Yes, weep by yonder stones; not that the temple may be restored unto you, but for that sin which has so righteously called upon you and yours the just retribution of an offended heaven!

O moment of all moments the most thrilling to me! O sight of all sights the most touching! as I looked on the record of events such as have not come to pass in any other land—memorials of a belief which it were vain now to argue since it has connected itself with the destiny of the whole human race, and whose effects on society exceed all calculation; a faith, notwithstanding all the consuming powers of the prince of darkness, the world, the devil, and the flesh; hated by the natural heart; malignantly opposed by Satan; scorned and persecuted; betrayed, denied, and forsaken by its friends; and the wild cry went forth, “Crucify it! Crucify it!” It was crucified and laid in the grave, though it promised no earthly fame, nor wealth, nor glory, but only poverty, distress and persecution. Unlike paganism, it forbade the unhallowed indulgence of the flesh; unlike Mahomedanism, it wielded no sword of terror; unlike Popery, it had no Inquisition—yet it burst asunder the barriers of the tomb, and came forth with marvellous power, fragrance, foliage, fruit, and glory—it scattered polytheism to the winds—it sent its idols to the moles and the bats—it laid its proudest temples in the dust, and on their ruins reared the pillars of eternal truth—a faith born in a manger, behold it now in the closets of royalty. Amidst opposition, persecution, and flame, has been its march, but onward it pushed till it displayed its heaven-born majesty—inspired fear, awakened confidence, commanded homage, and became terrible as an army with banners, till it stretched forth its hand, clothed itself with the imperial robe, placed upon its brow the diadem of the Cæsars, made the banner of the cross float triumphant from the world’s capital, and Rome—proud, imperious Rome—was made to bow and confess that Christ was

Lord; a faith whose benign influence has carried with it happiness, civilization, science, freedom, and security to those races who have embraced it; and, finally, a faith which is filling the whole world!

Nor, till that moment of all moments to me, when first I gazed on this thrilling theatre, where the greatest of all events in the annals of the world have occurred, had I comprehended the enthusiasm of the zealous hermit whose single voice roused the whole of Christendom to rescue the scenes where Christianity was realized from the hands of the infidel Moslem, or the humbling effect which the first view of Jerusalem has, even on the most depraved heart. Scarcely can I imagine any Bible reader—though he were an infidel—who can look upon Jerusalem with indifference. . . . Truly is the scene God-forsaken—mercilessly has time obliterated every trace of grandeur; but, nevertheless, the scene he now gazes upon, excites within him strange feelings—feelings of the deepest emotion. The momentous facts of that religion of which he has read, and whose influence on the world he may have tried to dispute, now rushes upon him in life-like colours; and, unable to resist its overwhelming power, he succumbs before it. As a torrent madly leaps from the crevices of the mountains, forcing itself amid rocks and shrubberies, tearing trees by the roots, and starting rocks from their positions of long ago; creating health and verdure in some sterile glen through which it passes or sprinkles; so now does Christianity rush with an avalanche power through the heart—heaving the bosom, making vivid the events of eighteen hundred years ago. Doubting, for the moment, is forgotten—the heart is softened, melted and humbled, and every portion of the picture before him now becomes conse-

crated in his eyes with celestial qualities, as he gazes on the scenery—

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the Cross.”

I could no longer doubt the sincerity of the pilgrim bands who every year visit Jerusalem; or the unfeigned devotion of the Palmer of olden times, who travelled thousands of miles amid the most appalling dangers simply to gaze on a scene so fraught with interest to all mankind; and well, indeed, did he deserve on his return home the cordial reception which was graciously accorded to him by all classes; it was his passport to the first circles of the time in which he lived; he was entertained by the rich and the poor; even the mansions of the nobility were opened unto him; and the fairest of the fair bent their heads and wept as he recited to them the incidents of his tour in the Holy Land. Now, indeed, could I appreciate the truthful description of the ardent muse of Tasso, as he describes the effect which the first view of the Holy City had upon the Christian army.

“Now from the golden East the zephyrs borne,
Proclaim'd with balmy gales the approach of morn;
And fair Aurora deck'd her radiant head
With roses cropt from Eden's flowery bed;
When from the sounding camp was heard afar
The noise of troops preparing for the war;
To this succeed the trumpet's loud alarms,
And rouse with shriller notes the hosts to arms.

“With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the sun ascends the ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty fields with warmer ray;

Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim!

“At first transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glow'd with full delight
But deep contrition soon their joy suppress'd,
And holy sorrow sadden'd every breast;
Scarce dare their eyes the city wall survey,
Where clothed in flesh their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave He rose!

“Each faltering tongue imperfect speech supplies,
Each labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs.
Each took the example as their chieftain led,
With naked feet the hallow'd soil they tread;
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
The crested helmets with their plummy pride;
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend.”

Such, indeed, were the feelings which took possession of, and actuated me as I first gazed on Jerusalem; and I can honestly say (though many years have now passed since then, during which time I have not only often visited the Holy City, but resided in it for several months at a time) that the impression then made on my youthful mind has never forsaken me; and I have the feeling within me now very strong, that to the end of my days I can never forget that impression.

I felt thrilled, melted, and absorbed as I gazed on localities of which I had read and studied from my earliest childhood. Silently, with sober looks and chastened thoughts as if following a hearse, did I descend towards the city of Jerusalem. And now my feelings waxed stronger and more intense, as entering its narrow and

almost deserted streets, I gazed on its God-forsaken condition. Here and there we met a man slowly groping his way along, amid lanes made more wretched by the hollow echo which seemed to reverberate from the high castellated walls of the houses and convents between which we wended our way towards the Casa Nuova! Well may one ask if this is the city of David, where the majesty of JEHOVAH delighted to dwell between the cherubim, and where JESUS taught and died—the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth! Every house had the gloomy air of a castle. Jerusalem seemed to me like a tomb, or, if you prefer it better, a long sepulchral vault. So dismal, indeed, was its appearance, that the clattering of the hoofs of our horses on the hard uneven pavement sounded like echoes from another world!

Speaking of the deserted streets of Jerusalem, I would here remark, that, with the exception of one or two thoroughfares, which are partially enlivened by the voice of business, all the rest of its streets are silent; and so little sign of life is there in them, that the traveller, to judge of them, would almost imagine the place untenanted. The two streets to which I have referred, as being the only ones which possess symptoms of life—hardly to be called activity—are *Christian-street*, a street running north and south (about the middle of which, on the east, is the church of the Holy Sepulchre). Here the tourist will see sundry articles, manufactured by the natives, as relics of the Holy City, such as beads, crosses, folders and rulers made of olive wood, vases made of the bitumen which is found on the shores of the Dead Sea, etc., exposed for sale in the shops, or spread out on a mat in the open streets. At the season of Easter, when

Jerusalem is full of pilgrims and travellers, this street reaches its climax of glory, and outshines any other part of Jerusalem for life; the throng in it then is so great, that it is with difficulty the traveller can pick his way, amid Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Copts, Chaldeans, Jews, Mahomedans, and a tolerable sprinkling of representatives from Europe and America. I would here say, that it is at this season only, when this street assumes this unwonted activity, owing to the continual influx of strangers, who are constantly squeezing their way into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, or stopping to purchase Jerusalem relics. Nor only a scene of activity does this street then present, but also a scene of unbounded interest, men speaking different languages, and dressed in different garbs, European ladies, and Eastern females; a constant din is going on; purchases are being made; and the chinking of silver and gold, as it exchanges hands, adds not a little to the interest of the scene. The other street, where also some activity is to be met with, is one intersecting it at right angles, and running east and west, from the Jaffa Gate nearly to the mosque of Omar. In this street the creatures of life are exposed for sale; it is a mixture of shops of every species and trades; butchers and blacksmiths, vendors of calicoes, and sellers of hardware, are to be met with in "confusion worse confounded," interspersed, here and there, by a greengrocer's. Jews and Turks are mainly to be found in it. Nearly at the bottom of it, is a covered bazaar, where are the most respectable shops, mostly calico vendors, and sellers of hardware; here the eye alights on many a sparely clad Bedouin, who squeezes his way, a head and shoulder above his fellow-creatures. So varied are the shops, and so singular in their contents—for it is

not a very uncommon thing to find a little of everything in one shop—that I have despaired of giving it an appropriate name, unless it be that of *Miscellaneous-street*, which, at last, I adopted, for want of a better. Robinson and others call it the Tyropeon, or Valley of the Cheesemongers. Beside these two streets, all else seems deserted, silent, and forsaken.

But here I am in Jerusalem! I sought not in my walks to tell her towers and mark her bulwarks; nor came I hither to discuss and to dispute, by measurement of calculation, or line, her ancient size; nor even to fix sites of spots which I think, in God's own providence, were withheld from our knowledge—withheld most mysteriously; for whilst the circumstances attending our Saviour's death, and the miracles He wrought, are impressively, wonderfully, and pathetically described by the holy evangelists, yet, by a common assent, they are all silent on the topography of the sites where they occurred, and which the Christian pilgrim now seeks with ardent devotion. The scene of the transfiguration is circumstantially detailed by the inspired writers; but not one of them adds, for our information, where this scene occurred, save that it was on a mount: it may have been any mount in Palestine, within the reach of six days' travel. The same is true as regards the site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes; it is minutely described, but of the locality where it occurred, we are simply told that it was "in a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida": it may have been north or south, east or west of the city, for aught we may know. Many instances of the kind could be adduced, where the scene is circumstantially described, but the topography of the site is omitted, or simply spoken of, in general terms. Of these

instances, I will now mention no more, but come at once to the chief object of interest—the sepulchre of our Saviour. It is a singular fact, and worthy of record, that neither the evangelists nor the apostles refer once to the topography of the sepulchre, save in general terms. Mark how differently, however, are their prolonged descriptions of the scene of the crucifixion—how accurately the tomb is described, *a new tomb hewn out of the rock*, and to whom it belonged—how that rich and just man, Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped the body of JESUS and laid it therein—and how a great stone was rolled “to the door of the sepulchre.” Observe, also, how circumstantially the resurrection of our Saviour is detailed—how Mary Magdalene and the other Mary go to the sepulchre—how they met the angel of the Lord—and how he showed them the vacant sepulchre. All these, and many other incidents connected with that event, are minutely described; but of the topography of that sepulchre we are absolutely told nothing, save that it was “in a garden nigh at hand,” but out of what part of the city it was, we are not told.

I have all along maintained my belief, that God, for a wise purpose, has kept away from us the knowledge of the precise sites whereon CHRIST has been pleased to work miracles and die, on the same principle, I suppose, as He withheld from the Israelites the knowledge of the tomb of Moses. It is certainly very clear to my mind, that the unanimity of the evangelists, in not pointing out to us more accurately the sites which are now the objects of reverential search by Christian pilgrims, is purposed, and not a mere oversight on their part. This feeling pervaded me in all my travels in Palestine; hence I come not with some to refute the local traditions, nor do I come with

others prepared to assert the precise localities which tradition has assigned as sacred shrines. I think it in the providence of God that things are as they are. The traditional sites are enough to awaken our love and excite our sympathy. So much is good for us; whilst the doubt which hangs over their authenticity is enough to keep us back from idolatrous worship. Sufficient for me that I was in Jerusalem—the city where Jesus suffered. I allowed not my mind to be withdrawn from the hallowed associations which the suffering of the Redeemer of the world provoke in the Christian heart to discuss and cavil. Standing by the side of the sepulchre, I forgot the world, and was not disposed to stand there reasoning and calculating. Little is that Christian to be envied, who, gazing on this triumphant grave, can stand cold and indifferent—whose deepest affections are not called forth. As for me, humbled and trembling, I felt as if I could fall down on my knees, and pour forth a fervent prayer for pardon. Notwithstanding the doubts which I had entertained regarding its site, yet, standing by the sepulchre, so powerful was the effect of sympathy within me, that I felt myself like Christian in the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” at the foot of the Cross, when his burden fell off. The narrative of my Saviour’s death and resurrection took possession of my soul; and, for the moment, I felt in the presence of Him who died for man, and who rose triumphant over the grave. I thought I saw Him, the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, with His head bearing the marks where the crown of thorns lacerated Him; His side pierced, and a stream of mingled gore gushing therefrom; His hands bleeding; His feet bearing the impress of the nails; His eye was sweet; His countenance mournful; and I thought I heard

Him say—"It is ye that will not come unto me, that ye might have life." To stand here doubting, cavilling, and calculating, would have been, in my case, a sacrilege of the deepest dye . . . I did not require to believe in the site of the sepulchre, nor absolutely to deny it. Faith required none to sustain my devotion . . . My thoughts rose from the grave to Him that lay in the grave, and the wrongs which He bore for me—His death on the Cross to save me.

This leads me to speak of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and in doing so, I am not premature, as it is the first object of interest which the traveller seeks in the Holy City. Hardly does he reach his lodgings, when, impelled with an ardent desire, he turns his footsteps towards that Church, which, for many centuries, has been the reputed site of the Crucifixion and burial of the Saviour of the world. It is situated nearly in the centre of the modern city, on the lower part of a sloping hill, distinguished by Professor Robinson and others as the hill *Acra*. My first visit to this edifice was most fortunate, as it was early in the morning, and there was scarcely any person within it, save the recluses who trimmed the lamps, and who at that time were chanting in plaintive strains their matin praises.

On entering the sacred enclosure, a singular and mysterious spirit came over me. The effect of the sombre light of a multitude of lamps, whose ghastly shadows contrasted strangely with the dim illumination of the place, and the perfume of incense which pervaded the building—both alike favourable to solemnity and devotion—acting on the interest already heaving in my bosom, filled me with awe and reverence; I felt as

if I was walking in the midst of the dead, or passing into the presence of the Great JEHOVAH.

My attention was first directed to an oblong slab of marble, about the length of a man, over which many lamps were suspended. This, I was told, was the stone, or the site of the stone on which the body of our Lord is said to have been washed, anointed, and prepared for the tomb. Turning to the left, my guide ushered me into a circular space supported by columns and surmounted by a dome, the very identical one to repair which the Greek and Romish Churches quarrelled, and which ended in the war which is now convulsing the East. This dome is still unrepaired. In the centre of this area is a marble house of oblong dimensions and containing two chambers; numberless lamps of massive silver were suspended from this building, which is rounded at one end and squared off and finished with a platform at the other. We entered it by a narrow low door; the first chamber contained in the centre of it a block of stone, which some say rolled from the mouth of the grave, and where it is said the angel sat who announced to Mary Magdalene and her companions that "Jesus had risen from the dead." In the next chamber we stood by that TRIUMPHANT SEPULCHRE. The sarcophagus is of white marble and occupies, in width, about one half of the sepulchral chamber, extending from one end of it to the other; a small space which cannot conveniently hold more than four at a time, is all that remains for the accommodation of visitors. Several costly lamps constantly burn over it. They are the gifts, I understand, of various sovereigns.

At the back of the building, enclosing the sepulchre are the oratories of the Copts, Abyssinians, and Syriacs.

In the latter is shown the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Fronting the Holy Sepulchre is the Greek Chapel, in the centre of which is a globe, which they say is the centre of the earth; thus transferring from Delphi to Jerusalem the absurd notion of the pagan priest, relative to the figure of the habitable world. This is not, however, the most ridiculous of Greek pretensions.

We now pressed forward to the opposite side of the Rotunda, in which the Holy Sepulchre is; and here I was shown into the Latin Chapel, where it is said Jesus first appeared unto many after his Resurrection; hence they call it the Chapel of the Apparition. In a small cell at the door of this chapel is the pillar of the flagellation, where it is said our Saviour was scourged. Our course now lay in a corridor, surrounding the Greek Chapel. In this passage it is said our Saviour, after being scourged, was led. First of all, we came upon an altar, marking, I was told, the site of the spot where the soldiers waited; the next altar was represented to me as the place where they divided His clothes. We now passed the Chapel of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, where it is said the true Cross was found. We descended and saw the vault; it is a place which would hold thirty or forty individuals. Here, on the third of May of every year, the event of finding the Cross is celebrated by an appropriate mass. Ascending again to the corridor we made our way to Calvary, passing an altar, where it is said the crown of thorns was placed on the head of our Lord. Calvary is only a few paces from the Holy Sepulchre, and to reach the place of the Crucifixion we had to ascend some twenty steps. This, if I remember aright, is the chapel of the Armenians. Here I was shown two altars; one, where it is said, our

Saviour was nailed to the cross; and another where His cross was erected. At the latter altar, is a hole in the natural rock, said to be the same where the foot of our Lord's cross was put. Not far from this, is seen a rock cleft in twain, said to have been made by the earthquake at the Passion of our Saviour. This rent is perfectly natural and runs deep into the earth. At the foot of Calvary is the stone already mentioned, where the body of our Redeemer is said to have been washed.

Once more, ere leaving the premises, I stood by the side of the sepulchre of Him who spake as man never spake. The shrines which I had been now visiting awoke within me a solemn strain of piety which banished all unbelief. It was not the sites themselves, but the recollection of that wonderful event—the memorials of the crucifixion—that worked on my senses. And wonderful it was, indeed! The little stone rejected by the builders has become a mountain, and fills the whole earth. Despised and scorned as this spot may be, yet what an influence has it not exerted on the world at large? Behold, the East and the West, notwithstanding their proud monuments, once of pagan superstition, consecrated by the worship of a thousand years, and supported by the authority of their mighty monarchs—from the king on his throne to the beggar in his wretchedness—glorying now in the name of the humble Galilean! Behold, the doctrines He taught are gaining ground everywhere! Foolish were the mighty efforts then made to destroy the Word! Insane was the order of Herod to kill the babe of Bethlehem! Behold, He who was born in a manger—whose disciples were few and poor—who was betrayed, denied, and crucified—now the Loved One of Israel, the Glory of the earth!

And this, His sepulchre, what momentous events has it not called forth? Gaze on the countless myriads of pilgrims of every clime and rank, who, forgetful of the dangers and fatigues they have endured, find a solace to their faith in being permitted to kiss the threshold of His tomb. Think of the revolutions it has excited—the crusading armies, who swarmed into Asia with the sole view of possessing it, and the war which is now directly caused by it. Indeed, in verity, has the rejected Nazarene become the corner-stone! What an interesting problem is here presented to the sceptic! Unlike the temporary influences of ordinary revolutions, which hardly survive their generation, behold this event, one of humble origin, affecting the whole human family in all generations, changing the face of nations; and though wonderful in its triumphs already, the Christian mind contemplating its destiny—that its glory shall fill the universe—deems the work yet in its infancy! And if this it is, in its infancy, what will it be when it shall become the praise of the whole earth?

Writers have not been wanting to maintain or dispute the authenticity of the shrines already recorded, and the evidence on both sides is equally powerful, but none is irresistible. On the site of tradition the evidence is what is called first class; it not only goes back to the days of the Empress Helena, in the fourth century, but a series of events previous to that seem to have combined to strengthen the testimony. The Romans had erected a temple on the site of Golgotha to Venus, cherishing the expectation, and rejoicing in the idea, as the historian Sozomen expresses it, that the Christians would not be prevented by that from visiting Calvary, and thus they would appear to the public eye as worshipping the

daughter of Jupiter. On the site of this temple the empress found the cross, and, after diligent inquiries, arrived at the conclusion that this was the scene of the crucifixion, and erected upon it a magnificent church. This statement is confirmed by Eusebius and Jerome, who, it seems to me, could not have any motive whatever for practising a deception upon others. Even Robinson, the great assailant of traditionary lore in the East, admits that, "could this be regarded as a well-ascertained fact [viz., the erection of pagan temples on the sites of the cross and the place of the resurrection], it would certainly have great weight in the decision of the question." So far it seems that it was so; and therefore the Empress Helena appears to have acted with great circumspection and fidelity, in locating shrines of such great interest to the Christian world. Since then that site has been preserved undisputed.

Robinson and others contend against this fact from topographical observation; viz., that the present site of Golgotha could not have been without the city; and they proceed to give their plans of the ancient Jerusalem, which of course lead them to reject the tradition that this can be the real site. To this, and on the same grounds, viz., topographical observations, we find able replies from the pens of the Rev. George Williams, for sometime chaplain to Dr. Alexander, Anglican bishop of Jerusalem; Dr. Schultz, the Prussian consul, and Lord Nugent, who appear to have given great attention to the subject, as well as many others; and their arguments are by no means unworthy of notice. Indeed, were I at liberty to choose between both, I would lean more to the arguments of the latter than the former.

But one more idea strikes me; that here we are

after eighteen hundred years speculating on the plan of the Jerusalem of our Saviour's time; now I should think, that the people who lived in the second and third century after our Saviour, were more likely to know the topography of that city than we who are so far removed from it; and therefore their testimony, however traditionary it may seem, is worthy of respect.

Save to those who are on the spot, it would be uninteresting and tedious, were I to enter upon the discussion of the respective arguments held by both these antagonistic writers; and I refer the curious to them in their own works, already published to the world; nor do I wish to seem as siding with any of these parties. I am glad of the existence of the traditionary sites to awake our dormant love and devotion; and I thank God for the mystery and doubt which hangs over them to check any idolatrous practices to which we may be inclined, were we sure that these sites are, beyond a shadow of doubt, what they profess to be.

The evidence on both sides I said is strong; but not irresistible. Were it not for the single objection which I am now going to relate, and which Robinson's argument does not at all explain, thus, under all considerations, leaving his argument the most doubtful, I would have no scruple in subscribing to the evidence on the side of tradition; but my difficulty is—could Jerusalem have been so small? It is true, that a great portion of Zion to the south is without the walls; yet bringing that in, could it be possible, considering the many towers which flanked it—the large place occupied by the temple—and the palaces of kings and governors, that enough room could have been left for the many hundred thousands of people who inhabited the city, and the almost as many

people, who came from all parts of Palestine to the feast of the Passover? As it is, their topographical researches do not make the town much larger than it now is; and it now only holds seventeen thousand inhabitants—true, not crowded, save in some places; but, nevertheless, not possessing the open places and squares which we should suppose the ancient Jerusalem had. Might not that space, now to the north of the city—the Jaffa plain; the grove of olive-trees reaching as far back as the tombs of the kings, and covering all the space on the brow of Jehoshaphat's valley, have once formed a portion of it?

Until this difficulty is removed, and I am afraid it cannot be done, until excavations should take the place of mere theory; until the courses of the walls should be made more definite, it would be difficult to decide on the question at issue; and this remark I am led to make from the fact, that on erecting a Protestant church on Mount Zion, the builders thereof had to dig about fifty feet before they reached the solid rock on which to place their foundation. Clear away all this rubbish, and in all probability, you have left no Tyropeon for Professor Robinson's arguments, or the arguments of others of the opposite side; for all seem to have placed the Hippicus at the tower commonly called the tower of David by the Bethlehem gate. When once this is undermined, all their theory falls to the ground.

In regard to what they consider as the Tyropeon, it seems to me, that the division between Acra and Zion, and the depth of a valley like the Tyropeon, are not so clear as they would make them to be. It may be the Tyropeon; but certainly the face of the thing is no great evidence to it. Were excavations made, we could then get more light on the subject.

I make these remarks, not to overthrow any theories already made, but to show that our knowledge of the topography of the ancient Jerusalem is only haphazard. A new theory I found at Jerusalem, during my last visit, and which certainly seems to bear more plausibility on its face than any of the other theories already given by antagonistic writers; and were it not for one single objection, I should feel much inclined to lean towards it. It makes away with my former objection; but it replaces it with another equally as objectionable. This theory enlarges Jerusalem to a size of what we may suppose it to have been. It places the Hippicus on the north-western angle of the Jaffa plain; and makes the Tyropeon the bed of a very prominent valley intersecting the city north-west by south-east. This valley is very distinctly marked out to the eye. It begins at the grove of olives just beneath the Jaffa plain, immediately at the spot where Robinson discovers his third wall, and running through the city, divides it into two portions. The table-lands, therefore, west of this valley, viz.: the Jaffa plain; the site of the Latin convent (considered by Robinson as Acra) and what is understood now as Mount Zion (as far as its brow on the south) are considered by this theorist as Mount Zion. This would indeed give Zion a respectable appearance. The first wall, therefore, ran from this Hippicus and surrounded the Mount, keeping always on its brow till it reached Moriah, where the temple stood. This would make its western, southern, and south-eastern sides. Its northern side ran a few paces, as far as the gate Gennath, which is placed on the mouth of the Tyropeon valley, and here ended. A wall then ran from this gate Gennath to the

western corner of the temple, keeping on the western brow of the Tyropeon valley. This would take in the pool of Hezekiah; but I am doubtful whether it would take within its enclosure the present site of the sepulchre. I am inclined to think it would not.

Leaving Zion and Moriah, the theorist now goes on to draw the second wall. He begins at the gate Gennath, which has already been referred to, as commanding the mouth of the valley of the Tyropeon, and taking the foundation of the wall which Robinson considered to be Jerusalem's third wall, he proceeds to the grove of olives, and takes in the hill where tradition points out the grotto of Jeremiah, as also that part of the northern town, which Robinson considers as Bezetha and ends at the Fort Antonia, which was at the north-western angle of the Temple, now, perhaps, occupied by the site of the Pasha's palace. This he makes Acra, and in doing so, takes in the site of the sepulchre.

His third wall runs from the gate Gennath, northwards in the grove of olive-trees, nearly as far as the tombs of the kings; there he places the Psephinos, and then engirdling a small declivity beyond the hill of the grotto of Jeremiah, keeps on the brow of the valley of Jehoshaphat until he reaches the temple. This is his third wall, and the space within it and the second wall is his Bezetha.

This plan, indeed, and *only this*, would realize to our minds the grandeur and size of the ancient Jerusalem. And this plan is better appreciated when viewed from the Mount of Olives. Then it would appear to the eyes of the topographer, as it appeared to our Saviour, a great and crowning city, worthy of royalty. Zion would ap-

pear respectable, and would answer well to the term, "Upper City," whilst the slopes of the Tyropeon would give us the idea that,

"Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line on line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens!"

Then comes Acra, sweeping along to the temple. At that time it had only two walls. Add the third, and you have completed the picture.

Nor does this plan at all antagonise with early descriptions of Jerusalem, or with common sense. On the east and south-east, it commanded the deep defile of Jehoshaphat; on the west and south-west it equally commanded that of Hinnom. The situation of the Hippicus, and the position of the Psephinos are just where such towers ought to be, commanding the only vulnerable portions of the city. The Scopus lay north of them. Now I can hardly suppose that those who planned a royal city, like Jerusalem, would for a moment have left the northern wall so unprotected, that is, supposing we consider that the city, in the time of our Saviour, did not embrace to the north more than the limits of the modern city. Would they not rather fill up all this vulnerable part, and encircle it by a wall well flanked by towers? This is done in this theory, and the defences of the town are much strengthened and less pregnable than they would otherwise be.

This plan, I must confess, prepossessed me very much, and many are the walks I made to the vacant plain north of the walls. Everywhere you see signs that once this place was occupied by building. There are many cisterns on the Jaffa plain. The valley here answers better

for the Tyropeon than that of Robinson's, and the strength of the place is much enhanced by this theory. My only objection to it is, that it does not tally with the idea of the topography of Jerusalem, in the second and third centuries, otherwise how comes it that the site of the sepulchre was placed by them where it is? Did they deem it between the first and second walls? If so, I see no objection to this plan. And this reminds me to say, that I could find no authority for placing the sepulchre without the second wall. The limits of the *City* of London do not take in the Strand or Westminster; but who will say they are not in London? May it not have been also, that what was considered the city then, may have been within the first wall?

But of this I am not able to judge. Here, therefore, enveloped in mystery I leave this matter, preferring to believe rather than doubt. I cannot shake off the idea that the people of the second, third, or fourth centuries were more capable of knowing the topography of the Jerusalem of our Saviour's days, than we do, removed so far from it. If for the last fourteen or fifteen centuries we have not forgotten the site given us by the Empress Helena, was it likely that the early Christians would in so short a space of time have forgotten the scene of our Saviour's suffering? I can hardly believe it. It strikes me that the very means taken by Pagan conquerors to ridicule, if not obliterate, the recollections of those localities, were the very ones most likely to perpetuate them.

Be it so or not, far be it from me to be arrogant and dogmatic in a matter of this kind; but this much I would say for myself, that I agree with Lieut. Lynch (of the American exploring expedition to the Jordan and the

Dead Sea), in the manner he gives vent to his excited feelings, that "at all events, on such a subject, an excess of enthusiasm is preferable to insensibility; and he who believes and bows down is more to be envied than he that stands scornfully erect, because unconvinced by *so many feet and inches.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

Walk outside Jerusalem—The Mount of Olives—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Tomb of the Virgin—The Brook Kedron—Valley of Jehoshaphat—St. Stephen's Gate—Pool of Bethesda—Tombs of the Kings—Northern Area—Jaffa Plain—Valley and Pools of Gihon—View within the City—Protestant Cemetery—School-House—Bishop Gobat and his Exertions—Anglican Bishopric—House of Caiaphas—Tomb of David—Ophel—Vacant Plot on the south of Zion—Bir Ayub—Pool of Siloam—The Fountain of the Virgin—Hill of Evil Counsel—Aceldama, where Isaiah was sawn asunder—Tombs of Zechariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom—Desolation and dreary Appearance—The South-Eastern Corner of the City—Large Stones—Golden Gate—Entrance into the City, viâ Dolorosa—The Palace, Mosque, etc.—Arch of "Ecce Homo"—Miss Cooper's Establishment for Jewesses—House of Industry for Jews—The Hospital of the London Jewish Missionary Society—Hospital of Sir Moses Montefiore—German Hospital—Condition of the Jews—The Sarah Association—The Dorcas Association—The London Church Missionary Society—A Prussian Chaplain—Jerusalem Literary Society.

STRONG is the fidelity of that redeeming love which, notwithstanding the scorn, contempt, and ill-treatment to which he is subjected, within its walls, still attracts the Jew to the city of David. To it his eye continually turns, and his heart for ever yearns; and every year sees hundreds of that once despised race—but over whose prospects now "a new dream is passing"—repair to

die in it, and mingle their bones with the dust of their fathers.

Nor to the Christian is Jerusalem a theme of less interest than it is to the Jew. Equally to him, also, it is the source of his religious faith, and the most ancient fountain of his historical knowledge; and, as such, he will ever regard Jerusalem with feelings of singular interest and curiosity—a feeling which, notwithstanding all the traditions which have been brought to bear upon it from the days of Helena to our time—many of which are well calculated to excite incredulity, if not ridicule—overcomes all, and pervades his soul. It is Jerusalem—Jerusalem beyond a doubt—Jerusalem unmistakably—that now salutes his eyes. The hills still encompass it as of old. Its landmarks are still the same as when David reigned over it, or when Titus besieged it; and, though its interior presents little of the Jerusalem of those days, yet Olivet and Kedron, Siloam, and the pools of Gihon still remain to mark out the site of the city,

“Whose sacred earth did once the Lord enclose;
And where, triumphant from the grave, he rose.”

The best view of Jerusalem is from the Mount of Olives. The view is as perfect as it is touching. Here no aid of tradition is required. The grand features of the ruined city of a Saviour's rejected love are such as to excite the liveliest emotions in the breast of the Christian pilgrim. He stands on Olivet; to which Jesus, after teaching in the temple, oft resorted; whence He gazed on the fated city, and “wept over it”; and from whose summit He finally ascended to heaven. He gazes on the garden of Gethsemane, that scene of wondrous love and

sorrow—the Brook Kedron—the Valley of Jehoshaphat—and the Pool Siloam; celebrated in the history of our Saviour's miracles. But the crowning feature is Jerusalem itself. The view from the Mount of Olives overlooks it; and the eye takes in, at one glance, all its prominent features. Nearest you, and directly in front, is Moriah, occupied by the mosque of Omar; where Abraham's uplifted hand was arrested when about to slay his son Isaac; where David's cry stayed the hand of the destroying angel; where rose the temple built by Solomon,

“In earth's dark circlet, once the gem
Of living light ;”

and where the sacrifice of the Lamb was perpetuated, for generations, on Jewish altars. Higher up is the holy hill of Zion, where the shepherd-boy, the son of Jesse, the slayer of Goliath, the successor of Saul, built a city and a royal dwelling; where he kept, for three months, the Ark of the Covenant; where the Redeemer instituted the sacrament which commemorates His death; where He appeared to His disciples on the day of His resurrection; and where the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles: a spot hallowed as the first of Christian temples; and the first of missionary houses; from whence the apostles departed “without purse and without scrip,” to seat the religion of CHRIST upon all the thrones of the universe; and well, indeed, have they succeeded. And, finally,

“Behold ! Jerusalem in prospect lies ;

“Behold ! Jerusalem salutes your eyes !”

where the scene of man's redemption took place. It is

now, whilst gazing on the desolate city, apart from the practices of a dark superstition, and the multiplicity of ridiculous traditions, that the feelings of the Christian pilgrim are stricken open, and the awed, yet tranquillized heart, enters into sympathy with the glorious scene before him, celebrated in the history of the Old and New Testaments, hallowed by the footprints of Emmanuel; where the Son of God lived, labored, and died.

To attempt conveying an idea to the reader of what a tourist feels, as he gazes from the heights of Olivet, on the scene around him, would be the work of volumes. Not only the history of Jerusalem, but that of the whole world would be included therein,—involving not only the history of the Jewish commonwealth, and the deeper records of a Saviour's death, but the wars of Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Saracens, and Christian crusaders, all whose banners have been there displayed, and whose battle-cries have there been heard. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the traveller, having once satisfied his longings to see the spot where the Redeemer of mankind is reported to have been buried, hurries forth to the mount called Olivet, to see for himself, and meditate, undisturbed, on that record of events which has, and is, revolutionizing the whole world.

Here, therefore, without the city I lead the traveller. The height of the Mount of Olivet is reckoned to be seven hundred feet, and about two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The summit of it is distant about one mile from Jerusalem. Here is a small village where the natives lead the traveller to the Chapel of the Ascension, now occupied by a mosque, and from which it is asserted

our Saviour ascended to heaven. A mark is shown in the floor, in the natural rock, resembling that which would be impressed by a human foot in the clay. This, they say, is the print of the foot of our Lord as He left the earth. The mark of the other foot is taken by the Moslems and placed in the mosque of Omar where I subsequently saw it. The mount is partially covered with olive trees, and has three knolls, on one of which the village is erected. The one to the south is called the Hill of Offence; and the other knoll, which is to the east, stands immediately above Bethany, and hides that village from view. The highest of the knolls, however, is that where the Chapel of the Ascension is situated, and I am inclined to give it the preference over the other two for the scene of our Saviour's ascension. Bethany is scarcely a mile from here, and the Scripture statement, that "Christ led out His disciples as far as Bethany, and there ascended from them into heaven," does not in my opinion conflict in the slightest with the site now shown. Of course I put no stress on the footprint in the rock; but, nevertheless, I hold the site as the most natural one for such a scene; He did not take them *to* Bethany, but "*as far as to Bethany.*" Now this site is immediately on the mountain-road to Bethany; and, perhaps, at that time was on the precincts of the lands of that village. Indeed, this is still more forcibly thrust on our mind by a passage in Mark, where, referring to the same journey, the Evangelist says, "And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives." Thus showing, beyond a doubt, that a portion of the Mount of Olives, at least, belonged to the districts of the places above-mentioned.

But I gladly turn from disputes to the charms of the spot. Hither the pilgrim oft resorts to sit and meditate. I have already referred to the view westwards, which took in the city, and other scenes of equal interest in our Saviour's career. All these, Zion—Moriah—the domes of Calvary—the brook Kedron—the Garden of Gethsemane—the Vale of Jehoshaphat, with its countless spots of interest—lie open before you and beneath you. To the eastward the view is of great extent, grandeur, and interest. Beneath you, as if only five miles from you, are seen the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. The distance to it, however, is nearly eighteen miles. North of it are the plains of the Jordan, and beyond all are the mountains of Moab.

Descending the Mount of Olives, on the eastern slope, the eye is attracted by a small *wely*; it is about half way down the descent. This spot tradition points out as the one from whence our Saviour looked on the city and foretold its approaching doom. The temple is well seen from here. Further down, a little before you reach the brook Kedron, is the celebrated Garden of Gethsemane. It is walled round, and is under the charge of a Franciscan friar. I knocked at the door and was admitted. It contains seven old venerable trees, the oldest in this part of the country, at least so they seemed to me from their appearance. All around them were neat beds of flowers, which were hedged in with the most delicious roses I ever smelt. I picked some, and enclosed them in letters to European and American friends. The garden is a little out of the way. Immediately outside it, to the south, is shown the spot where Judas betrayed our Saviour with a kiss, and adjoining to this is shown a rock on which the disciples slept whilst Jesus prayed in the garden.

Passing aside these traditionary legends, the heart of the Christian tourist warms within him as he gazes on the garden thus enclosed. It may be the Garden of Gethsemane; the locality is by no means unlikely. It stands just where a Bible reader would suppose it to have stood, a little out of the road leading to the Mount of Olives. If this is not the real garden, surely it cannot be far from hence; and thus, standing here, the Christian pilgrim feels himself carried back to that night of agony and woe when the Son of Man was betrayed. Surely if there is any spot on earth more consecrated than another—one most likely to soften the heart and humble the beholder—it is the Garden of Gethsemane. Oh, what a sublime picture of enduring patience was it which made Him bear our sins! How great must be that love upwards that could pass through such an ordeal! Oh, could this garden but speak, what lessons of reproof and shame would it not direct to us; how it would tell us of that scene of agony which was enacted here, when, betrayed and forsaken, the Son of Man groaned in spirit and was “exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” and why? Because He loved us. Dark and foul was the scene enacted here, but darker still was our guilt! Oh, could we but go back to that night, could we but hear His accents of prayer—“O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done;” and then see Him betrayed into the hands of sinners to be mocked and crucified, and all for us—He, the Creator; and we, the creatures—how the very rocks would frown at our tale of ingratitude—at the manner in which we requite a love so unbounded!

The next point which attracts the attention is a building to the right of the road called the tomb of the

Virgin Mary. It is a substantial structure erected over a grotto, where it is said Mary, the mother of Jesus, lies interred. The place of her burial is gained by a descent of forty-eight wide and capacious steps. Half way down are two altars on the right, said to be the tombs of Joachim and Anna; and one to the left, said to be the grave of Joseph, the husband of Mary. The chapel is in possession of the Greeks and Armenians who have altars here.

We now cross the brook Kedron, which is about three feet wide, and is now dry. Ascending from the valley of Jehoshaphat, we reach Stephen's Gate, so called from its being the scene of his martyrdom. The natives call it "*Bab es sbat*," or, "the Gate of Tribes." The street hence leading to the Church of the Sepulchre, is called the "*Via Dolorosa*," or, "the Painful Road." It was along this street, according to tradition, that our Lord was led to his trial and crucifixion. Hence its name the "Street of Sorrow," and it is full of traditionary sites, such as the house of Simon the Pharisee, where Mary Magdalene confessed her sins; the prison of St. Peter, and the dwelling of Mary the mother of Mark, in which the same apostle took refuge when he was set at liberty by the angel; the mansion of Dives the rich man, at whose gate the mendicant Lazarus was laid full of sores; the house of Pilate, and the arch of the "*Ecce Homo*," where it is said Pilate brought forth our Lord, wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns, and either to excite their ridicule or their pity, said: "Behold the man!"

But we will not enter the city, we will keep outside the walls, and mark all that is of interest there. Leaving the Gate of St. Stephen, we proceed northwards, and

soon come upon an old reservoir, said to be three hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and thirty in breadth, and, notwithstanding the rubbish of ages, it is seventy-six feet in depth. This is supposed to be the pool of Bethesda, where Christ said to the paralytic man, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Its sides are walled by means of large stones, joined together by iron cramps, and covered with flints, embedded in a substance resembling plaster.

A little further on, we come to the north-eastern corner of the present wall. Here it breaks off, and takes a westerly direction. I must here say, that this part of Jerusalem is supported by the western acclivity of the valley of Jehoshaphat, which after giving room for a narrow road, breaks abruptly down. The valley of Jehoshaphat does not end here, but continues up as far as the Tombs of the Kings, thus making a strong defence for any building to the north of the modern wall. It is exceedingly interesting to traverse this northern area, and the more the traveller examines it, the more he will have reason to believe, that the ancient Jerusalem extended as far as the Tombs of the Kings on the north, and that the Scopus where Titus encamped was a little higher up. All this area, up as far as the Jaffa plain to the west, the Tombs of the Kings to the north, and the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat to the south, have undoubted relics of the existence of buildings on them. There are many cisterns to be met with, especially on the Jaffa plain, where the whole plateau seems to be full of them. And the more the traveller examines this area, the more he will be convinced, that the ancients would never have allowed such a level piece of ground to command their fortifications.

Keeping near the walls, we pass in a few minutes the grotto of Jeremiah on our right, and, shortly afterwards, the Damascus Gate on our left. This Grotto of Jeremiah is a large cavern, and said to be the identical one where the prophet poured forth his lamentations on the doomed city. It is now in the keeping of the Mahomedans. After passing the Damascus Gate, we come upon the Tyropeon of the theorist referred to, in the end of the foregoing chapter. The valley is perfectly natural; and standing on the northern wall of the city, one feels more inclined to believe it to be the real Tyropeon than the slope from the Jaffa Gate, which Robinson and other writers suppose it to be. Existence of remaining fabrics are to be seen within and without the wall, as also in the different parts of the area to the north; but they are of such a heterogeneous character, that one would not like to pass judgment on them. There is evidently a piece of the wall just at the head of the valley, and running from east to west, but whether it is the second or third wall is a matter of dispute. The whole of the northern area is covered with olive trees, which become thicker as you proceed northwards.

On reaching the Jaffa plain, a small plateau of ground commanding the north-western corner of the wall of Jerusalem, and so called from the fact that it is on the high road to Jaffa. We have the valley of Gihon on our right; it is not so very deep here, but it deepens as you descend lower into it. Here we see the upper and lower pools of Gihon—one at the top of the ravine standing a couple of hundred paces or more from the north-western corner of the wall of the city, and the other immediately under the western brow of Zion,

nearly parallel with the Jaffa Gate, immediately on the left of the road to Bethlehem.

Before finishing with the area to the north, I would say a word of the tombs reputed to be those of the kings. They are very singular remains of ancient architecture, standing to the north of the city. Much ink has been wasted to discover their origin, but as yet it seems buried in obscurity. Pococke supposes it to be the burial-place of Helena, the queen of Adiabene, whilst Chateaubriand, on the contrary, supposes these grottos to have been appropriated to the family of Herod; but whoever was buried there, one thing is clear, that the expense lavished thereon must have been immense. The tombs herein exhibit a great outlay of labour and treasure. The court and the chambers therein having been so often described, I would not stop to enter into any minute details as to their description; but this I would say, that the task, skill, neatness, and ornaments which pervade the chambers, display a high state of artistic merit. The receptacles for the dead bodies are not much larger than European coffins; but having the more regular forms of parallelograms, thereby differ from the usual appearance presented in the sepulchral crypts of the country where the *soros* is of considerable size, and generally resembles a cistern.

The Jaffa plain is the promenade of Jerusalem. Here every evening you may see the residents come out to "*take the air*," as they call it. A small coffee-shop is on the plateau. Opposite to it, on the western acclivity of Gihon, the Greeks have built a small convent, and planted the ground with vineyards. This as yet does not extend further down than the road leading to Bethle-

hem; but it struck me as an earnest of better days for the desolated Jerusalem, "when the mountains of Israel shall shoot forth their branches and yield fruit . . . when the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate, is become like the Garden of Eden."

But the chief feature of the Jaffa plain is, that it commands the Jaffa road; and as the pilgrims reach the Holy City late in the afternoon, they are remarked by the promenaders, and, indeed, the sight is interesting. Scarcely an evening passed during my present stay in Jerusalem, without witnessing a horde of pilgrims wending their way to the city of Jerusalem—Armenians and Greeks, Franks and Turks, townsmen and peasantry, dressed in their different garbs, and mounted on donkeys, mules, and camels. Slowly down they descend the last declivity, and as they pass the Jaffa plain, present an air of sombre gravity. They have reached Jerusalem—the goal of their journey. I could easily understand their feelings.

And gazing on Gihon, the traveller is reminded of a scene of great joy being once enacted here, when Solomon was anointed king of Israel. It was here that they brought him on David's mule. Here was he anointed amid the blowing of the trumpets and the cheers of the people, "God save King Solomon!" and hither was he followed by the people, who "piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the city rang, and the earth rent with the sound of them." And the mind of the traveller dives into the mazes of futurity to speculate on the idea of any such scene again gladdening the Vale of Gihon, when Jerusalem shall again become a royal city under an anointed sovereign.

It was at one of the pools of Gihon that David, as he

walked on the roof of his house, saw, and fell in love with, the beautiful Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, as she washed herself, and who afterwards became the mother of Solomon. Both pools are now dry. They are formed by a moat of great depth and strength thrown across the valley. The Moslems have a cemetery at the upper pool.

As Jehoshaphat supports the wall of Jerusalem to the east, so Gihon does to the west. They both unite at the Vale of Hinnom on the south, thus creating a deep defile around Jerusalem, and protecting it on every side, save a part of the northern wall. These vales grow deeper, narrower, and bolder, as they reach the southern brows of Jerusalem. The beds of the valleys are dry, and exhibit a very desolate appearance. The sides which support the city are mostly high chalk cliffs.

From the north-western corner of the wall (where the traveller will observe some ancient remains similar to those he sees at the Damascus gate, and on various parts of the area to the north, as also immediately within the present modern wall) to Bab El Khalil, better known under the names of the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gates (both being equally applicable to it) is a short distance. Immediately at the entrance to the city is the Custom-house standing without the walls. At the Jaffa Gate we stand on the top of Robinson's Tyropeon. On the right is the tower, commonly called the Tower of David, surrounded by a deep ditch; as also the Protestant church, Protestant schools, Protestant hospital for the Jews, German hospital, and the Armenian convent where the monks pretend to show you the spot where St. James was beheaded—all on Mount Zion; on the left, is the Latin Patriarchate, the house of Bishop Gobat, and the Pool of

Hezekiah; while, further left, are the Greek and Latin convents. These form the Acra of Robinson. The street which runs hence, nearly to the Mosque of Omar, and which he calls his Tyropeon, or Valley of the Cheese-makers, is what I have already described in the foregoing chapter under the name of *Miscellaneous Street*. Christian Street intersects this last a little below the Jaffa Gate, and runs north. Eastward of this street, the traveller will remember is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. A little further down (still eastward) is the Coptic convent, Deyr El Sultan—so called because it received a favour from one of the Sultans. Here the monks not only pretend to show you the garden where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac, but also the identical spot where the ram was caught. Immediately opposite to them, and divided by Miscellaneous-street, is the Jewish quarter, where old and decrepid Jews may be seen congregated in ruined and filthy chambers, which seem like as if they were going to tumble down on their heads. The city is divided into four quarters; viz., the Armenian quarter on Mount Zion, and the Jewish quarter immediately below it to the east, nearly as far as Moriah. The Latin quarter surrounds the Latin convent, and takes in all the ground of Robinson's Acra. All further east to the wall of the city and south to Moriah is the Mahomedan quarter. Of Moriah, and the lower part of the city, I shall speak in due course of time.

Keeping on the brow of Mount Zion, we soon come to the Protestant cemetery, where Bishop Gobat has erected a large and commodious school-house for the education of boys of different persuasions without distinction of religion. The building was not yet finished when I was there, but was progressing very much towards its

completion. It certainly does infinite credit to its founder. The boy's school, within the city, at present consists of a boarding and day school, numbering, at an average, fifty boys under three teachers. During my stay in the Holy City, I was present at the examination, and was pleased and gratified with their progress in the different branches of study, which included the reading and exposition of the Holy Scriptures; sacred and general history and geography; reading, writing, arithmetic, and geometry; the English, Arabic, and German languages, and singing. Of the fifty boys herein educated, twenty are provided with board, lodging and clothing, under the care of a steward and his wife, who manage the domestic arrangements of the establishment. In addition to these, ten other boys are admitted to board, which makes thirty boarders in all. It is to meet the increasing wants of the school that the Bishop has erected this building, to which he has added a commodious playground for the boys. The Bishop hopes that in time a higher course of instruction may be given to the most promising pupils, with a view to preparing them to undertake the duties of teachers, catechists, and missionaries to their own countrymen. As soon as the boys are transferred to the newly-erected school-house, a girls' boarding school will, if possible, be opened in the building hitherto occupied by the boys' school. It will be conducted by the two English female teachers, who have the charge of the girls' day school.

And this leads me to say, that Bishop Gobat has also a girl's school in the Holy City, numbering at present between thirty and forty pupils, who are being educated in the following branches of study: reading, and explanation of the Holy Scriptures; Sacred History and

Geography; the English, German, and Arabic languages; Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Needlework. There was to be an examination of the girls' school when I was there, but, for some reason or other, it was postponed; hence I missed being present.

Nor should I be doing justice to Bishop Gobat's extraordinary zeal, if I did not mention the fact, that he has other schools elsewhere in Palestine. Deeming them the most effectual means for insuring the success of the Gospel among an ignorant, degraded, and superstitious people, it has therefore been one of the earliest and most anxious objects of the Bishop to establish schools, not only for the Hebrew proselytes and members of the Jewish mission in Jerusalem, but also for the children of Jews, Christians, and Moslems generally, both in the Holy City and in other parts of Palestine, where favourable openings should be presented for the prosecution of the work; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties he had to contend with, he has been enabled to open schools in Bethlehem, Nabloos, Rafidia, Nazareth, and two in Jaffa, making, with the two already mentioned in Jerusalem, eight establishments for the education of children in those places.

To show that these schools are not of mushroom growth, but are the result of patience, anxiety, and care, I would just mention the history of the Jerusalem schools. A school was opened in 1847 for boys and girls. At its commencement, it numbered nine children, who were taught by an English female teacher. From this small beginning it gradually increased, until it was necessary to separate the boys and girls into two distinct establishments, as has already been given to the reader.

The Society for Promoting Christianity among the

Jews, in consideration of the number of Jewish children educated in these schools, make an annual grant of £150 per annum, about one-third of the expenditure of the two schools in Jerusalem. For the rest, the Bishop is entirely dependent on the free contributions of those who take an interest in the education of the poor, and the welfare of the house of Israel.

In the cemetery beyond the play-ground, and which looks upon the lower pool of Gihon and the valley of that name, are the remains of sundry individuals, prominent among whom are those of the Right Reverend Dr. Alexander, first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, who died in the Desert as he was on his way to Cairo and England; and of Robert Bateson, Esq., an Irish gentleman, who, whilst travelling in the country, fell a victim to typhus fever.

The establishment of a Protestant Bishopric in Jerusalem, in connection with the Church of England, is chiefly owing to the liberality of the King of Prussia. The motives for the foundation of this bishopric are thus set forth in an official publication, issued at the close of 1841. "The immediate objects for which this bishopric has been founded will appear from the following statement. Its ultimate results cannot be with certainty predicted; but we may reasonably hope, that, under the Divine blessing, it may lead the way to an essential unity of discipline, as well as of doctrine, between our own Church and the less perfectly constituted of the Protestant Churches of Europe, and that, too, by way of Rome; while it may be the means of establishing relations between the united Church of England and Ireland and the ancient Churches of the East, strengthening them against the See of Rome, and preparing the way for

their purification, in some cases from serious errors, in others from those imperfections which now materially impede their testimony as witnesses and dispensers of gospel truth and grace. In the meantime, the spectacle of a church freed from those errors and imperfections, planted in the Holy City, and holding a pure faith in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace, will naturally attract the notice of the Jewish nation throughout the world; and will centralize, as it were, the desultory efforts which are making for their conversion." Dr. Alexander arrived in Jerusalem in January, 1841, and died a few years later, and was succeeded by the present prelate, the Right Reverend Dr. Gobat. This, as far as I know, is the origin and history of the Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem, and which seems to promise the most happy results.

The Jerusalem mission was undertaken in 1820, when the Rev. Mr. Tschondi, a Swiss clergyman, visited the Holy Land, for the purpose of making inquiries and circulating the Scriptures. He was followed by the Rev. Lewis Way; but the mission was not formally opened till 1824, when Dr. Dalton was sent to the Holy City to labour in the capacity of a medical missionary. In the beginning of 1826, Dr. Dalton was joined by the Rev. J. Nicolayson. He, however, died soon after the arrival of his colleague. Since then, the mission has been strengthened from time to time by the labours of various missionaries, some of whom are still engaged in the field. In 1839, the preparations for building a Protestant church were commenced, and in three years from that time the foundation-stone was laid by Bishop Alexander. The church was consecrated by his excellent successor, Bishop Gobat, in 1849.

The brow of Zion here is very steep. The Protestant cemetery is on the slope, nearly parallel with the southwestern corner of the modern city wall. A slight ascent brought me to the plateau forming the southern angle of Zion. One look at the vast space left now without the walls sufficed to prove to me, that the town wall, as it now stands, does by no means represent the wall of the ancient Jerusalem. Pursuing my course (now eastward by south) I passed the Latin cemetery, amply described by Robinson, and shortly afterwards came upon an Armenian chapel, which is said to have been the house of Caiaphas, the high priest. Further on, the eye rests on a ruined mosque, called Nebi Dahood, and which you are told is the place where David was buried. I went in, but the Sheikh would not admit me into the chamber where was the tomb. The space hence as far as the temple is the Ophel of the ancients; and that portion of it within the town is now solely occupied by Jews. The southern gate of Jerusalem, called Bab Nebi Dahood, divides the Armenian from the Jewish quarters. I am not sure that there was ever a line of demarcation between them; at any rate, I did not notice it.

Immediately beneath the southern brow of Zion is Beer Ayub (the well of Job), the Enrogel of the Scriptures. Dr. Robinson, who measured it, gives us to know, that it is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, fifty of which were filled with water. It is very little resorted to now by the natives, and, save a traveller who comes now and then to gaze on this relic of the past, scarcely any one approaches it. It was here that Jonathan and Ahimaaz waited for intelligence about the progress of the rebellion under Absalom; and here it was that Adonijah feasted the gallants of Jerusalem who conspired to place him on the throne.

Further up is the Pool of Siloam, celebrated in the history of our Saviour's miracles, where He gave sight to one born blind. The pool itself is but scantily supplied with water, and that supply comes from the Fountain of the Virgin, a recess on the eastern side of Ophel. A subterraneous channel, cut out of the rock, and said to be 1,100 feet long, is the means of communication. Unlike the silent and deserted Enrogel, the Pool of Siloam is one continued scene of life. Apart from the many pilgrims who come to visit it, or the various muleteers who come to water their animals from it, there is always to be seen a number of women, either filling their pitchers, or washing their clothes around it. These last come mainly from the village of Siloam hard by. The natives call the pool *Birket Silwan*, a name so near to the original that the identity of the spot can hardly be questioned. Immediately beneath the pool is the spot where Isaiah is said to have been sawn asunder: an old mulberry-tree marks the site of that tragedy. High above you, to the south, towers the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called from the fact, that it was here that counsel was first taken to put our Saviour to death; at the lowest slope of which the traveller is shown Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, which was bought by the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for his treachery. It used to be the burying-place of strangers, but is now no longer used for that purpose. The pit into which the dead were thrown is still open, and the bones of the dead are still visible.

Emerging from under the Arab village of Silwan, whose paltry houses are scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding sepulchres, the traveller finds himself in the valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley which stretches between

the eastern walls of the city and the Mount of Olives, and which has been reserved as the burying-place of the Jewish inhabitants of the city. There are seen monuments of the most remote ages as well as of modern times. Wherever the eye turns or the foot treads, it falls upon a grave. Here Death has set up his dominion, and spread his immense winding-sheet. Hither the descendants of Jacob resort from the four quarters of the globe to yield up their last breath. Faithful, indeed, is that love which binds the Jew to his dear Jerusalem: live where he may, it is in Jerusalem he would die, and in the shadow of his temple would he be buried. Touching as is this spectacle of Jewish attachment to the soil of the land of his fathers, the traveller nevertheless feels a sense of awe and dread as he threads the maze of this long sepulchral vault, and longs to quit it. So desolate is the scene, so solitary are the hills, so still is everything, so paved with tombs is every spot you tread—tombs overthrown, broken, half-open—that one might almost imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.

Higher up the valley, which is also known under the name of the "*Kings' Dale*," are the three tombs of Zechariah, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. The former is a square mass of rock, hewn down into form, and isolated from the quarry of which it is cut by a passage of twelve or fifteen feet wide on three of its sides; the fourth, or western front, being open towards the valley and to Mount Moriah, the foot of which is only a few yards distant. It has four semi-columns cut out of the same rock on each of its faces, with a pilaster at each angle, all of a mixed Ionic order, and ornamented in bad taste.

The architraves, the full moulding, and the deep overhanging cornice which finishes the square, are all perfectly after the Egyptian manner; and the whole is surmounted by a pyramid, the sloping sides of which rise from the very edges of the square below, and terminate in a finished point. The body of this monument, as also the semi-columns on each face, are one solid mass of rock, without any appearance of entrance into any part of it; the pyramid surmounting it is, however, of masonry, and its sides are perfectly smooth. Near to it is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, an excavation fronted by two Doric pillars of small size, and whose interior presents three chambers, in one of which were several grave-stones—flat slabs of an oblong shape, from three to six inches in thickness. This cavern is better known under the more familiar name of the Grotto of the Disciples, from an idea that they went frequently thither to be taught by their Divine Master. The most beautiful of the three tombs, however, is that of Absalom, and supposed to have been erected by Absalom himself, and to which fact reference is made in 2 Samuel xviii. 18: “Now Absalom in his lifetime had reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the King’s Dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day Absalom’s place.” That the site of the present tomb occupies the ground of the pillar here referred to I have no doubt; but whether it is the identical one or not, or whether that, having fallen down, was replaced in after years by the present structure, I am not able to say. Its square base resembles much the tomb of Zechariah; a sharp conical dome surmounts it, having large mouldings running round its base, and on the top something like

the imitation of flame. The dome is of masonry, and on the eastern side of it there is a square aperture. So heterogeneous and mixed is the style and ornament of these structures, displaying at once an alliance of Egyptian, Grecian, and Jewish tastes (I say Jewish, because the Jews doubtless mixed with the architecture of Athens and Memphis the forms of their own peculiar style), that no one can tell to what age to attribute these monuments as a whole.

Here we are at the base of Olivet. The garden of Gethsemane and the brook Kedron are close on our right, whilst above us, on the opposite side, towers the city of David. A path here leads up to the top of the western slope of Jehoshaphat, and now we find ourselves at the south-eastern corner of the present city. Hence, and nearly as far as the Gate of St. Stephen, we are walking under the wall of the mosque which occupies the site of Solomon's temple. Here the traveller will observe some large stones. These, doubtless, formed part of the ancient wall of the temple; and, perhaps, it is of one of these that "one of the disciples" said to our Lord—"Master, see what manner of stones and building are here. And JESUS answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Completely has this prophecy been fulfilled: the stones are there, but thus placed as to make it evident that they stand not where originally they were laid. They were rebuilt in after days from the foundations which Titus dug out. Midway between these stones and St. Stephen's Gate is the Golden Gate. Through this gate, it is said, our Saviour was led from the garden of Gethsemane, on that memorable night when He was betrayed, to the

judgment-hall. Be it so or not, the Moslems have closed it up with solid masonry, under the influence of a legend current among them, that it is by this gate that if the Christians enter, they will again become masters of the city. The way to the Gate of St. Stephen passes through a Mahomedan cemetery, which continues further up to the north, thus making the eastern and western slopes of Jehoshaphat one long charnel-house—a receptacle for the dead.

One more look at Olivet, Gethsemane, and Kedron, and we enter the city, having made the tour, circumscribing it, and noticed all the places of interest around it. I remember it took me, to make this walk, two hours and ten minutes; but I loitered a good deal by the way. One could easily make the circuit of the walls in an hour's time; I have done it in forty minutes. And this is Jerusalem! the royal city of David! The glory of Jerusalem has, indeed, departed! The cup of wrath and desolation from the Almighty has been poured upon her to the dregs, and she sits sad and solitary in darkness and in the dust! Her "burden" has been fearfully accomplished upon her! And yet, fallen as thou art, O Jerusalem! thou still retainest a power over the human mind, which no time or change can do away with! Degraded as thou mayest be, the associations which surround thee, originating in events that transpired centuries ago, but which no change nor lapse of time has been able to destroy, will ever make thee the centre of attraction, and the theatre of hopes not elsewhere cherished! Despoiled from thy former grandeur, and reduced to the dust, yet thou art not less dear to the heart of the Christian, for the sake of Him who trod thy streets and died on thy trees!

It is impossible to take this walk round Jerusalem, marking the chief historical events of Scripture history, standing on Olivet, lingering in Gethsemane, gazing on the transformed temple, without feeling a strange emotion heaving your breast. You would not be a man, to loiter on Kedron, and gaze on Jerusalem, without your thoughts going back to Him whom, eighteen hundred years ago (had you been there), you might have seen crossing to and fro from Olivet to the temple, and *vice versa*; or, perhaps, you might have witnessed that perfidious act which delivered the Son of man into the hands of sinners.

Filled with that strange sad feeling I entered the city, and made my way through the Via Dolorosa—the street of sorrow, already referred to. On my right were the ruined hovels of what Robinson assumes to be Bezetha; on the left was the Mosque of Omar. Immediately before reaching the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, the tourist passes by the Pasha's palace. This is situated on a hill, to the north-west of the Mosque of Omar, and exactly answers for the site of the fort Antonia, unto which was joined the second wall. Indeed, this has been universally assumed to be the site of that fort, and with a good deal of justice. From the top of the Governor's house a view of the area of the mosque is to be had. I pass over the various traditions which the monks have crowded in this street, viz., the wall by the side of which Christ sank under the burthen of His cross—the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, where He was shown to the people—the house of Herod—the Prætorium of Pilate—or the spot where He turned to the weeping daughters of Jerusalem—the traveller will be duly told all these traditions by his *cicerone*.

A little above the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, a street

intersects the Via Dolorosa, leading left, to the Meh-kemé, or the judgment-hall. On the way you pass various entrances to the Mosque of Omar, and also some unique pieces of architecture. Continuing in the Via Dolorosa, we pass one or two traditionary legends, and arrive at another cross street, running north and south. It begins at the Damascus Gate and ends in the vaulted bazaar at the foot of *Miscellaneous street*. Here to your right, is the house of the French consul, opposite to which is Miss Cooper's house of industry for Jewesses. The traveller would do well to visit this establishment, the object of which is to give work to Jewish females, instead of giving them money; and by so doing, not only create in them habits of industry (which the Jews of Jerusalem grievously lack), but bring them, at the same time, in contact with true Christianity.

I visited this establishment on several occasions, and was much pleased with its cleanliness, neatness, and order. There were about ninety females at work (ranging, I suppose, in age, from ten to sixty years). When I saw them, they were mostly engaged in sewing or spinning. Miss Cooper, who is the founder of this establishment, pays them weekly for their labour, and the product of such labour is placed in a room called the "Bazâar," and sold for the support of the institution. The proceeds of the Bazâar do not, however, by any means suffice to pay the expenses of the institution, and consequently it has to fall much on the charity of Christian friends in England and elsewhere.

This institution was begun by Miss Cooper, now nearly seven years ago: at first the number of females who asked for labour were few; but these daily increased till they

became—when I was there in the spring of 1855—ninety workers. In view of this increase, Miss Cooper had to get more help, and she has now four associates in the work. Whilst the women are at work, these ladies, the associates of Miss Cooper, read to them portions of the Old and New Testaments in the Spanish language.

Higher up, to the west of Miss Cooper's establishment, is the house of industry for young Jews,—the object of which is to give a home, and teach a trade to converts from Judaism, who, were it not for such a place of refuge, might be left to starve. This establishment is endowed by an English lady in Cheltenham, and is under the auspices of the London Jewish Missionary Society, who (apart from the Anglican Bishopric) have a Mission to the Jews, and also a hospital under the superintendence of Dr. MacGowan. I visited the house where the young men boarded, their workshop, and also the hospital, and was pleased with all these efforts to reach, and do good to the house of Israel, in the city of their fathers. In the shop I saw some of the boarders at work engaged in cabinet-making. As soon as these men are received, they are apprenticed, and afterwards put out to push their fortune in the world, as best they can, having a profession to support them. The product of their labour meantime is sold in a bazâar near the Jaffa gate, for the benefit of the institution. The traveller will find there, card-cases, tops of canes, rulers, paper-folders, and other articles of olive-wood. In patronising this bazâar, the tourist has the satisfaction of knowing that the money spent there is charitably laid out for a good object. None but converts are received into this house of industry; not so, however, at the hospital, it is open to the Jews unreservedly, whether they are converts or not.

I believe there is another hospital exclusively for the Jews, supported mainly, if not wholly, by Sir Moses Montefiore—that large-hearted man, whose praise is in the mouth of all who have the pleasure of knowing him directly, or indirectly. A few German Sisters of Mercy have another hospital, but this, unlike the rest, is more Catholic in its features, it is open to all classes, without distinction of creed, who may wish to avail themselves of the privileges it affords.

The Jews in Jerusalem are mostly poor, and were it not for the relief continually sent them by their brethren in Europe and elsewhere, they, doubtless, would starve, and, even as it is, they are very poorly off, and require all the charity you can bestow upon them. The ladies of the mission at Jerusalem are alive to this fact, and in order to lighten the burden of their sorrow, most of them have formed themselves into what they call the “Sarah Association,” an association which has for its object the visiting of poor Jewesses in [their houses, relieving them, not in pecuniary donations, but in gifts of clothing, coffee, sugar, rice, &c. This association is independent of the object of the mission, and is a voluntary deed on the part of those who comprise it, and by whom it is altogether supported.

Mrs. Gobat presides over another association, very similar to this in its object, but which has for its end the relief of Christian converts. The ladies who compose this society, which is called the “Dorcas Association,” meet once every month, and sew articles of clothing, which they distribute among the needy of Christian converts.

Besides the Jewish converts at Jerusalem, there are some who are converts from the Eastern Churches. I

know not the number of the converted, but I should think that it was considerable. The London Church Missionary Society has one or two Missionaries here, and Prussia is represented by a chaplain who does service in Christ's Church every Sunday afternoon in the German language. The American Missionary station here was totally given up several years ago.

In concluding this chapter I would notice the existence of a Literary Society in Jerusalem, called the "*Jerusalem Literary Society*," founded on the 20th November, 1849. Its patron is the Archbishop of Canterbury, and its president is the British Consul at Jerusalem. It has a secretary, treasurer, and librarian, and its object is the investigation, or elucidation of any subject of interest, literary or scientific, of any period whatever, within the Holy Land, that is, within the territorial limits of the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and of the Nile to the Orontes." . . . "The privileges of actual membership are restricted to Protestant Christians residing in the Holy Land."

CHAPTER XX.

EXCURSION TO THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

A Guard of Bedouins—The Tour—Mar Saba—A Tour in 1843—Moslem Females—Reflections—The Road—A Pole—Pilgrims—An uncommonly interesting Scene—Coffee Shops—The Parable of the Good Samaritan—Khan El Ahmar—Further Scenery—The Stream *El Jelt*—The Fall of an old Woman—Ain-Es-Sultan—Elisha's Miracle—*Eriha*—The Castle—Ancient Site of Jericho—Our Camp—An Evening Survey—En Route to the Jordan—A Pell-mell Scene—The Jordan—The Dead Sea—Some Account of it—Costigan—Molyneaux and Lynch—Return to Our Camp—The Heat—A Sleep—The Sheikh—The Bedouin and Indian of America alike—Similarities—Descendants of Ishmael—The Lost Ten Tribes—My Guard—Feud between the Tribes—More about the Bedouin and his Habits—The Associations of the Spot—A New Arrival—Excitement—Departure for Jerusalem—The Camel—Donkey—Mule—Spot where our Saviour met Martha who told Him of the Death of Lazarus—My Ideas—Lazarus' Grave—Bethany—Bethphage—Mount of Olives—Site of the Ascension, where our Saviour predicted the Downfall of Jerusalem—Return to the City.

Monday, 2nd April, 1855.

AN excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea is considered a necessary appendix to a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and few are the travellers who visit the last-mentioned place, without making the said tour. As for me, I came prepared to go there with the caravan of pilgrims, who visit it at this

time; and the following sketch of the trip will give the reader an idea of the journey, and the operations gone through by a band of pilgrims who have come from far, and from near.

In going with the pilgrims I avoided having Bedouins on my own account, and therefore saved the backsheesh necessary on the same. To make the excursion at any other time it would be necessary for the traveller to be accompanied by a party of Bedouins. These he can easily obtain by applying to the Sheikh of Abu Deis, a village an hour's distance, bearing south-east, of Jerusalem. The regular backsheesh is a hundred piastres per head, and forty piastres extra as price of one sheep which the Bedouins eat at his expense. Should the party consist of more than one gentlemen, the last mentioned sum is divided among them, each of them paying his share of it. The Sheikh generally sends with the party five Bedouins, sometimes more and sometimes less, according as he may deem the country dangerous or not. The tourist would do well not to take any thing valuable with him, for while the Sheikh pretends that he will be responsible for any losses sustained by the traveller, it would be generally a hard case to make him pay back such losses. The traveller being already provided with horses, tents and provisions, will require a very trifling amount of money in his pocket for cases of emergency. I took with me only fifty piastres, leaving behind me every thing that was not essentially necessary to my tour.

The tour to the Jordan and the Dead Sea is generally performed in three days. The traveller who leaves in the afternoon sleeps at the Greek convent of Mar Saba, which is situated on the shoulder of a cliff, in a wild

part of the country, at whose base runs a deep ravine, and surrounded by mountains on every side. The distance of the convent from Jerusalem is three hours' easy ride. Some travellers, in order to make more of the day, go by way of Bethlehem, which extends the ride to a couple of hours longer. In order to have access to the convent, the traveller will have to be provided with a letter of introduction to the Superior from the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, otherwise, he may stand a chance of sleeping under the castellated walls. I slept in this convent more than once in the year 1843, and can speak from personal observation, that its romantic situation makes it worth a visit from the traveller. It is not entered by a gateway, but the tourist is generally hauled up through an aperture in the upper part of the walls. Females, I understand are not admitted to this convent, but there is a high-looking house close by, into which they are also hauled up. The view from the terrace of the convent is romantically beautiful.

The next day's ride extends through a series of ridges and passes to the Dead Sea, which is reached in about six hours from the convent; the traveller then proceeds to the Jordan, and encamps, after a day of nearly ten hours ride, at Jericho. The third day brings him back to Jerusalem, by way of Bethany and the Mount of Olives. In company with the Chaplain of the late Bishop of Jerusalem and some other travellers, I made the following tour in the year 1843; we went to Bethlehem, the Pools of Solomon, visited Beit Jibreen, and slept the first night by the brook from which David took the stone which slew Goliath; the next day we proceeded to Hebron, then pursued our journey to Mar Saba,

Ain Jidy, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, returning to Jerusalem after a five day's ride. This excursion is seldom taken by tourists, who prefer taking the beaten track of other travellers in visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea.

The traveller who has made the tour of Syria, and always found lodging in private houses, convents, or hotels, will now find that he will require a tent for his night at Jericho. I know some travellers who have gone without such an appendage, and slept either under a nubk tree, or in a dilapidated fort adjoining the village of Eriha, but I suspect they were not very comfortable. As I had used no tents during my present tour in Syria, I found it necessary to hunt up for one in Jerusalem, and after a deal of search had the loan of one from an old acquaintance. It is true it was not a fine one, nor in a good condition, but I made the best of it, and I found it answer all my purposes. The traveller can, however, if he is not otherwise provided, find tents to let in Jerusalem, and which he can hire for a paltry sum.

These few remarks being over, I now hasten to give the reader an account of my present tour. Early on Monday morning the pilgrims started for Jericho; my servant and muleteers I had sent along with them, hoping to overtake them on the way. They went off about six o'clock in the morning, and I followed about eight.

Our road first led us out of Stephen's Gate, down to the brook Kedron; and after winding around the Mount of Olives we passed Bethany, then descended a ridge to a fountain. Here the road enters a valley, and continues in it for upwards of an hour; then the scene changes

into a succession of ridges, bounded by wild gaps and ravines on both sides, and in six hours after leaving Jerusalem the traveller finds himself at Jericho.

On leaving Stephen's Gate my eyes fell upon a scene of Oriental hurry scurry seldom if at all met anywhere. As far as the eye reached, the roads were lined with pilgrims going to the Jordan: the hedges on both sides of the road, as also the slopes of Olivet, were literally covered with Mahomedan women, who went out for the double purpose of witnessing one of their processions, and of looking at the pilgrims as they wended their way to Jericho and the Jordan.

A lazy picture they appeared; not of contentment, as some suppose, but of *stupidity*. Poor creatures! there they sat on the green sward, enveloped with their *eizars*, and with their faces uncovered gazed on the passing multitude. They said nothing, they only looked; it was a look of nonchalance and of indifference. They felt no interest, or at least, such a thing I could not discover in their looks. Crossed legs and with folded arms they sat, and the hedges appeared like melancholy spectres. Now and then a voice would be heard of a female calling upon her slave to give her a drink of water—she drinks and again falls into her former apathy. Oh! as I gazed upon the thousands of females which lined the hedges, I was forcibly reminded of the description I gave the reader in a former chapter on the condition of Moslem females. Untaught, uncivilized, there they sat a humiliating picture of womankind. It is well that such ceremonies take place now and then to divert the monotony of their perpetual childhood—a childhood which is allowed to feel no interest, to partake in no zest—her bright eye to light to no enthusiasm save to that self-willed and haughty

being who considers himself as her husband and lord, and upon whom she must look as an idol, and for whose will and pleasure she is taught to believe that she was created to live and suffer! A mere carcase, there she sat, possessed of woman's natural qualities—reliance, softness, grace and beauty, but left devoid of the fine developments of a woman's soul, which with a Moslem female were undeveloped and constrained—those developments of the mind which add grace and character to a woman, and make her a help-meet for man. Oh, it is painful and humiliating to contemplate the condition of Moslem females!

A strange contrast they appeared to that bright orb which lit the firmament above them, and diffused health, life, and cheerfulness, to all around. Never did a day dawn more gloriously on such an excited scene—the sun shone bright, the sky was clear, the atmosphere was balmy, and a thousand birds warbled in the air. Everything tended to excite joyousness and to warm the breast with interest, but all these failed to excite any sympathy from minds shrouded in the darkness of Moslem constraint; a stupidity verging on melancholy, actions and movements of the most mechanical nature, were the only indications of life which met the eye as it rested on the tenderest portion of God's creation. Contentment, forsooth! the poor creatures did not appear to me to know what the word meant. An air of listless apathy and melancholy indifference, which seemed to feel no interest in anything, and whose life appeared only a routine of vegetation from the cradle to the grave, clothed them from head to foot. Life to them must, methinks, be a dull and uninteresting stream; in ignorance they live, and in ignorance they die, and thus endeth the chapter

of a Mahomedan woman's life. Poor creature! how much pity she deserves.

I rode on amid a host of pilgrims—straggling creatures who were trying to catch their respective caravans—sundry mules loaded with tents and provisions were merrily trotting along; the little bells which tinkled from their necks added not a little to the excitement; a band of heavy-looking muleteers ran after them, or more lazily followed mounted on donkeys; dragoons, couriers, cooks, and other servants, were chasing and racing to catch up with their different masters. Here and there rode a lazy Turk, who puffed his pipe in silence, or dreamt of the hour when, perchance, he could steep his sword in the blood of the Christian.

Immediately beyond the Brook of Kedron, the scene of excitement was augmented by a set of ruffianly blacks, who were firing their carbines in the air, much to the detriment of our comfort, for the horses started, reared, and plunged at every fire. A party of Egyptian grooms were singing their national airs, and the little children from the hedges, the only offsprings of Islamism, exempt from restraint, added to the *melée* by their vociferations, *Hadgi! hadgi!* which means “pilgrim! pilgrim!” they shouted, as every odd-looking being, in a pilgrim garb, passed them.

Now *there* is a face beaming with joyous youth. Expression fills the eye—mirth sits on the countenance—buoyancy on the limbs—and a freedom animates her whole being—why, O why cannot she be allowed to grow so? why so soon transform her to a living automaton? I gazed on her youthful frolics, and compared them with the sedateness, gravity, and melancholy air of her mother; but there was no comparison; one was all

life, and seemed to relish the zest of youth, the other seemed dead to all that made the woman. It is thus that Islamism crushes the finer endowments of a woman's nature.

Winding along the side of the Mount of Olives, I caught up with three European gentlemen; one of them was an intelligent Pole, who addressed me as I passed by his party; I responded to his salutation; and, after a little parley, I agreed to keep with them till we should reach Jericho. With the Polish gentleman I was very much pleased; nor had I an occasion to change my favourable opinion of him during many days sojourn together. We performed the trip to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; after that, lived in the same house in Jerusalem for many days; and then travelled on to Bay-root together: but the misfortune is, I never could catch his proper name. I know it ends in something like *iski*; but, of the former part of his name, I remember nothing more than that it very much resembled a sneeze. He was a pleasant companion, however, and I enjoyed his society. He had travelled a great deal in Europe, and in the United States, and was now on a tour of the Holy Land, previous to his joining the Turkish army in the Crimea, where he had a brother.

Being well mounted, we pushed on, amid camels, donkeys, and mules; and, in forty minutes after leaving Jerusalem, we were threading our way through the village of Azarieh, the supposed site of Bethany, and so called by the natives, from *Azar*, the Arabic name of Lazarus. I shall not speak of Bethany now, but will do so on the return trip; sufficient is it to say, that we were here beset by a host of children, who, with jars of water, came shouting after us, *Hadgi Moay!* which

signifies "pilgrim, water:" offering us their jars, at the same time, to drink of. Some of the party drank, and threw to the children a few half piastres. A little to our right, and situated on the shoulder of a hill divided from Azarieh by a Wady, is the village of Abu Deis, where the Sheikh of the Beni Nsair tribe resides, and with whom, as has already been said in the former part of this chapter, bargains are struck for Bedouins to accompany travellers to the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

We now descended into the Wady, the commencement of which we reached in about seventeen minutes from Azarieh. Here is a fountain and a ruined Khan; the fountain is called *El Howd*. The Khan, which at any other time is deserted, was now converted into a coffee-shop, where we saw straggling parties of Greek pilgrims enjoying their coffee and nargeelés. This place is generally considered one hour and a half's ride from Jerusalem. Here we gave our horses water, and pushed on.

In the valley we caught up with the bulk of the caravan of pilgrims, and the sight was at once amusing and interesting. Here were people of many nations—descendants of Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Here were Greeks, Armenians, English, Americans, French, Austrians, Belgians, Poles, Syrians, Turks, and I know not what. A party of Greeks were headed by an ecclesiastic of their Church, and a party of Armenians led by no less than ten Vartabeds. A French and an Austrian caravan also formed part of the train. Abyssinians, too, were there. Then the Bedouins and Turks who accompanied them formed a sight as singular as it was motley.

I gazed on them with thrilling interest: they were old and young, and of all ages. There was the grand-

father, the father, the son, and the child; and there was the grandmother, bowed down to the earth in years; the mother, matronly in her looks; the girl of eighteen; and the infant at the breast. Some rode and some walked; and, on the whole, the valley presented an uncommonly interesting picture.

Donkeys, little patient things, carrying a muleteer or some old dame, meekly trotted along; sturdy mules, with tinkling bells round their necks, bearing on their back some heavy-looking Armenian; or a group of children, in paniers, squeezed their way through. Horses, some good and some bad, were seen here and there, some galloping in front, and some bringing up the rear, and some sideling their way by paniers of little children, or by some female. And then there were camels; large, huge animals, bearing on their backs tents and other commodities, or a whole family. I counted on the back of one camel no less than six grown-up persons. In each panier sat two females; whilst on the back of the camel rode an elderly man, before whom sat a boy of about fifteen years of age; others, unable to pay for animals, and yet anxious to bathe in the Jordan, walked on foot. All of these personages carried with them large tin canisters, for Jordan water.

Then their dress was picturesque; the national dress of many a clime. There was the Frank in his tight clothes, and the Armenian in his flowing robes. There rode the Albanian, with his ample kilt; and, by his side, rode the fezzed Turk, whose dress was a mixture of the Frank and the Oriental. Here rode a party of Greek priests, dressed in black; and behind them came a group of females, shrouded over in their white *eizars*. There rode the grave Mahomedan, leisurely puffing his pipe;

and, a-head of him, strode his free brother of the desert, the wild Bedouin, dressed in a simple Abba, and with a Keffié triangularly folded over his head, and thrown carelessly over his shoulder. On foot walked Turcoman and Syrian muleteers.

Add to this a Babel of languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, and I know not what. The sight was peculiarly interesting; and we rode leisurely by them, gazing on a mixture of heads which would have amused a phrenologist—large, small, oval, and round; and covered by hats, caps, fezes, turbans, handkerchiefs tied with a camel hair cord, and white veils.

Pipes were the order of the day. Hundreds of them perfumed the air with the tobacco leaf. A constant jabber rose from that crowd which was perfectly deafening. Muleteers and servants ran hither and thither, in all the hurry and scurry of the event; and a cheerful excitement reigned throughout. Besides the Bedouins and the government guard, the pilgrims were all armed; guns were slung across their backs; carbines hung by their sides; pistols were encased in their large belts; and rusty-looking swords dangled on their thighs; and thus a sense of security was added to this scene of excitement.

Then there was a continual roar of singing, national airs of almost every clime. "Rule Britannia," "Partant pour la Syrie," and "Yankee Doodle," contrasted strangely with the senseless notes of Turk, Greek, and Bedouin, who sang as they listed, in all the intonations of the human lungs, heedless of measure or rhyme. Stretch your eye as far as it can reach, from Bethany down the valley, and up to yonder peak, and the road was one string of pilgrims, from whose caravanic groups

rose up the smoke of tobacco incense, which, thanks to a floating breeze, was carried off as soon as let out. Never in my life-time did I gaze on a scene of similar excitement. It was too good to be missed; and in order to keep with it, we stopped in a coffee-shop at the end of the Wady for about half an hour, where we enjoyed a nargeelé and a cup of coffee; then again joined the caravan, and the time slipped quickly by.

We got out of the Wady in about an hour after descending into it: in this I do not include the half an hour's stop in the coffee-shop. The Wady had nothing peculiarly grand in it: the ridges which bound it on either side were tame, flat, and barren; the last feature, however, was from want of cultivation. The earth seemed to me capable of production, but an absence of security prevents the fields being green with fertility. We were now on Bedouin soil—in a valley which has been made famous, as being the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan. As it is now, it seems to have been then— proverbial for thieves. This fact attaches a peculiar significancy to our Saviour's parable.

Leaving the Wady, we now commenced the ascent of a ridge, and in about twenty minutes reached a ruined khan, where was a well. High on the hill to our left stood also the remains of another khan. Here we overtook more pilgrims, who were enjoying the luxuries of a coffee-shop. I would here remark, that these coffee-shops are not permanent, but are only put up for the day, in order to afford the pilgrims places for refreshment. We now could see the road as it wound itself over many ridges; and as it was all dotted with pilgrims, which would afford us topics of amusement, we determined not to make any halt here, but to push on towards

Jericho. We therefore rode on. The scenery around us now began to assume a wild appearance; on both sides of us ran deep ravines; that to our left was the bed of a small stream, called *El Jelt*, where we saw the only piece of verdure that met the eye anywhere in this vicinity. Here, indeed, was a scene of rugged barrenness, hardly equalled anywhere. Rocky cliffs rose up here and there in wild confusion; and far back of them rose up wilder cliffs. We seemed to be riding amid so many spikes. Hill succeeded hill, and cliff rose above cliff; and I was reminded of a chopping sea made mountain still at once. We turned from this wild and barren confusion to the glen of the *Jelt* beneath us, on the left, and the eye was at once pleased and refreshed. We hurried along for nearly two hours; after which, we descended a ridge of chalk overlooking the ravine. Here we had before us a view of the whole plain; as also the Jordan meandering through it. The course of the river we could discover by the verdure on its banks; and to the south we could see part of the Deadly Lake—the sea of Lot. A drapery of mountains—the mountains of Moab bounded the view to the East.

Immediately on the top of this last cliff, we passed the remains of a small Roman fort, with bevelled stones. Here an old Greek woman tumbled off her mule, and hurt herself exceedingly; I jumped down to her assistance, and it was with difficulty we could again restore her. A Sardinian gentleman assisted me in binding her forehead, which had been deeply cut, and in mounting her on the mule. I would take her for about seventy years of age. She was Greek, and spoke not a word of Arabic. She had no friends with her; and save the Greek caravan to which she was attached, she had

none to care for her, unless it was the muleteer whose mules he rode. It was a matter of surprise to me, how such an old woman could undertake this fatiguing journey; but as she was hardly able to speak, I forbore asking her. Poor creature! She in common with many of her co-religionists, believes that the water of the Jordan can wash away her sins, and make her fit for heayen! Fallacious idea! Can anything but the blood of Jesus wash away the sins of the world? It was well, however, that this poor woman fell here, for we were in sight of the encamping ground; indeed we had already reached the precincts of the fated city of Jericho. Some of the pilgrims had already reached the encamping ground, and we could see them putting up their tents. We put spurs to our horses, and in a few minutes we were among them; passing in our way, one or two aqueducts of modern but substantial structure.

My servant and baggage had already arrived, but they they were waiting for the sheikh to dispose of the ground for the tents; so ordering my servant to pitch my tent in the European quarter, I turned my horse, and in company with the Polish gentleman rode over to see Ain-el-Sultan, a beautiful fountain, under yonder mound; of which it is said, that it is the identical one whose "naught" water, Elisha cured by casting salt therein.

Headed by a Bedouin, we struck across a grove of nubk trees, and a few fields of corn; the only ones waving in this part of the country, which belonged to the village of *Reeha*, of which more anon; and in about twenty-five minutes after leaving our encampment-ground, we reached the spring already referred to, which is enclosed in a sort of basin of small dimensions; from which the waters issue copiously, and spread them-

selves in different streams along the plain. We drank of the water, and found it exceedingly good. This being the only fountain in or near Jericho, I had therefore no doubt in my mind that this was the scene of Elisha's first miracle. The miracle is complete; and "*the waters are healed unto this day*, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spoke." This is, perhaps, the most striking miracle of sacred antiquity still on record. Immediately above the spring was a mound, and higher still was a cliff called *Guruntul*—the ancient Quarantana; where it is said our Saviour was tempted by the Devil. In its sides I saw excavations, which looked very much like ancient tombs.

All along this part of the ground we had seen traces of ancient ruins, which struck me as favourable to the idea that this was the site of the city of Jericho, whose walls fell at the blowing of Joshua's trumpet, rather than lower down towards the modern village of Reeha. The account which Josephus gives of it, "that it is situate in a plain;" that "a naked and barren mountain hangs over it, which extends itself to the land above Scythopolis northwards; but as far as the country of Sodom, and the utmost limit of the lake Asphaltites, southward;" that "the mountain is all of it very uneven, and uninhabited, by reason of its barrenness;" that "the place was one hundred and fifty furlongs from Jerusalem, and sixty from Jordan;" and that "the country as far as Jerusalem is desert and stony, and that as far as the Lake Asphaltites lies low, though it is equally desert and barren" agrees with the site of the remains at the head of the plain immediately under Guruntul and farther south. The credit of situating this city is due to Buckingham, before whom, travellers located Jericho at the modern village of Reeha.

But the curse on Jericho has been fearfully fulfilled: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth the city of Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it," implying that all his sons would die in the course of the undertaking. This prediction was verified in the case of Hiel the Bethelite; who in the reign of Ahab, king of Israel, "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub; according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."

After becoming the scene of one of our Saviour's miracles, wherein he lodged in the house of Zaccheus, and healed the blind man; and after having gone through a career of vicissitudes, adorned by Herod and Archelaus; sacked by Vespasian; rebuilt by Hadrian; destroyed by the Mahomedans, it now presents a solemn picture of God's wrath. The city of Jericho is no more. Her palaces and her towers have disappeared; and her fruitful fields are neglected; fields, which if cultivated, would again be distinguished for fertility as in the days of Pompey. "Here," says Josephus, "is the most fruitful country in Judea." The balsam which once grew here, was a source of national wealth—of all this nothing now remains, save a picture of desolation; and with the exception of the few fields of corn and the grove of nubk trees already mentioned, nothing green meets the eye as far as the Dead Sea, unless we except the verdant banks of the Jordan.

As we stood by Elisha's spring, the history of Jericho came upon our minds. Here on this spot, I opened my Bible and read the historical incidents connected with

this city; the first city which the Israelites attacked after crossing the Jordan, and entering the promised land. The history of Rahab also enters forcibly upon the mind, and the traveller naturally asks, is this Jericho where Rahab the harlot concealed the spies of Joshua? Is this the Jericho, whose walls fell by a miracle? Can it be here that the short Zaccheus climbed a tree in order to see our Saviour?

After staying here some time, we turned the heads of our horses towards the miserable village of Reeha, which we reached in about thirty minutes' leisure ride. This village is the most miserable of its kind that I have yet seen in Syria; it resembled an Egyptian village—dirty and miserable—we were glad to get out of it. It has been said, that the name of Reeha, which means *smell*, is derived from Rahab, which, in Hebrew, signifies *sweet smell*. I do not think so; the name Reeha is only an abbreviation of *Eriha*, which is the Arabic name of Jericho.

We entered the castle, as it is called. It is a square building of about thirty or forty feet in height, and seemingly of Saracenic structure. The pilgrims consider it the house of Zaccheus; but where they got their authority is more than I can tell. We first entered a dirty court, where there was a shed; from this we were led into a square room, now used as a stable; hence a staircase led us to the terrace, where we saw nothing save a mat or two, so overhung as to shade a certain part from the sun. The view from here embraced the plains of Jericho, the course of the Jordan, the plains of the opposite side, the mountains on both sides, and the Dead Sea. A few Arabs were lying under the shade, from whom we inquired for any ruins in this

vicinity; they told us of Kasr Hajla and Kasr El Yahud, but neither of them seemed to answer the site of Gilgal.

We now retraced our steps to our tents, surprised all the while that such a fertile plain should remain unoccupied. One can well understand why the adjacent mountains are not inhabited, on account of their barrenness, but the site of Jericho is still pleasant, and would pay the farmer well to reside therein and till the land; but no one, Hiel-like, seems willing to brave the displeasure of the Almighty, and Jericho remains a memento of God's destroying power.

We reached our tents in about five minutes, and found everything in order; the camp was divided into two portions—the one held the pilgrims of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and others, among whom was the Sheikh and his band; whilst the other was the European quarter, as it was called; in the latter, I found my tent amid a host of American, English, French, and Belgian ones. A scene of interest presented itself—fires were blazing here and there, and canteens were opened; cooks were engaged in preparing their masters' dinners, and couriers were setting the tables. The muleteers had watered their horses, and were now cleaning them. Each gentleman had his horses opposite his tent; two iron pegs were driven in the ground, at the distance of ten paces from each other, and a strong chord was tied from one to the other; to this chord the horses and mules were tied. Never did a village present a greater scene of hurry-scurry.

I laid me down to sleep for a while, then rose up about five o'clock, and dined. The sun now set on the plains, and a glorious moon rose up to fill its place—its beams sparkled on the leadish waters of the Dead Sea. But if

the day-scene was exciting, the night one was not less so—a hundred lamps, lit from as many tents; blazing fires were seen everywhere with a band of Bedouins around them; a patrol was set to watch the camp, and a thousand voices rose up from that plain—mirth and amusement were the order of the evening. As for me, I walked a little, and then took a cup of coffee in the tent of a neighbouring American, and at ten o'clock I retired.

Tuesday, 3rd April, 1855.

I was up at two o'clock this morning, and partook of a warm cup of coffee; at three I was in my saddle, *en route* to the Jordan. The pilgrims had gone ahead, and I rode with a party of forty-one Europeans; it was a pleasant morning, and we enjoyed the ride. At a quarter after five, we reached the verdant banks of the Jordan. Here we saw the pilgrims had arrived, and were bathing pell-mell. The sight was now far more exciting than ever; hundreds of pilgrims, men, women, and children, dressed in long white gowns, were being immersed in the river. This white gown is afterwards reserved by them as their death shroud. On gaining the water's edge, a strong man received the people and dashed them under the water two or three times, till the poor creatures were quite suffocated; but not content with those three dips, which are generally after the number of the Trinity, the pilgrim seeks again to dip himself in the water. They dipped themselves and rubbed themselves, as if they were enjoying a foretaste of paradise. Some who could swim were floating on the current, others holding by some bush. I stood entranced; the vociferations, the Babel of languages, and the pell-mell scene, was one of

the most exciting of its nature. On coming out of the water, the pilgrims congratulated each other with these words — “An acceptable dip!” “May it be blest to you,” which means, May God accept your pilgrimage, and wash away your sins. Old and young, men and women, clergy and laity, rushed into the water, and buffeted with the rolling element.

In about an hour, the pilgrims had ceased their immersions, and were preparing to start back to their encampment. As soon as the ground was cleared, we took our plunge in the Jordan. The water was not very cold; it was pleasant. The current here, however, ran very strong, and we had to keep near the shore. An American was nearly carried away by the current: he was all but gone, when he providentially caught the end of a reed, whose roots were strong enough to keep him.

I have already spoken of the Jordan on a former occasion, little is left for me to speak of it here. It runs with more rapidity here than it does above Tiberias. Twice has this portion been navigated: once by Lieut. Molyneaux, of the English navy, who subsequently died at Bayroot; and again by Lieut. Lynch, of the United States. The account given by this last-mentioned gentleman of it is interesting, and the reader is referred to his copious work for more details. The place where the pilgrims bathe is supposed to be the spot where our Saviour was baptized by John; at least, so believe the pilgrims, and thus runs the tradition with them. As for the Christian, it is sufficient for him to know that his Saviour was baptized in this river. The natives call this portion of the Jordan, between Tiberias and the Dead Sea, *El Sharea* (the law). Some think the term is derived from the word *Shara* (to divide); but I am inclined to

think that the former is the real origin of the word, for reasons already explained in the chapter on the sources of the Jordan. Here the Jordan runs serpentine in about the middle of the valley called Ghor, which essentially means a hollow. In some places it is about sixty feet wide, and others even more; it varies in depth from five to twenty feet, is full of rapids, and runs violently down. I never heard of its banks overflowing in late years.

We quitted the banks of the Jordan at a few minutes before eight, having each filled a tin canister with the water of the Jordan. Our course was now south-east, and precisely at nine o'clock we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, having traversed a tract of land crusty with saline matter. Everything here was dry and parched; and the sun, which till now was supportable, now became intolerable.

In this state of things, we could not tarry long by the waters of this lake, not so much from any noxious effects it had, but from the excessive heat of the sun; not a tree was near to shelter us with its friendly shade; not a breath of air came to fan our brows. We drank a good deal of our Jordan water, and our lips were still dry. Under the circumstances, it was determined that we should wait a few minutes, to afford time for those who wanted to bathe in the sluggish waters before us, and then hastily return to our encampment. As I had already swam in this lake in the year 1843, I determined not to do so again. If I remember aright, I don't think the effect it had upon me was pleasant, as I still have a recollection of a curious sensation, which, with the heat of the day, produced a most intolerable itching, which annoyed me for a long time. With that recollection, I

deemed it best for me to remain only a spectator of those who braved its waters.

This lake is called by the natives Bahret Loot, or the Sea of Lot, and is below the level of the Mediterranean about one thousand three hundred and thirty-seven feet. The mountains rise on both sides of it wildly and perpendicularly, to the height of nearly two thousand five hundred feet. Its length has been computed at about forty miles, and its breadth ten. Its water is heavier than that of the sea; and a person bathing therein finds it very buoyant. A heavy-looking Englishman who now bathed in it had his arms, legs, and head above the water; indeed, he seemed but slightly to rest on the water. He told me, that whilst in the lake he felt nothing unpleasant; but on coming out he was covered with a saline matter, which crusted over his body and itched him. His face and hair seemed one continuous crust of salt. Every drop of water which came on our things turned at once into a white crust. I saw no birds flying about; but I see no reason why they should not. Other travellers affirm, that they have seen birds flying over the lake; so that the story, of its being death to any bird to fly here, is untrue. I do not think, however, that fish can live in this lake. Stones of bitumen are seen floating on its surface, which ignite like coal. The Bedouins collect this bitumen and sell it in Jerusalem, and out of it the people make rosaries and ornaments in the shape of books. I have also seen bowls and other things made of that stone. The traveller meets with a great deal of it in the bazaars of Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

This lake has been so often described by travellers, that I think the above record is sufficient for these pages.

It is said that it covers the site of the doomed cities of the plain; and, if so, it is an awful memorial of God's wrath and vengeance. All around was parched and dry; and though it was still early in the day, and the season by no means the hottest, yet I felt a suffocation, which at a later hour oozed the blood from my nose: my eyes also began to pain me. I do not wonder that most of those who explored this lake have not lived to tell the story of their undertaking.

Costigan, the Irish traveller, was the first to launch a boat on its waters and explore it. This was in the year 1835. He had the boat carried on camels from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Lake of Tiberias. He then sailed with it down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and succeeded in reaching its southern extremity; but, from a combination of circumstances, over-labour, the heat of the sun, and falling short of fresh water, he only lived to reach the northern shore, whence he was carried to Jerusalem, where he died a few days afterwards, leaving no notes of his rash adventure. His remains now lie in the Latin cemetery on Mount Zion.

The next who attempted to explore the Dead Sea was Lieutenant Molyneaux, of the British Navy. He had a boat launched at Tiberias in 1847, and in like manner to Costigan, he floated down the Jordan to the Dead Sea; but he only lived to reach Bayroot, where he died, and now lies interred in the Protestant cemetery there.

The last who made the attempt was Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States Navy, and he is the only one who succeeded in the attempt, and returned home in safety; not, however, without losing one of his companions: Lieutenant Dale only lived to reach Bayroot, where he died, and lies buried by the side of the unfortunate Molyneaux.

Lieutenant Lynch's work on the subject is valuable; and the curious reader is referred to it for more ample details than it is in my power to give him.

And now one last farewell to the Dead Sea—dead perhaps for ever to me, as I no longer hope to visit its shores. I gazed my last on the lake and on the drapery of mountains that bordered it, and at half-past nine we turned our backs upon it. Our course was now a strike across for our encampment, which we reached in little better than two hours. We, however, rode fast; the distance is considered to be three long hours.

Never did I feel more fatigued than after that day's ride, and I was glad to reach my tent to lie down; but it was so suffocatingly hot within the tent, that I was glad to get out of it again. I sought the shade of some nubk tree, but of these the pilgrims had already taken advantage; and there was not a tree near the camp where they were not lounging by the dozen. It was now that my nose began to bleed spontaneously; it was too hot to do anything—to eat, drink, or sleep. The stream of water which ran by our camp was full of people bathing in it. At last, by dint of perseverance, I found a tree situated some distance from the camp, where I lay me down, and slept most soundly.

I slept, and oh! what a delicious sleep it was. The moment I lay me down I was in the land of dreams. My bed was the dry earth; my coverlet was the shade of a nubk tree; my head rested on no pillow: *telle quelle*, I laid me down, and never was a sleep more enjoyed: pleasant dreams hovered around me, and I thought myself far, far away. I slept, and did not wake up till the sound of the evening camp-trumpet woke me. I awoke, and lo and behold the shades of even had begun to

gather around me; the sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and was succeeded by the short Oriental twilight. I had slept nearly four hours.

On reaching my tent, I found the sheikh there, and my servant in a state of great alarm about me. He had hunted for me far and near, but could not find me, and at last gave me up for lost. The Sheikh was on the point of sending some Bedouins to seek me when I fortunately made my appearance. I now found that our European quarter had greatly diminished: an American, a Belgian, a French, and an English party had all left, and with them their dozen of tents and more. My tent was now situated at some distance from the camp of the French caravan; indeed, I was solitary far from any one, and the Sheikh wished me to remove near to some camp, but as I intended to start at midnight, I did not think it worth the while to move tent, baggage, traps, and all. He insisted, and I persisted in my declaration that I would not stir. At last we compromised the matter by having one of the Sheikh's Bedouins to keep watch round my tent, and to accompany me to Jerusalem, and for which I was to pay him a few piastres backsheesh. This satisfied the Sheikh, and he left me, declaring at the same time that I caused him a great deal of anxiety. This was a hint for a backsheesh for himself, but I turned a deaf ear to it, and seemed not to take the hint; on which he said: "Ya Kawadja, I thought some dog of a Bedouin had waylaid your excellency, and I was on the point of sending a troop of my Bedouins to seek for you, and not to come without you." I cut the matter short by ordering dinner, and walked out of the tent, leaving him to parley with Elias (my new servant whom I had engaged at Jerusalem) as long

as he pleased. I, however, soon had the pleasure of seeing him leave the tent; and shortly afterwards a Bedouin came to take his post by the crackling fire.

There is a great resemblance between these Bedouins and the Aborigines of America; it is too striking not to deserve a passing notice, I have been among both these races, and have often been struck with the fact that they are one race—the seed of Ishmael. Both these races, far divided as they may be, possess the characteristics of their great progenitor, of whom it was said by the angel, that “he shall be a wild man: his hand shall be against every man, and every man’s hand shall be against him.” This is true of the Indian and the Bedouin; they are both wild and free, and love their desert home: they both live on hunting or plunder. That this is their characteristic, we have only to go to the wilds of Syria, where we find the Bedouin watching to rob us; or to go from Missouri to California, and we shall find the Indian in wait to despoil us. Neither of them can amalgamate with the townsmen, upon whom they look with contempt.

The Indian, uncivilised as he may be, calls the intelligent American *the pale face*, by which he intends to designate something cowardly, low, and vile. The Bedouin looks down with inexpressible hatred on his brethren of the towns. He considers them as a band of women—meaning by it, that they are fit for nothing but to be servants unto their lords, the Bedouins—as the wife in the East is a servant of her husband’s. They both live in the open air; one in wigwams, which are made of buffalo skins in the shape of a pyramid; and the other in tents, made of goat’s or camel’s hair, of a brown or black colour. Both are restless and fidgetty; they

move from place to place at pleasure, acknowledging neither master nor sovereign, save the head of their tribe; paying taxes, they both abhor and feel as an intrusion on their free and wild life. Enter an Indian's wigwam, or a Bedouin's tent, and whatever they may do to you if they meet you out of it, when you get in, you are hospitably and graciously received, and the *pipe of peace* is at once offered you.

I have often been in the tents of Bedouins, as also in wigwams, and nothing surprised me more than the absence of any violence within their fragile abodes. As I gazed on the kid, killed by the Bedouin for me, or smoked the Indian's pipe; and as I gazed on their females as they quietly passed and repassed me, I could hardly reconcile the fact that I was in a den of robbers. Much has been written of the chivalry of these off-shoots of one family. The history of *Awtar*, translated by Hamilton, is a complete picture of Bedouin life, and chivalry is not the least virtue apparent in its pages; the generous conduct of a Pochahontas arrests our attention. On this point, however, the author is obliged to write with caution: whatever may have been the virtues of both these races in times gone by, it is a sure fact that both, where they come in contact with foreign influence, are getting corrupted and degenerated. There is also, or at least it so appeared to me, a great resemblance in their features and constitutions; both are spare, but athletic in bodily frame, and both show equal bravery in repelling an enemy. Both feel averse to anything like agriculture, and both are equally cunning and stealthy. Unless engaged in pursuit of plunder or in a fight, they are both indolent, and throw the drudgery of labour on the females. Both think themselves above labour, and

can lazily sit under the shade of a tree by the hour and smoke their pipe. Both are swarthy in their complexion, accounted for by their wild life, which keeps them constantly in the sun; but none of them are ill-formed, on the contrary, I think them handsome and manly-looking. Their dress assimilates a great deal; one wears a simple abba of camel's hair, brought by a belt round the waist; the other simply throws a blanket or a buffalo skin on his back. In the heat of the day, I have seen them both almost nude. The eyes of the men are generally fierce and piercing, whilst those of the females are exceedingly sweet and mild. If our ladies of the towns are fairer than the daughters of the desert, they do not compare with them in form.

Another feature in this chain I would mention, and have done on this topic. Not only is their life alike—enter an Indian's wigwam, or a Bedouin's tent, and exactly the same features of domestic life, if it may be worthy of the term, present themselves; what characterises the one is found in the other. In both cases, the female is considered the servant of the wigwam or the tent; but in the treatment of their infants, they are wonderfully alike. I have often seen a Bedouin female with her infant tied up in her camel hair and swung across her back, whilst on her head she carried a load of wood. Who has seen an Indian squaw, will have discovered the same characteristic: the child is similarly tied up, and slung across the back, whilst a bundle of sticks crown her head. I could relate more similarities, but they would require to be illustrated, and this would take more room than I can afford in these pages; but I am convinced from personal observation, that the Indian and the Bedouin are both of the same race. Their life,

their habits, their manners, their ceremonies, their modes of thinking, their natures, their forms of government, and all, are so much alike, that it requires but one glance at them to show that they are one race.

When I went to the Indian country in America, I was prepared to adopt the idea that they were the lost ten tribes; but I had only to see them to be assured that it was not the case. They had nothing in their features, or even in their habits, save those which are common to all nature, which in any way resembled the Jew. Besides, the Jew is easily known; there is something about him which at once discovers his nationality, but I failed to discover those features in the Indian. His wild and roving habits, and independent air do not seem to me to be in keeping with the well-known characteristics of the Children of Israel. But this is not the place to discuss the point. I hope at some future day to bring it before the public.

On a former occasion, when I visited Jericho, our party was accompanied by a band of the Tâamira tribe; it was, therefore, natural for me to ask my guard, who was a Beni Nsair, where was the above tribe. I learnt from him that they had been driven to the south-west of the Dead Sea, and are no longer allowed to enter this territory, as guards to travellers. They inhabit the region above Ain Jidy. On the other side of the Jordan lived the Beni Sakhr tribe, a warlike race, who resemble very much the Sioux Indians of America. My guard told me that, in the course of his lifetime, he had killed fifteen persons at various times. I asked him his age, but he did not know. I should, however, suppose he was about thirty. I asked him how many robberies he had committed in his lifetime, but to this he would

not confess. He, however, told me that those he killed were of the Beni Sakhr tribe, against whom his tribe had a *tar* or blood revenge; and wherever they could see a Beni Sakhr, they would not scruple at killing him; a deadly feud exists between these two tribes, which nothing but blood can satisfy. Here, again, is another similarity between the Indian and the Bedouin; they are both distinguished for the spirit which characterizes the *tar* or blood revenge; and, to this day, the Chippewas and the Sioux, notwithstanding the arm of Uncle Sam above them, follow the example of the Beni Nsair and Beni Sakhr. In the fall of 1852, when I was in Minnesota, and at that time in the town of St. Paul, a party of Sioux Indians waylaid three Chippewas, and killed them, within reach of the cannon of Fort Snelling.

The life of the Bedouin is an illustration of the angel's address to Hagar. So have they lived from time immemorial, the independent lords of the desert. Jeremiah (iii. 2) tells us that it was the same in his days, the Bedouins, *as now*, laid wait to rob the travellers; and it is to this that Ezra evidently refers (viii. 31) when he says "the hand of our God was upon us, and He delivered us from the hand of the enemy, *and of such as lay in wait by the way.*" They possess a fine breed of horses, which has received the appellation of the *Arabian horse*. These are very handsomely formed—not very large, but fleet, and sure-footed: they climb the mountains like goats, and tread on brambles, bushes, and rocks, without making a stumble. The Bedouin is very fond of his horse, and perhaps, prizes it more than he does his wife. Both the Bedouin and his horse possess an astonishing power of endurance.

The Bedouin does not look upon robbery as a

disgrace—he does not consider it as robbery. Whence this idea came into his head would be easy to account for, from the fact that, in the first place, he was disinherited of his patrimony by his younger brother Isaac, who became the sole heir of Abraham's property; he, therefore, considers himself a wronged man, and as the desert has been awarded him, he thinks it no robbery to regain by force what he has been unjustly disinherited of, by seizing and appropriating to himself all that comes in his way. He is a Mahomedan by religion, but that does not exempt his co-religionists from what he considers to be his just booty. On more than one occasion he has waylaid and robbed the Mecca caravan: no religion, and no language is a safeguard against his plunder. His arm is truly against every man. It is not true, however, that he wantonly commits murder in cold blood. On seeing a traveller, he shouts to him "*Ishlahh tirbahh*," which means "undress yourself, and you will be the gainer;" or, in other words, "It would be to your advantage to submit coolly to your misfortune." If the traveller gives up all he has, his life is safe; if not, it then becomes a matter of strength betwixt both parties, and the Bedouin has as much chance of falling by the hand of the traveller as the *vice versa*. Of his humanity, in such cases, I have little to say, as his name, "the wild man of the desert," sufficiently characterizes him.

But here, in this spot, the mind of the traveller is chased with a succession of wonderful events, each of which portrays the truthfulness of God's Word. Perhaps no spot in the world is calculated to excite more awe and wonder in the mind of the tourist than this. Here has been fulfilled the prediction against Jericho, that its walls shall no longer be rebuilt; and it is so; the traveller's

eye in vain seeks for the destroyed Jericho—her towers and her walls are no more, and her fruitful fields are laid waste. Nigh at hand is the record of Elisha's miracle, where, by a cruse of salt, he cured the bitter waters, and they are healed to this day. Not far from him meanders the Jordan, whose waters stood apart to afford passage to the children of Israel, and where the Saviour of mankind was baptized. One of the peaks on the opposite side must have been the spot from whence Moses viewed the Promised Land; there in the distance, is that bitumous cauldron, under whose waters the cities of the plain, whose sin reached the throne of the Almighty and provoked His wrath, so that He showered on them brimstone and fire, and destroyed them, are said to be buried; and last, though not least, before him stands the Bedouin—the embodiment of the angel's address to Hagar, that he shall be a *wild man*, and his arm shall be raised against his fellow-creatures. Great, indeed, are the associations of God's power with which this spot is invested.

I dined, and then walked out by the side of the stream, where we were encamped; the moon shone brightly, and its beams danced on the waters of the lake. From a distance, the lake has all the appearance of a natural sea. As I was still walking, the tinkling of bells admonished me that some travellers were at hand; and sure enough, an English family made their appearance, and soon a scene of hurry-scurry ensued—pitching of tents; making fires; opening canteens; spreading of beds; watering horses, and other things incident on a traveller's life, now took place in hasty succession. Half an hour longer and everything was quiet, and we again fell into the routine of an ordinary camp. They pitched their tents close to mine. A romantic interest invests tra-

velling in Syria. An excitement pervades it which is to be met with nowhere else—the wearied traveller; the Arab saddles; the horses, the mules, the donkeys; the camels; the tents; the dinner; the bed; and the whole thing, from beginning to end, is one continued scene of excitement, to which the muleteer, the courier, the cook, the Bedouin, and all the preparations add no small amount of romance,—the morning start, and the evening halt, and the no less desired dinner, are so many milestones in its track, and to which the traveller looks forward with interest.

At midnight, the trumpet was sounded; and with it we all left our beds, and now began the preparations for starting; a hundred tents were being struck down; a score of camels lay down to receive their burdens; pilgrims were running hither and thither to see that they left nothing behind, and the glare of many torches lit the plain far and near, and sent a curling smoke to heaven; servants were busy packing; muleteers loading; the mules kicked; the horses neighed, and we gazed on. Poor Jericho! an hour longer, and the many that had slept in thy plains would have left thee behind, but never, perhaps, to forget thee!

I have often mentioned the camel; but I have not yet introduced this useful animal to the acquaintance of the reader. It is a native of, and common to the East, and from early time, has been the great Oriental vehicle of commercial intercourse. From early times, we see the camel mentioned as constituting part of the riches of the wealthy men of the day; Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Job, and others were wealthy in camels. It is a large animal, with a hump on its back, peculiarly adapted for the long journey of the desert, not only from its capability of

carrying more than any other animal, but from its power of enduring thirst for a longer period of time. The foot of the camel is well adapted for traversing tracts of sands; it is flat, and is divided into two toes, which are distinctly marked above, but below the division they are confined with the elastic pad, upon which the camel walks. By a peculiar providence the camel, unlike other animals, is able to imbibe at one time water enough to last him for four or five days. He is fed also on chaff, or beans, once every twenty-four hours. The Arabs call him "*Ship of the Desert*." He is uncouth in appearance, but well adapted for the purpose for which he was created, and which shows the almighty wisdom of God. In loading or unloading, the camel is made to lie down, which it does on its knees. Their average rate of travel is about two and a-half miles an hour, hardly ever going beyond that; their pace does not drag in the course of the day; as at the time of starting, so is it also at the time of stopping.

But of all the animals that formed our train, nothing interested me so much as the donkey—the despised of all animals; the joke of children, on which they play their tricks; and which is often overloaded and abused; it is a patient, quiet animal; docile and forbearing; and ranks second to the horse. My servant rode on a donkey, and he kept up with me all the while. He is certainly superior to the bastard mule, which kicks and bites abominably, and which of all the animals of the world I shun. Nor must we forget that our Saviour chose a donkey to ride upon. Why, therefore, we despise a donkey, I cannot tell? I can understand why we have a sort of respect for the mule—it is a respect of awe—because few are those who dare approach it. The countenance of the

donkey has always struck me as the essence of modesty—poor creature, it works uncomplainingly, and yet we despise it—children are allowed to play their tricks upon it, and it is abandoned to the abuse of servants. This speaks very little for our appreciation of the gentle and the useful.

At two o'clock we left our encampment, and by sunrise we reached *El Howd*, the fountain under Bethany. Here we stopped for breakfast, and leisurely pursued our way up the hill; immediately before reaching Azarieh, we were drawn a short distance to the left of the road, where we were shown a small round spot on the shoulder of the cliff, and a sort of long round stone, not exactly a column, but very near it in appearance. This we were told was the spot where Martha met Jesus, and told him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." The tradition goes on to say, that it was here that our Saviour "groaned in the spirit," "was troubled," and "*wept*." I could discover no road here, to lead me to *suppose* the identity of the spot, for we read, that Martha went and met Him as He came to Bethany—and even were there a road, I doubt whether, after so many centuries of change and of violence, that the exact spot could be shown. I have always had one opinion on all these monkish sites; that there is no good authority to identify them, unless we accept the words of the monks. I do not believe, that it is in accordance with God's will that these sites should be known. He hid from the Israelites the tomb of Moses, that they might not fall into the idolatrous usage of worshipping it; with what more reason would He hide from our idolatrous worship the particular sites con-

nected with our Saviour's sojourn in the flesh? Sufficient is it for me to know, that such and such a thing in my Saviour's history occurred *somewhere about here*. It invests the locality with ample interest, and I seek no more, and were I to seek ever so long, I should find no more; for, I repeat, that I don't think it accords with God's will, that the particular sites of our Saviour's sojourn in the flesh should be shown. As it is, a Roman Catholic priest in our party offered mass here, and a few Frenchmen and Belgians kissed the stone. I, however, was differently engaged in reading the touching account given of this scene by St. John—" *Jesus wept* "—words too touching to bear a comment. This spot prepared us to enter the village of Bethany, and descend into the tomb of Lazarus. With chastened hearts and sober looks we led our horses across the fields, and walked to Bethany—it is a small village, and its identity has not been doubted: indeed, its Arabic name *Azarieh*, from Azar, which means Lazarus, places it beyond question; but we have other proofs; not only in the present remains, which indicated a town here in early days, but also its distance of fifteen furlongs corresponds well with the site of Bethany.

The natives here show the house of Mary and Martha, and of Simon the leper, as also the sepulchre of Lazarus; to this last I descended by twenty-six steps, but I found nothing save a grotto here; they were rather two grottos one beneath the other. Here, also, another mass was performed by the French priest.

But here we are at Bethany! the Bethany of Lazarus, of Mary, and of Martha! the Bethany unto which our Saviour often resorted, and where it seemed he was always a welcome visitor. To the Christian whose mind

is bent on one object—to trace his Saviour's course in the flesh—with what interest does he gaze on Bethany! Does not his mind picture to him a crowd of weeping Jews; Mary at the feet of Jesus repeating her sister's words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died"; and the Son of God exclaiming, "Lazarus, come forth?" Does he not seem to see the corpse re-animated, and appearing "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face bound about with a napkin?" The recollection of that touching scene is enough to invest Bethany with a solemn interest. I stood as if spell-bound. To identify any places to me now was mockery, the torrent of feeling which overwhelmed me as I stood on the site of Bethany was irresistible. Sufficient to me, it was that this place was honoured by His dear footsteps. I wanted nothing more to make the place dear and sacred to my heart.

"How oft with weary feet, and worn,
Has Jesus trod this rocky way;
A man of sorrows, most forlorn,
Who had not where His head to lay."

With a feeling of regret, I turned my back on Bethany, and began the ascent of the Mount of Olives. Our course was now through a grove of fig, almond, and apricot trees. As we made a turn to reach the ridge, we were shown the site of Bethphage; nothing, however, of it remains. We now continue up the ridge from whence a *wady* takes its commencement; and in about twenty minutes after leaving Bethany we reached the summit of Mount Olivet.

In connection with this mount, which the Christians assign as the place of our Saviour's ascension to heaven,

I have only to remark, at present, that there is every reason to believe it to be the veritable site of that sacred event. It is said, that "He led them as far as Bethany." From this I do not infer that our Saviour ascended from Bethany, but from the district which took its name from that place; and it is not unlikely that that district reached as far as the Mount of Olives. The lands above Tiberias do not take the name of that town, but are called Ard Loobeea, because they belong to the village of Loobeea, on the hill, about an hour and a half's distance from these lands. This might have been the case with Bethany, that its lands reached as far as the Mount of Olives. I have studiously looked over the matter; and, on the whole, am willing to believe that the ascension took place from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The monks show the actual stone from which our Saviour ascended. It has the marks of a human foot; but to this, of course, I attach no credence.

The view from the Mount of Olives is at once pleasing and full of interesting associations; immediately beneath you is the brook Kedron, dividing the mount from the holy city; and before you is the city itself. This is the best view of Jerusalem to be had. A little descent brings the traveller to the site where it is said our Saviour predicted the downfall of Jerusalem; it is marked by a *wely*. We continued our descent, and passed by the Garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of the Virgin Mary, both of which have already been noticed in former pages; and at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 5th of April, we once more entered Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pilgrimages to the East—The Jew and his Wailing-place—The Moslem and his Mecca—The Christian at the Holy Sepulchre—Scenes at Easter—The Duke de Brabant's Entry into Jerusalem—Mahomedan Concessions—The Mosque of Omar—Easter-day—English Church—The Death of a Neapolitan.

JERUSALEM has shrines of reverence and worship for the Jew, the Mahomedan, and Christians of all denominations; and a pilgrimage to the holy city is considered by them as a peculiarly meritorious act. The Jew weeps by the stones of the temple; the Moslem worships at the *Sukhra*; and the Christian by the side of the Holy Sepulchre.

No people on the whole face of the earth possess so remarkable a history, or one more deeply interesting to the Bible-reader, as the Jews, nor one more closely connected with the history of the city with which we are now dealing. Whether we go back to the time when Abraham crossed the Euphrates, a solitary traveller, not knowing whither he went, but obeying a Divine voice, which called him from among idolators to become the father of a new people and of a purer faith at a distance from his native country; whether we accompany his grandson Jacob—"a Syrian ready to perish"—into Egypt with a few individuals, and, after seeing them the victims of a relentless tyranny, see their descendants, now become a

“ nation, great, mighty, and populous,” delivered from the hands of their oppressors by the *special interposition* of heaven; whether we follow them in all their vicissitudes, in prosperity and in adversity, now in bondage, menaced with complete extirpation, and now enjoying the land promised to their fathers; whether we look upon them as the instruments of a dispensation which embraces the dearest interests of all the sons of Adam, or whether we see in them the leaven which was destined to leaven the whole lump; whether we turn back to the hour of their glory and pride, or come down to the present hour, when we may say of them—

“ Tribe of the wand’ring foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild bird hath its nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !”

Whether we look upon their history as the analysis of the human heart, murmuring against a kind Providence at a moment when it was vigilantly watching over them, sighing for the onions and garlick of Egypt, and undervaluing the manna showered upon them from a kind Heaven; or whether we see in their present degradation a fearful fulfilment of prophecy—“ They have made me to serve with their sins, and have wearied me with their iniquities, therefore have I given Jacob to the curse, and Israel to reproaches;” or whether we see in them yet a reserved people for a great purpose, to “shew forth His praise” in the latter days—we must admit that their history is one of primary interest, and hence I put the Jew at the head of this chapter.

But it is not with the Jew of more prosperous times, but rather as he now exists in Palestine, that I have to

deal. Though on the distant horizon some faint gleams are evidently giving signs of promise that his long night is drawing towards its close, yet the Jew is still an object of scorn, and nowhere is the name of "Yahoodi (Jew)" more looked down upon than here in the city of his fathers. One day, as I was passing the Damascus gate, I saw an Arab hurrying on his donkey amid imprecations such as the following:—

"Emshi ya Ibn-el-Yahoodi (Walk, thou son of a Jew)! Yulaan abuk ya Ibn-el-Yahoodi (Cursed be thy father, thou *son of a Jew*)!"

I need not give any more illustrations of the manner in which the man went on. The reader will observe, that the man did not curse the donkey, but the Jew, the father of the donkey. Walking up to him, I said:—

"Why do you curse the Jew? What harm has he done you?"

"El Yahoodi khanzeer (the Jew is a hog)!" answered the man.

"How do you make that out?" I said. "Is not the Jew as good as you or I?"

"Ogh!" ejaculated the man, his eyes twinkling with fierce rage, and his brow knitting.

By this time he was getting out of my hearing. I was pursuing my walk, when he turned round, and said:—

"El Yahoodi khanzeer! Khanzeer el Yahoodi! (The Jew is a hog! A hog is the Jew!)"

Now I must tell the reader, that, in the Mahomedan vocabulary, there is no word lower than a hog, that animal being in their estimation the most defiled of animals; and good Mahomedans are prohibited by the Koran from eating it. The Jew, in their estimation, is

the vilest of the human family, and is the object of their pious hatred, perhaps from the recollection that a Jewess of Khaibar first undermined the health of the prophet by infusing poison into his food. Hence a hog and a Jew are esteemed alike in the eye of a Moslem, both being the lowest of their kind; and now the reader will better understand the meaning of the man's words, "*El Yahoodi khanzeer!*"

The modern Jews of Syria and Palestine are divided into two classes, the Sephardim and Ashkenazim. The first are the wealthiest, and are mainly to be met with in Damascus, Aleppo, Bayroot, and other towns of Syria. They are the descendants of the Spanish Jews banished from their country in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles the Fifth; hence the language they speak is a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew, called Judaeo-Spanish. The Ashkenazim are a poorer set, and came chiefly from Poland and Germany from religious motives, with a view of laying their bones with their fathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat. They are said to be more addicted to learning, and to be stricter in their ceremonial observances than the Sephardim.

Their dress assimilates, being composed of a fur cap, or a turban, for the head; a long *gimbaz*, or tunic with sleeves, bound round the waist with a shawl-girdle, and extending nearly down to the feet; a *jibbé*, or loose over-coat, lined with silk or fur. The rabbis are distinguished by a high black-looking cap, having a white scarf wound round the lower part.

Though the Sephardim and Ashkenazim have in many cases separate synagogues, yet they have only one chief rabbi. I am not quite sure whether I was more amused or pained at witnessing one of their services in

their great synagogue in Jerusalem. It was on one of their Sabbaths, and the room, which was an octagonal building, was full of worshippers. In the centre was a sort of pulpit, surmounted with wooden benches. The women were enclosed in a gallery with wooden lattices, resembling the Sharrea of the Christian churches. The men had a sort of white shawl over their heads, which I understood they use only at their devotions. They prayed standing, swaying themselves to and fro in the most ludicrous manner. This is done on the theory that their several strange actions promoted the more perfect abstraction of the mind from outward things to the contemplation of the law. I saw many of them touch the law with their hand, and others kissed it as they passed. Their behaviour was quite painful: they rolled themselves on the ground, they knocked their heads on the walls, they groaned, they cried, they elevated their voices, and uttered the wildest and most whimsical sounds.

Most of the Jews of Jerusalem being Ashkenazim, are very poor, and really it is heart-rending to walk through their quarter. It is certainly the dirtiest and filthiest spot, with the exception of Safed, Tiberias, and Hebron, that I ever put my foot into. I do not know how it is, but the Jews in the East seem to me to be averse to cleanliness: they revel in filth. I must make one exception, and gladly do I make it, for they require all that can be said in their favour to make them endurable; this exception is a small and despised sect of Jews, called the Caraites, with whom the other sects of Jews have no fellowship; they even disclaim them as Jews, and will neither eat, drink, or mingle with them. I was told by my excellent friend Mr. G., who

accompanied me to the houses of the Caraites Jews, that in the hospital of the London Jewish Missionary Society in Jerusalem, they are obliged to have separate rooms for the poor Caraites, as the other Jews will not mingle with them or sleep in a bed wherein lay a Caraites Jew. I visited their houses, and certainly they were the cleanest Jewish houses it has ever been my fortune to put my foot into. The men were handsome, and by no means as repulsive-looking as the other Jews you meet in Jerusalem, while their females possessed an extraordinary amount of beauty. They were neither shy nor backward; their hair and eyes were black; their features were beautiful and regular; their forms were elegant; simple in their manners; modest in their behaviour; unrestrained and easy in their address, and, gazing at them, I was reminded of the beautiful Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's novel. Their Synagogue is under one of their houses. They showed me a Bible of some six or seven centuries old, which they prized very much. Their number is very small; I forget the exact number of families, but I do not think they exceed half a dozen.

Their most interesting shrine of worship, and here I speak of the Jews generally, is at the wailing-place. This is at the foot of a part of the south wall of the Temple, which is still standing; the stones are of great size, some of them being three feet broad and fifteen feet long. Here, on every Friday afternoon, about the hour of four, you will see a number of Jews and Jewesses weeping and praying. Some of them were doubtless in earnest, most of them were females, one of them beat her head in seeming anguish against some of the stones and knocked so hard, that I feared her head would

split. Touching as this scene may be in the abstract, I cannot say that I should have been moved by it, for there were many there who evidently possessed not much feeling, and in whom I detected a smile when they thought themselves unobserved, but that woman touched my very heart: I could exclaim with her, "How long, Lord! how long!" As in the Synagogue, here also they read the Law, now and then raising their eyes to the huge stones, and smiting their breasts, then, carried away by their feelings, were groaning, swaying to and fro and distorting their features in all sorts of ways. These, however, I observed, stopped the moment when we turned our backs on them. The outburst of the woman I have referred to still haunts me. There was no affectation in her grief. She was earnestly importuning JEHOVAH to bring back the captivity of His people, that Jacob may rejoice and Israel be glad! Poor woman! it was impossible to witness the outbursting of her grief, to listen to her sobs, or hear her tones of agony and deep sorrow, without being moved. Here, to this spot, the Jew comes from the ends of the earth, to weep and to pray; a firman has been granted them to meet here unmolested. The sight is deeply interesting, and well calculated to touch the heart of the beholder. Within the Temple—their cherished Temple—the Moslem walks in all the pride of conquest, whilst without, the Jew *sits upon the ground and keeps silence!*

The Temple within is now the mosque of Omar, and is the St. Peter's of Turkey; none but Mahomedans are allowed to enter its precincts, a Jew or a Christian if discovered within the premises forfeits either his religion or his life. I was very fortunate, however, during my last visit to Jerusalem; for I was among those who were privi-

leged to enter this mysterious mosque with the Duke de Brabant. Jerusalem was the first spot to which the early Moslems directed their eyes in prayer until superseded by Mecca in a later day. Still, however, the shrine of the *Sukhra*, from whence it is said Mahomed made his ascent to the seventh heaven, lacks not Moslem devotees, and annually there are a number of pilgrims who resort to it from all parts of the Moslem world.

The Mahomedan does not, however, enjoin a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; though a visit to it and a prayer in the Mosque of Omar is considered a meritorious act. To him the Kaabah at Mecca is the great shrine of his pilgrimage. This is a *grand practical* duty, which is considered equal to the other three articles of practice enjoined upon the Moslem, viz., prayer, fasting, and almsgiving; the first they believe leads them half way to God; the second conveys them to His threshold; and the last, viz., almsgiving, conducts them to His presence. Prayer with the Moslem is a *daily* exercise; they fast once every year for thirty days, during the month of Ramadan, abstaining religiously during that interval from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, from meat and drinks, baths, perfumes, the intercourse of the sexes, and all other gratifications and delights of the senses. Of alms, there are two kinds: *Zucat*, like tithes in the Christian church; and voluntary gifts, termed *Sudkat*, made at the discretion of the giver. Every Moslem is enjoined, in one way or the other, to dispense a tenth part of his revenue in relief of the indigent and distressed. I need hardly add here, to the credit of the Moslem, that he makes no display in religion, the principles of his belief rule his conduct, and being a predestinarian he refers everything to a higher power than that of man. In this

respect, viz., practising what he unostentatiously believes, he certainly stands superior to the Christian.

But to the pilgrimage! Every true believer, who is a free person, of mature age, of sound intellect, and who has health and wealth enough to bear the fatigues of the journey, and the expenses thereof, is bound to make one pilgrimage to Mecca in the course of his life, either personally or by proxy. In the latter case, his name must be mentioned in every prayer offered up by his substitute. Mecca is the basis of Islamism! Mahomed said, that one prayer in Mecca is worth a hundred thousand prayers elsewhere; one day of fast there, the fast of a hundred thousand days in any other place; and one good action done there, is worth a hundred thousand good deeds performed out of it. It is said, that the Lord looks down every night on the earth; that the first town that He sees is Mecca; those whom He sees first are the men who pray and kneel, or who perform the *Toaf*. One hundred and twenty mercies descend daily from heaven on Mecca: sixty for those who perform the *Toaf*, forty for those who fast, and twenty for the lookers-on.

Having laid in his store of provisions, which is to last him as far as Mecca, and provided for his family in the interval of his absence, the Moslem pilgrim commends himself and his undertaking to God, Almighty, All-wise, All-merciful, and sets forth on his pilgrimage. The departure of the "Mecca caravan" is always calculated so as to ensure an arrival at Mecca at the beginning of the pilgrim month of Del Hajji. On starting, the pilgrim engages himself to observe the following laws: To commence no quarrel, to bear meekly all harshness and reviling, to promote peace and good-will among his

companions in the caravan, and to be liberal in his donations and charities throughout his pilgrimage.

A couple of days before reaching Mecca, the pilgrim washes himself in the same water in which the prophet bathed; and having pared his nails and removed all hair from his head, save that of the head in women and the beard in men, assumes the *ihram*, or pilgrim garb, which is formed of two scarfs without seams. One of these is folded round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders, leaving the right arm free; the head is uncovered. It is said, that when Adam visited the Kaaba he was thus dressed. The pilgrim now enters El Haram, a circle of two days' march from Mecca on every side, and so called, because it is forbidden to enter it without having gone through the above regulations. I will not follow the Mahomedan pilgrim any longer; sufficient for me to say that he joins the *Toaf* in their visits to the Kaaba, which are three, viz., the visit of arrival, the visit of inundation, and the farewell visit; repairs to the *Mekam Sidna Ibrahim* (a monument dedicated to Abraham), where he offers a prayer; and then proceeds to the well Zem-zem, and drinks as much water as he can swallow.

This well (Zem-zem) is said to be the identical well from which Hagar and Ishmael satisfied their thirst, when turned out from Abraham's household.

The pilgrim then proceeds to the hill Safa, after which he commences the holy march called the Saiey. This lies through a straight and level street, called El Messâa, six hundred paces in length, lined with shops like a bazaar, and terminating at a place called Meronah. This march is to commemorate the wanderings of Hagar in search of water. The pilgrim, therefore, walks at times slowly, with an inquisitive air, then runs, and again walks

gravely. Seven times he marches up and down this street, then enters a barber's shop at Meronah. The hair of his head, and the nails of his hands and feet, which by this time have grown long (for it must be remembered that he has not touched them since first he put his foot in El Haram), are now shaved and pared amid the prayers of the barber. The paring and shaving are now buried in the ground.

On the ninth of the month Del Hajji, the pilgrims visit Mount Arafat, a day's walk from Mecca, and which they reach at sunset, chanting all the while "Lord! Lord! Thou hast no equal; Lord! Lord! mercies and commands belong to Thee; Thou hast no associate." They spend the night at an oratory called Mozdalifa; and by day-break next morning repair to the valley of Mina, where it is said Adam wished to meet Eve, and where Abraham (according to their story) prayed to God that he might not be obliged to sacrifice his son. They then proceed to Hamira, and pray there; and the essential duties of a Mecca pilgrimage are fulfilled.

I have entered so largely into the history of this pilgrimage, in order to give the reader an idea of the different shrines of worship in the East, and the way the various denominations manage such things. I have not, however, entered upon the many legends and extravagant stories here related to the pious pilgrim, many of which might be safely consigned to the waste-paper basket, because such is not the object of this chapter. Return we to the mosque of Omar.

But, before I do so, I would first wish to complete the account of Eastern pilgrimages. The Moslem thinks it a virtue to pray at the Sukhra, but a pilgrimage to it is not enjoined. Nor do the Christians actually enjoin

pilgrimages to the Holy City. The duty, however, is practically the same, viz., to obtain forgiveness for sins; and in some way to recommend themselves to God.

“When a member of the Greek Church,” said Mr. Ewald, for a long time missionary to the Jews at Jerusalem, “resolves to obtain a pilgrimage to the Holy City, he is conducted to the church of the place where he lives; the priest prays over him, and recommends him to God and all the saints. Many people of the town who cannot go give the pilgrim-money to the convents or churches at Jerusalem; others send rich and handsome presents to the holy places. It thus happens, that one person frequently represents ten or a dozen others. On the arrival of the pilgrim at Jaffa, he is immediately conducted into the Greek convent, where he remains till the next day. For his entertainment, he is obliged to pay twenty-six piastres. The convent also provides, at a fixed price, horses and camels for the pilgrims, to bring them on their way to Jerusalem. They stop again at the convent at Ramleh, where each pilgrim has to pay thirteen piastres. The following day, they proceed to Jerusalem. On their arrival at the Holy City, they proceed to their convent, and receive some refreshments; after which their names are entered in a book. This over, they are conducted to the church, which is within the walls of the convent, where service is performed; after which a deacon washes the pilgrim’s feet. This ceremony having been gone through, they are brought into a room, where they pass the first night.

“On the following morning, a deacon leads them up into the divan, or large room, where the seven Greek bishops residing in Jerusalem are assembled, before whom each pilgrim appears, one at a time. He is then asked

on how many persons' behalf he makes the pilgrimage; how many members of his own family are alive, and how many are dead. The pilgrim, having answered all these questions, has to pay 100 piastres for each member of his family who is living, and fifty for each that has died. This is the minimum. Rich people pay more. The pilgrim then has a ticket given him for each member of his family, and is allowed to depart. Outside, another deacon receives the tickets, together with twenty-one piastres from each pilgrim, which gives him permission to visit the Jordan. The same evening the pilgrim is conducted into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and all the places within it are shown to him. His name is again entered into a book, for which he pays twenty-five piastres, and remains then one night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is considered very meritorious.

“The pilgrim, having stayed three days in the Greek convent, must now leave it; but a lodging is provided for him near the convent, for which he has to pay according to his means and state of the apartments. The Greek Convent possesses several houses here, which are used for this purpose. On the fifth day after the pilgrim's arrival, he is taken to Gethsemane, and into the church of the Virgin Mary, which is situated in that vicinity. Here he must pay twenty-five piastres. Afterwards he is, in his turn, conducted to all the Greek convents and churches in the environs of Jerusalem, to Bethlehem, Mar Elias, Mar Saba, the convents of the Cross, and of St. John; and at each place he is expected to pay a sum of not less than twenty-five piastres. Sometimes the pilgrim refuses to pay: the church is then locked upon him, and he is not permitted to leave

it until he has paid. If he tries to get off by saying that his purse is exhausted, he is asked why he came to Jerusalem if he had no money. When the pilgrim has visited all the Greek churches and convents, and contributed to each its due, he is allowed to spend his time as he pleases."

A word here of the Greek Church, of whose tenets I have not yet spoken; and, as they form a numerous body in Syria, this work would be incomplete without giving the reader a sketch of their dogmas and liturgy. They are the most interesting at this present moment, because the sympathies of the majority of this Church are with Russia. And, though I cannot honestly attribute the present war to them so much as to Rome; yet it must be confessed that they had a great hand in fanning the blaze of dispute between Russia and Turkey.

The doctrines of the Oriental Church were first distinctly defined and published by Peter Mogislaus, a bishop of Kief, in a provincial council held in that city. The Scriptures, as explained by the first seven general councils, were made the foundation of faith. This was adopted by Parthenius, patriarch of Constantinople, in 1643, as the doctrine of the Greek Church. One of their leading dogmas is in maintaining that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father *only*, and that the Latins *interpolated* the words *Filioque* in the symbol of Constantinople. They further differ from the Latins in the use of unleavened bread, or wafer in the eucharist. The Greek Church uses leavened bread, as in the Reformed Churches, and dispenses the elements in both kinds to the laity. They do not believe in the ceremony of the elevation of the Host, or in the intermediate state of the soul in purgatory; nor do they allow works of

supererogation, or grant indulgences or dispensations. They believe the soul to lie in a quiescent state of undisturbed repose, and their prayers and offerings in the solemn service of the *Σπερνα*, in which prayers and oblations are offered for the dead, are not for the remission of their punishments there, but of their sins in this life. Their form of worship, and practices in the church, resemble very much those of the Latins.

Their hierarchy consists of Patriarchs, Bishops, Priests, Monks and Deacons. Besides this, there is a synod composed of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and metropolitans only, which possesses a kind of absolute ecclesiastical and temporal authority. This is the recognised organ of the Greek Church, and to it all the firmans of the Turkish government are directed. There are four Patriarchs in the Greek Church—at Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The Greeks do not hold the baptism of any other Christian priest to be lawful. The secular clergy take wives once; and that must be before their ordination; in case his wife dies, the widowed priest is obliged to remain a widower. None of the regulars marry. Their liturgy comprises three formulæ—that of St. Chrysostom, used on ordinary occasions; that of St. Gregory, used every Wednesday and Friday in Lent; and that of St. Basil, on the first day of the year and Good Friday.

It is needless to enter upon the accumulation of trifling details and exterior observances in the worship of the Greek Church; sufficient for our object is the above sketch at present. I would only here remark, that there is a great rivalry between them and the other Churches, who take every opportunity of slandering each other; and were it not for the iron hand which keeps them all

down, I dare say they would tear one other to pieces; as it is, the hatred and rivalry of the Latin and Greek Churches have extended beyond their quarrels in Jerusalem, and caused a mighty conflagration in Europe. Such was the unhallowed discord of Christian bigotry, which often attended the services of the Passion Week, that it was deemed expedient and necessary by the authorities, to place Mahomedan janissaries at the door, and in all parts of the Church of the Sepulchre, with lash in hand, to check the rising passions of the various sects of Christians who profess to worship there! Well may the Christian heart sorrow at such scenes! Well may the Moslem scoff, and the infidel point the finger of scorn, at such Christianity as this! Herein, in the foolish exhibitions which disgrace the return of the principal festivals in the Holy Land, are the greatest obstacles to the propagation of true Christianity among the Jews and the Turks.

The streets of Jerusalem are daily getting more crowded, and the week before Easter they have reached their climax; you can hardly now squeeze your way through Christian-street; all the hotels and convents are crowded. Palm Sunday is a great day in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is the commencement of the above Jerusalem exhibition. I called there on my way to the Protestant church; the building was crowded with men carrying boughs of palm in their hand; I pushed in, and soon made my way to the door of the Sepulchre. Here a Greek priest met me, and seeing me without a palm, got me one. The scene within the church was really painful; every one who was not dumb was shrieking out in all the intonations of the human voice, "Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David!" but what

disgusted me most, was their frivolity and looseness of behaviour. I soon retired to the quieter and more genial services of my own church, where I heard an excellent sermon from Bishop Gobat. The text was a portion of our Lord's prayer—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The following day the pilgrims all went to the Jordan and returned to Jerusalem on Wednesday, as has already been described in the preceding chapter.

On Thursday afternoon, I repaired to the Church of the Sepulchre; and there learnt, that shortly before I came in, the bishops had been washing the feet of their priests, in commemoration of that event in our Saviour's history, when He washed the feet of the disciples.

But the climax of the pilgrimage was reserved for Friday; the scene that then presented itself in that church was one which would not be witnessed even in Bedlam; it was indeed a Babel of Bedlams. From early morn, a host of vagabonds from all the country round Jerusalem were running about in the church; now emerging from among the columns which supported the Rotunda, and now chasing each other round the marble house, wherein once the Saviour of mankind is reputed to have been laid, yelling, shouting, and screaming with all their might; their gesticulations of fury and frenzy beat any thing that I have ever yet seen; such an assemblage of worse or more unholy passions could never have been exhibited elsewhere. The reverential awe which had first strongly impressed the traveller now speedily wears off; and he may well question himself whether he stands in a Christian Church.

And what, ask you, means all this? It is to represent the mob which would crucify our Saviour, eighteen hun-

dred years ago: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Surely, for fury and frenzy, the representation of that scene many hundred years afterwards, thought I, exceeds the original. It was horrible; the scene enacted here would outstrip any extravagances of a pack of maniacs! This deafening scene was succeeded at night by a most blasphemous farce; viz., the passion and crucifixion of Jesus.

As soon as it was dark, the monks assembled together in the Latin Chapel, called that of the Apparition, where Jesus appeared unto Mary after His resurrection. From this place, they were to commence their march towards Calvary. A large cross, bearing the image of our Lord, as large as life, fastened with nails, crowned with thorns, besmeared with blood, and so exquisitely formed as to represent in a lively manner the lamentable spectacle of our Saviour's body as it hung on the cross, was borne foremost, amid the jeers of the vagabond crowd; who were still running, and yelling "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" I must confess, that I shuddered at a sight so blasphemous, and would gladly have made my exit could I have found passage; but such was out of the question; as the church was crowded. I therefore had to stand where I was, and witness a scene truly diabolical.

Before starting from the Church of the Apparition, a monk preached a sermon in Italian; and then the procession moved on till they came to the door of the chapel, where they show the pillar of the flagellation, or where our Saviour was scourged; here they stopped, while another friar gave us a sermon in Spanish. At the altar — where it is said the soldiers divided our Saviour's clothes among them — the procession stopped again; and

another friar regaled us with another sermon in French. As the procession was about to ascend Calvary, they stopped again; and added another sermon in English. On Calvary they actually crucified our Saviour, amid the intonations of a Latin sermon preached by another friar. This sermon being over, two ruffianly-looking friars, representing Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, now approached the Cross, drew out the nails, and then bent down the body, as is usual in a corpse; the effigy being very pliable. Winding a white sheet round the ghastly corpse, they carried it down to the stone of unction, at the foot of Calvary, and there they washed and anointed it. I could not help gazing at the body as it was unwound from the white habiliments of death; and O how ghastly it appeared in the dim obscurity of the uncertain light; I felt chilled, as if in the presence of death; and not all the noise in the building, or the intonations of an Arabic sermon preached here, could draw off my attention from the ghastly effigy; the limbs were stiff and rigid; the eyes and mouth partially open; the blood dried on its cheeks, hands, side and feet, and the whole aspect of the countenance was that of death. Having anointed the body by throwing some spices over it, they then wrapped it in the winding-sheet, and carried it off to the sepulchre where they laid it, and then closed the door. The ceremony did not end till about three the next morning. Tired and wearied, I went away; leaving the mob there in the midst of clamour and confusion. When I left, they were going through the most antic tricks and postures; they were jumping over each other's shoulders; dragging each other along; yelling and whooping in the most rude and extravagant manner. I know of nothing to compare to it.

This I must say was Latin work; for the Greeks and Armenians was reserved, something scarcely less obnoxious. This was no less than drawing the holy fire from the grave of our Saviour as a counterfeit of the Holy Ghost, when poured on the apostles. This took place at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

The Greeks first set out in a procession round the Holy Sepulchre, and were immediately followed by the Armenians; thrice they encompassed it; and then the "*Bishop of the Light*," a suffragan of the Greek church, entered the sepulchre. I did not see whether an Armenian bishop entered with him or not; one thing I know, that the door was immediately closed, and every light in the church was put out. A very short time elapsed, when a priest, having received something, ran with it to the Greek church, immediately opposite to the sepulchre; and then striking his hands together, displayed a glass-case (or it may have been something else, I could not well recognise it) containing light. "*This is the Holy Fire*," he said; but long before he had uttered his words, the people had crushed around him to light their candles; after which, they applied it to their bosoms, heads, and beards; it was instantaneous work; for, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole church, galleries, and every place, seemed instantly to be in a flame; and with this ended the miracle.

I now left the Church of the Sepulchre, and returned to it no more, save once before my final departure from the Holy City. I understand that on that evening they had another long mass; which they ended in the grey dawn next morning.

I have already referred, in a previous chapter, to the

Duke and Duchess de Brabant, who were daily expected to arrive in the Holy land; preparations had been made to receive them at Jaffa, on the way, and everywhere they were likely to visit. The day of their arrival at Jerusalem was not definitively fixed; one thing was known, that they were expected to be in the Holy City at Easter. His high name, and the destiny which awaited him as the heir of the throne of Belgium, created a great sensation in the country; and every one was on tip-toe expectation to hear of his arrival, and to witness his reception in Jerusalem.

At last the news came that he had landed at Jaffa with a numerous suite, and had proceeded on his way to Jerusalem, and would arrive there on Friday the 30th of March. Now Friday was the sabbath of the Mahomedans, and on which it has been a custom ever since the Holy City fell into the hands of the Moslems, to shut its gates during the mid-day prayer. It would be folly to suppose that neither he nor those who had the care of the arrangements of his entry to Jerusalem, knew this fact; but, nevertheless, he persisted in arriving on that day, much to the horror of pious Moslems.

Never, perhaps, did a day dawn more gloriously on Jerusalem than did the morning of his arrival;—it was a pleasant day throughout—and, perhaps, never since the anointing of Solomon, king of Israel, did the valley of Gihon appear to such advantage—the whole valley was full of men and women, waiting to catch a glimpse of the heir-apparent to the throne of Belgium. A little beyond the upper pool of Gihon, the Pasha had pitched him a pavilion, for the first reception of the duke and the duchess; the whole of the Jaffa plain; the brow of Zion, and the walls of the city were literally crowded with

people. Such a sight had not for a long time visited the hapless Jerusalem—the artizan left his shop; the butcher his meat; and the *cafedgi* his coffee—all bent on one thing, to see the Duke de Brabant. The various consuls with their *cavasses* and *dragomans* had already gone forth to meet him, and escort him to the Holy City. Jerusalem was in a wild paroxysm of excitement.

At twelve o'clock *precisely* (the hour of mid-day prayer) he entered the gates of Jerusalem under a salute of twenty-one guns. I was standing in the window of Mr. B——'s banking-rooms, and had a full view of the noble party, and of the whole proceeding; the Duke appeared to me quite young; the Duchess appeared older; he was dressed in a military uniform. At the gate they were met by the clergy, who came dressed in all their canonicals, and carrying crucifixes in their hands. Here they stopped, and the Duke, uncovering his head, was blessed by the Patriarch! What a sight for Mahomedans! But this was not all.

The blessing being over, the party now formed themselves. In front of all walked the pasha; after him came a host of government and consular *cavasses*, then a choir of boys dressed in white surplices, carrying crucifixes and candles in their hands; after them came a lot of monks, dressed in glittering robes, who chanted the *Te Deum*; the duke and his lady followed; then the various consuls; then their *dragomans*; then the suite of the duke, and, last of all, the populace. In this style they marched to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, guarded on both sides by a body of soldiers. At the church he attended service; and then, in like manner as before, was led to his lodgings at the house of the Austrian consul. Such a sight it may truly be said had never

been witnessed in Jerusalem since the Turks became its masters. Such a triumphant Christian entry trampling upon the prejudices of its masters, would have done credit to the time when the Holy City was first taken by the Crusaders.

But Mahomedan concession, thanks to the policy of an enlightened pasha went even further. The gates of the Mosque of Omar, which have hitherto, with a few exceptions, been for centuries closely shut against the Christians were thrown open to him; and, as a compliment to him, the various consuls were also invited, and sundry other persons, among whom was the author. This memorable event occurred on Saturday afternoon, the 7th of April, immediately after the miracle wrought by the Greeks in drawing the holy fire!

The rendezvous for the forming of the party previous to entering the Mosque was at the Pasha's house. There we met at four o'clock of the said Saturday afternoon, and there the tickets of entry were given to us: these were blank slips of paper, on which the Pasha's seal was stamped. I subsequently learnt, that the number of tickets granted were about one hundred and fifty. These were given to the Duke and his suite; Lord and Lady Napier, of the British Legation at Constantinople; the Lord Bishop of the Anglican Church, his lady, and some of the members of the Jewish Mission; the various consuls; several travellers, and a few natives in the employ of the above-mentioned personages.

The Pasha having taken the precaution to withdraw all the worshippers from the Mosque, and post various bands of soldiers all round the building for fear of an outbreak on the part of the Moslems, the invited train started from the palace a little after four, and entered the

sacred enclosure of Haram-esh-Shareef (the noble Sanctuary) by a low arched way, leading from the inner door of the Governor's palace, and bearing north-west of the mosque.

We entered, and were ushered into the area enclosing the sacred buildings, which was covered in some places (especially between the two mosques, and also to the eastward of them) with a sward of green grass, among which was planted a thinly-scattered grove of olive and cypress trees. The most of the area, however, is covered with white slabs, some of them, far from being smooth, are irregular and uneven. The northern extremity of this area was bounded by the Governor's house and other buildings: its eastern and southern boundaries are formed by the walls of the city; whilst the Mehkemé already referred to in my notices of Jerusalem, part of the Governor's palace, and other buildings, bound this vast area on the west.

We now struck diagonally across this area by a slight ascent towards the platform on which the Kubbat-es-Sukhra (or dome of the rock) is situated. On reaching the steps leading to it, we had to take off our shoes; those who were provided with slippers put them on, whilst others, among whom was my unfortunate self, had to go bare-footed. We gained the platform by a wide and spacious flight of twenty steps or so, and were ushered from under a lofty archway of three or four points to this upper platform. On it the Kubbat-es-Sukhra is situated. Neither trees nor grass are to be seen on this platform. The pavement is better than that of the area below. It is surrounded by eight entrances, of lofty and elegant archways, and which are thus divided. Two command the north entrance, and two

the southern; three are to be met with on the western border, whilst one is on the eastern. Along its north and western edges are some cupola-topped buildings of a small size, for the use of pilgrims. On the eastern side of the mosque, on this platform, is a neat building, of small dimensions, and comprised within two circles of six marble columns each, and topped by an elegant dome, the ceiling of which is mosaic. This we were told was David's judgment-seat. Immediately below this platform, to the east, the area, which is covered with green grass, slopes down precipitously to the wall.

We entered the Kubbat-es-Sukhra by its northern doorway, and were at once ushered into a circular building, covered with a high and magnificent dome. The entablature of the ceiling, which was exceedingly beautiful, was covered with Arabic sentences of elegant enrichment, one of which was to this effect, "The fear of God is the head of Wisdom." The building is a regular octagon, and, according to Arundale, who, with Catherwood and Bonomi, entered it in 1833, it measures "sixty-nine feet wide and forty-seven feet high on a side." The interior is supported by two rows of columns running round the Great Sukhra. This rock, which is perfectly natural, being only a portion of the calcareous rock on which the city is built, is encircled by the said columns, and is immediately under the great and high dome. An awning of silk, raised about twenty feet above it, covers it, and is surrounded by a stone wall of about five feet high. From over this wall we looked upon this famous rock, from which it is said the prophet of Islamism ascended to heaven; but I can't say that I discovered anything remarkable in its appearance. The upper surface is irregular, the same as when it was

broken from the quarry. It rises highest towards the south-west corner, and falls abruptly at the end where are the prints of the prophet's foot. At the south-west corner of the wall which encircles the rock is a small rock enclosed in a netting of wire. This, we were told, was the site of the presentation of *Isa* (the Mahomedan name of Jesus), to the Jewish doctors; and here the reader must be told, that the Mahomedans believe, in common with all topographers of the Holy City, this spot to be the site of Solomon's temple. I have also mentioned *Isa*, or Jesus; and here I would also remark, that the Mahomedans believe in Jesus as a prophet equal to Moses, but inferior to Mahomet; nay, more, they acknowledge the *Torat of Sidua Moosa* (the Bible), *Zboor Sidua Daood* (the Psalter of David) and *Injil Sidua Isa* (the Gospel of Jesus), as being inspired books, but prefer their Koran, which, according to their belief, was a book treasured up in the seventh heaven, and had existed there from all eternity, in which were written down all the decrees of God, and all events past, present, or to come. Transcripts from these tablets of the Divine Will were brought down to the lowest heavens by the angel Gabriel, and by him revealed to Mahomed from time to time, in portions adapted to some event or emergency. Being the direct word of God, they were all spoken in the first person. This is not the place to discuss the merits of this book, which forms the Moslem code of civil, penal, and religious law; but this much may be said for its author, that, notwithstanding all its errors and discrepancies, if we consider it as the work of an unlettered man, it remains a stupendous monument of solitary legislation.

Immediately near the caged rock of the Presentation,

I saw two or three stones cut in the shape of pattens; these are the foot-prints of Mahomet when he first alighted from El Burk, on the nocturnal visit to Jerusalem.

The Sukhra is held in the highest veneration by the Moslems. It is believed by them to have fallen from heaven on this very spot, and was employed as a seat by the prophets in olden times: no sooner, however, was the power of prophecy withdrawn, and the prophets persecuted and made to fly to other lands, than the stone is declared to have manifested the profoundest sympathy with their fate, and would have accompanied them in their flight, had not Gabriel interposed his authority and prevented the departure of the prophetic chair. He grasped it with his mighty hand, and nailed it to its rocky bed till the arrival of Mahomet on the nocturnal visit, who seated on El Burk (lightning), flew thither from Mecca, and, after having ascended into the seventh heaven, and offered his devotions to God, fixed the stone immovably in this holy site, around which the Caliph Omar erected his magnificent mosque.

Now that I had gazed on the Sukhra, the veil of mystery was dispelled, and I saw nothing in the whole place worth concealing; certainly the interior of the dome is beautiful, and the entablature is handsomely worked with glittering characters—but that is all. As for the Sukhra that is not worth looking at. I have heard Mahomedans say, that it stood suspended in the air; and I came prepared to see some magnetic influence, but that is all nonsense, it lies embedded in the ground. The Mahomedans have a tradition, however, that whoever asks God anything in this mosque, he is sure to have his wish granted; hence, they say, it is that no Christian is allowed to enter it, lest he should pray for the downfall

of Mahomedanism. The wall is divided into two parts; the upper division of it is graced by seven well-proportioned windows on each side, except where the porch rises high, on which side there are only six. Richardson, who, in 1818, was allowed a clandestine visit to this sanctuary as a reward for medical services, says that, "between the windows are piers faced with encaustic tiles about eight or nine inches square, painted with colors, white, yellow, green, and blue, but blue prevails throughout." The lower division is pannelled with long oblong slabs of white marble with a blue tinge.

Whilst we were gazing at these things a madman came yelping into the mosque, but was turned out by order of the Pasha. Madmen, in the East, instead of being secured, are considered by the Moslems as holy men, and are allowed to go loose. I have seen many of these mad dervishes, and they present a melancholy picture. They run about the streets naked, with the spittle foaming at their mouth and their eyes inflamed. The sight is enough to shock the decent feelings of any man, and yet the Mahomedan calls such men "holy." There is no accounting for taste; and it is in keeping with his barbarous ceremonies of the howling and dancing dervishes—a sight more barbarous than either can hardly be imagined. In those meetings, the dervishes gather together and howl and shout, and yell, and sway themselves, and jump, and groan, till they fall from sheer exhaustion.

Under the south-eastern corner of the Sukhra, and entered from without the first of columns, and gained by a flight of about ten steps, is a cavity to which we descended. This is a small room, apparently hewn out of the rock, and forms an irregular square of, I should think, fifteen feet surface, and seven or eight feet high.

Of course, I do not pretend to accuracy in measurements, as I had neither the means nor the time to do so; I give, therefore, the above as a rough guess. In descending the staircase, there is a slab of marble on your right, and another on your left: the one on your right is dedicated to Solomon, and is said to be his grave; the other is dedicated to David. In the northern corners of the room are two more, one dedicated to Gabriel, and the other to Elijah. A cavity in the western side of the room is dedicated to Abraham. On the eastern side of the room is a hole in the roof; here, it is said, Isa (Jesus) stood, and he being so tall his head reached the ceiling, and made a hole in it. In the centre of the floor is a well.

We now again ascended to the Mosque, and left it by its southern gate, and directed our attention to the visiting of the Mosque El Aksa, which stands directly south of the Kubbat Es Sukhra. Its appearance, from this platform, is exceedingly beautiful and imposing. The entrance to it is by a wide portico of seven arches, the centre one being the door of entrance. Excepting the road which led to it, the ground was covered with a carpet of green grass, and enlivened by a fountain which spouted its waters, and around which waved a few cypress trees.

Descending from the higher platform, we reached the grand area by a descent of twenty steps, as broad and as spacious as those already mentioned, and made the best of our way into the Mosque. Oh! thought I, if the Mahomedans were to see so many infidels in their sacred Haram Esh-Shareef, what would they say? "Ichabod! Ichabod!" would have been the burden of their song. It is even so.

The Mosque of El Aksa is the veritable Mosque of

Omar, and is said to be the Church of the Presentation, built by Justinian. It has all the appearance of a Christian church; at the upper end it has a nave very much resembling an altar. The building is supported by parallel rows of columns on each side of circular forms, and a parallel row of quadrangular columns which stand further back. It has a very high ceiling, which has the appearance of being flat, but really is not. It is in the shape of a ridge inclining both ways, and crossed underneath by large beams. Above the nave is a beautiful dome. It has also some beautiful windows of stained glass.

Now for the wonders. Fronting the door, we were shown a slab, which we were told was the tomb of the children of Aaron. Further on to the left, we were drawn to a recess where there was a *mihrab*. This, we were told, was the Judgment-seat of Solomon, and subsequently used as the praying-place of Zechariah and St. John the Baptist. Immediately to the left of the nave is the veritable *mihrab* where Omar prayed, to the right of which is a window overlooking the pool and village of Siloam. Crossing the nave, where there is also a *mihrab*, we were shown to the right of it an enclosure encompassed by an iron railing, which we entered, and saw in the wall another *mihrab*, the base of which had the impression of a small foot cut in the rock, and which we were told was the identical footprint of Isa, as he ascended into heaven. Not far from this, is where the Cadi prays; beyond that is a long piazza, to which we did not descend.

To the east of El Aksa are some buildings, into which we did not enter. Everywhere we were shown wells, which proves an abundance of water under the area of these premises; some of which, I was told, was brought from

the pools of Solomon. I am now satisfied, having seen this mysterious mosque. It stands on the site of Solomon's temple; but whether the temple covered all this area I cannot tell. The view looks eastward, to the Mount of Olives and the valley of Jehoshaphat. We were one hour in the premises, and were ushered out of it by another archway to the north-west. Here the Pasha most politely bowed us off.

And now one word to the future traveller: doubtless the Mosque of Omar will now be thrown open to the gaze of the curious. Should he find any discrepancies in this description of it, I would have him remember that this account was written from memory, as taking notes on the spot would have been an ungracious behaviour, but I have done my best in the way of a careful description.

The next day was Easter, and everything was lively; crowds of persons were seen running about the streets in their best habiliments, and with most cheerful countenance; as they met their acquaintances they embraced one another, saying, "Christ has risen."—"He has risen, indeed," is the response. This was the only salutation of the day. Joy and happiness beamed in their eyes. I did not go to the Church of the Sepulchre this morning; but I was told that the Latins had celebrated mass before the holy sepulchre, when the Father Guardian had a throne erected, and, being arrayed in his episcopal robes, with a mitre on his head, he gave the host to all that were disposed to receive it. There was no doubt about Fra Salvatore's joy. Lent was over, and he could enjoy good cheer once more—no wonder he was happy.

I betook me to our church this day on Mount Zion, and there attended a most interesting service; the communion was dispensed to about two hundred persons,

mainly foreigners. The church was crowded this day; but the most interesting part of the service was, when the communicants went up to the altar. There were people of many nations; and it was singular to hear the bishop address the communicants in their different languages as he gave them the elements of the sacrament. He would address one in German, another in Hebrew, another in English, another in Arabic, and so on.

This Protestant church is a nice and comfortable building, built in the Elizabethan style; adjoining to it is the English consul's house. I believe it was a law of Turkey, that Protestant churches must only be erected within the premises of a consulate. I think this law is exploded, but I am not sure. Near to the church are the rooms of the secretary of the Jewish Mission in Jerusalem, Mr. Graham; a gentleman of an exceedingly good nature, and obliging spirit. His rooms he had kindly placed, at the time of my visit, at the disposal of Lord and Lady Napier.

Easter over, the pilgrims began to disperse. For the first few days Jerusalem was in a hurry-scurry; a week after, and it had settled down to its old monotonous course; the streets became wretchedly deserted and silent. One pilgrim that I knew remained there; and he will remain there till the archangel's trumpet shall make the earth give up its dead. The poor fellow was a Neapolitan; he had come to worship at the sepulchre of our Saviour, he did so, and returned to the Casa Nuova to take to his bed; a fortnight afterwards he breathed his last. I saw him the morning after his death; he was laid on the floor, no one knew anything about his history. He was buried on Mount Zion, in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

Anathoth—Gibeah—Michmas—Ai—Bethel—Beeroth—Interest excited—Ain Karim—Upper and Lower Beth Horon—Gibeon—Nebi Samwil—Ain Yalo—Convent of St. Saba—Bethlehem—Rachel's Tomb—The Grotto of the Nativity—Pleasing Impressions—Controversy—The Convent—Birth of Christ—Interest attached to Bethlehem—Urtas—Etam—Pools of Solomon—His Resources and Knowledge—Fountain of Simeon—Battle between Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Salah-ed-Dein—Wady Es Samt, the Valley of Elah—An Adventure—Reception at Ajlan—A Night in the Brook where David picked the Five Stones with which he slew Goliath—Cave of Adullam—Plain of Mamre—Venerable Tree—Its Interest—Finding a Portion of our Party—Hebron—The Pool—Glass Manufactory—The Mosque—A Court of Justice in Hebron—A Scene—An Englishman's Word—Wilderness of Ziph—Engedi—Return to Jerusalem—Mr. Giesler.

THE traveller who spends three or four weeks in Jerusalem, will find his time well taken up by walks within and without the city, or making horseback excursions in its vicinity. He need not stay one single night out of the holy city. Mounting his horse any morning after breakfast, he can visit many sites of deep interest in the day, and return home in time for dinner.

These rides derive their peculiar interest not so much from any grand scenery that the traveller is likely to meet

with; indeed, like Jerusalem, their chief interest lies a great deal in their desolation and their associations. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grotto announces a prediction; every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. And as you slowly travel over Judea, gazing on the stunted shrubs which vegetate with difficulty upon this apparently inanimate tract, the heart grows sad; a profound awe fills you as you gaze on the monuments of the Almighty's displeasure—rivers dried up, rocks rent, and the desert mute with terror; and, in the words of an eloquent author, "one would imagine that they had never presumed to interrupt the silence imposed upon them by the awful voice of the *Eternal*."

One of the earliest rides I took in the environs of Jerusalem was to *Wady Es Swainit*, the passage of Michmas, where Jonathan, the son of Saul, performed his adventurous exploit, which proved so disastrous to the garrison of the Philistines. It is situated about two hours and a half's ride from Jerusalem, in a northerly direction.

After leaving the Damascus gate, the traveller leaves on his right the grotto of Jeremiah; shortly afterwards he leaves on his left the tombs of the Judges, and the Scopus, where Titus encamped against Jerusalem. Here the traveller leaves the Nabloos road, and turns a little to the right; half an hour afterwards he crosses Wady Es Sleem, a small valley; and, in an hour from leaving Jerusalem, he reaches the small village of Anata, the ancient Anathoth, once a city of refuge, where the prophet Jeremiah was born and resided. Whatever may have been its former grandeur, Anata now presents a succession of dirty miserable hovels, occupying a ridge of hills, whose only recommendation is the view eastward.

Leaving Anathoth, the traveller makes his way over a broken part of the country; and after crossing Wady Es Silam and Wady Fara, he finds himself, after another hour's ride, at the small village of J'baa, the ancient Gibeah of Benjamin. It is not of much account at present, and, save its connection with Biblical history, it would hardly repay a visit. Here Saul was born, and here he resided after he became king; and here it was that the Gibeonites hanged his seven descendants.

The great point of attraction here is the valley running almost beneath it, and dividing it from the equally miserable village of Mukhmas, the ancient Michmas, where the Philistines were garrisoned in array against Saul. The names of J'baa and Mukhmas, so near the original, and the wady dividing them, leaves no doubt of the Scriptural identity of the places mentioned. The wady is in reality nothing more than a division of two high rocks; and, in my opinion, answers well for the description given in the Scripture narrative of the rocks Bozez and Seneh. Standing in the wady, and gazing on its steep and precipitous sides, I could easily imagine that, in former days, it would be used as a formidable pass, wherein to oppose the progress of a military body. It was, perhaps, for this reason, that Michmas was chosen for the residence of Jonathan Maccabeus.

On the opposite hill is Mukhmas, a small and now almost desolate village. Some foundations are to be met here, but that is all; and yonder few wretched dwellings are all that now represent the strong garrison of the Philistines.

A little farther north, the traveller comes upon the remains of some cisterns and ancient foundations; these

Dr. Robinson is inclined to believe mark the site of the ill-fated city of Ai, memorable in the conquests of Joshua. The Wady-el-Mutaya is to the north of it, whilst to the south-west are several smaller valleys. In some of the latter, Dr. Robinson is inclined to think that the ambuscade of Joshua's army was concealed. The history of this siege is rendered interesting by the military manœuvre of Joshua—the false attack, the drawing away of the men of Ai, and then the sacking of the city by the party in ambush, shows that the principles of war at that early day were well understood by the Israelites. The only melancholy portion of this siege is the sin of Achan, which was visited on the whole of the Jewish camp. “There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.”

Turning to the north-west, the traveller reaches Beitin, the ancient Bethel. The distance from Ai is about three quarters of an hour. Here Jacob enjoyed his vision of heavenly things, and had his stony couch made easy by the beautiful picture of ministering angels ascending and descending from the presence of Jehovah. Like all the other villages in this neighbourhood Beitin is small and dirty. Its more ancient name was Luz.

The traveller is now again on the high road from Nabloos to Jerusalem; and in retracing his steps to the holy city he passes through Biré, the ancient Beeroth, a city of the Gibeonites. I have already referred to this place in former pages, as the spot where Mary bewailed the absence of her son, who had tarried behind in Jerusalem to commune with the Doctors in the Temple.

A couple of hours' ride the traveller finds himself

once more in the holy city. His day's ride, if it lay not amid picturesque scenery, is certainly replete with interest. It is hard to conceive, that where now exist only wretched hovels, inhabited by ignorant *Fellahs* (i. e. peasantry), proud cities and strong garrisons once nobly reared up their heads. Royalty resided there; and amid their valleys daring acts of courage and military skill were enacted. But such is the case! And the mind of the Christian traveller goes back to those days; and by the help of his Bible he pictures to himself the scripture narratives connected with these localities—Joshua—Saul—Jonathan—Jacob—Mary—and the youthful JESUS—all come before his mind, and fill his heart with interest. He goes back home filled with these associations, his Bible becomes a more interesting work to him now. He has visited the localities mentioned in it; his mind has become familiar with the scenes of which he had read in his Sabbath-school, or had studied vaguely in his manhood. They now take a strong hold of his heart, and the interest here inspired never leaves him. It is this which makes a tour in the Holy Land the most interesting of any in the world.

An afternoon might be properly spent in a ride to the village of Ain Karim, where tradition alleges that St. John the Baptist was born. It is situated at the distance of a little better than an hour's ride due west from Jerusalem. The way to it passes the upper pool of Gihon. On the road is the Greek Convent of the Cross. The house wherein St. John was born is now the site of a Roman Catholic convent. Under the altar of the chapel of the convent, the traveller sees a slab of marble bearing this inscription:—

“Hic precursor Domini Christi natus est.”

Here the forerunner of Christ the Lord was born.

The village is larger than any mentioned in this chapter, and is inhabited by Christians and Moslems. Hither it is said the Virgin came to visit her cousin Elizabeth; and here, it is further added, Elizabeth died and was buried.

Five hours' ride, north-west of Jerusalem, are the villages of the Upper and Lower Beth Horon, whither the five kings of the Amorites were driven by Joshua on that memorable day when the sun stood still. The two villages now called Beir-Ur-el-Fowka, and Beit-Ur-el-Tahta, stand at a distance of a little better than a mile from each other. They are equal in size, and are mainly inhabited by Moslems. Between the two villages is a depression in the country, and to reach one from the other the traveller has to ascend and descend. This at present forms the camel road between Jerusalem and Jaffa. It is somewhat longer than the other road, but it is far the easiest.

About half-way to them from Jerusalem, is the village of El Jib, the ancient Gibeon, a great city, and much celebrated in the Old Testament. It was in the great battle with the five kings that “the sun stood still upon Gibeon.” Here, also, Solomon received the vision which left him the wisest of men. At present it is a small village standing on the summit of a hill. Some ruins are to be met with, as also the remains of an open reservoir, measuring about one hundred and twenty feet in length, by about one hundred in breadth. Perhaps, this is the pool mentioned in 2 Sam. ii. 13.

Proceeding to the above-mentioned places, the traveller sees on his left a conical hill topped by a small

village; its name is Nebi Samwil, a *wely* being here dedicated to Samuel. Some have supposed it to be Mizpeh, and others have thought it the Rama of Samuel. It is very prominent; being visible from every part of the country hereabouts, and stands about five miles from Jerusalem. Nor have there been wanting others who suppose it to be Shiloh, a city of Ephraim, where the tabernacle and the ark remained for a long time during the ministry of Eli, where Ahijah the prophet resided. This last supposition is unlikely, as Shiloh was north of Bethel, whereas Nebi Samwil is situated south-west of it.

About half an hour's ride, south of Ain Karim, is a *wely* dedicated to Philip; close to it is a fountain called Ain Yalo, where it is said the Evangelist baptized the Eunuch—treasurer of Candace, queen of Ethiopia. It is about an hour and a half's ride from Jerusalem; and is situated on the junction of Wady-el-Ward and Wady Ahmed.

Three hours' easy ride to the south-east of Jerusalem, is the dreary convent of Santa Saba, referred to in a former chapter. It is erected on the shoulder of a cliff overhanging the dry bed of the Kedron, and sinks to the depth of several hundred feet. The chapel forms the basement of a portion of the convent. From the top of the convent you see the sterile summits of the mountains around you. To the convent no ladies are admitted; but there is a tower adjoining, where they are hospitably accommodated. It is a Greek monastery; and, to secure reception in it, the traveller has to be provided with a letter of introduction to the superior. Once received into it, the traveller is treated with kindness and care. The scenery, as seen from here, is the dreariest that one can imagine. Immediately beneath you is the dry bed

of the Kedron; further on, and, indeed, all around you, is a succession of ridges running parallel with each other, without a break or an undulation. Not a single field of corn salutes your eye. A more dreary and barren picture I never looked upon. The road leading to the convent of Santa Saba, from Jerusalem, is out of St. Stephen's Gate, round the Mount of Olives, and by Wady-el-Rahab. Travellers are in the habit of passing a night at this convent, on their way to, or from the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The surrounding Arabs have often tried to rob this convent; but they have not, as yet, been able to scale its massive walls. The monks, however, live in constant dread of these Nomadic tribes. I never experienced such a feeling of solitude as when traversing the corridors of this establishment—a secret awe crept over me.

Scarcely has the traveller taken a hasty look at Jerusalem, when his eye turns with a longing desire to Bethlehem, to see the spot where the King of Glory, when He “took upon Himself to deliver man, did not abhor the Virgin's womb.” There never has been any dispute or doubt as to the site of that spot which was “not the least of the cities of Judah.” Its name still remains unaltered. And what it may have been at the time when “Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed there with Mary his espoused wife,” I am not able to tell. At present it is a large village, inhabited by Christians, beautifully located, and fair to look upon. Unlike the apathy which you meet in the villages of Palestine, the eye of the traveller here looks upon an air of thrift and enterprise; the people are cleanly, and well clad; the men have a very dignified look, and the women are peculiarly handsome; and, gazing upon

them, I was reminded of Boaz and Ruth. If they still possess the good qualities which characterised these their townsmen of olden times, I should say that they do not belie their looks.

Bethlehem stands at the distance of an hour and a half's ride south of Jerusalem. The way leading to it is out of the Jaffa Gate, immediately above the lower pool of Gihon. Crossing the ravine of that name, the traveller gallops over a level piece of land, leaving, on his right, the Plain of Rephaim. At about forty minutes ride from Jerusalem, he passes the Greek convent of St. Elias, a small monastery, and not of much note. Further on, to the right of the road, he reaches the Tomb of Rachel, in the identity of which all travellers seem to agree; and hence it may, in all probability, have been the true place of her interment. The tomb, in its present form, is quite a modern building, having been erected, in 1841, by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, favourably known for his liberality to his brethren in the East. It consists of two parts; one of which is properly the tomb, and is covered by a cupola; and another, which constitutes a hall or court of entrance. At a short distance from the tomb, in a south-westerly direction, is Bait Jala, where the Latins have just erected another convent.

The traveller now comes in sight of Bethlehem. It is beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking the plain where, 1800 years ago, the shepherds watched their flocks by night; and where the angel of the Lord appeared unto them, with the joyful tidings, that Christ was born in Bethlehem.

“Peace on earth, and mercy, mild;
God and sinners reconciled.”

And yonder is Bethlehem—David's town—where, on that day was born, of David's line, the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord—offspring of a virgin's womb!

“Was never wonder known, like this,
Since first the world began;
As that the Son of God should be
Of woman born, a man.

Had He not stooped so low as this,
And thus for us been born;
Woe unto us, lost men, our cause
Had truly been forlorn!”

As the traveller approaches Bethlehem, the picture becomes more lively; parterres of vineyards and fig plantations rise in terraces, one above the other. The only street of which Bethlehem boasts is well patronised. Here beads, crosses, and relics (manufactures of the inhabitants, which form the chief trade of the place), are sold at a great profit. During my last visit to it, this street was one continued buzz of human voices. As the convent of the Nativity is at the extremity of the street, the traveller has a great deal to do to get rid of the many vendors. Hardly has he got off from among one party when another one encompasses him. “Compra questo, Signore.” “This ver good.” “Buy one, sir?” and so on. On reaching the door of the convent, the poor pilgrim is fairly worn out with struggle.

The Latin Convent is reputed to stand on the site of the Nativity. This convent does not, however, belong exclusively to the Latins; it is shared by the Greeks and Armenians, who have their chapels and cells in it. On entering through its wicket gate, the traveller finds

himself in a spacious and handsome hall, supported by forty-four columns. The Greek Church is in the centre, whilst on either side, if I was told correctly, were the Latin and Armenian Churches. The grotto of the Nativity is beneath them; to reach which the traveller descends a spiral staircase. It is small and dimly lighted, and filled with the odour of incense. A multitude of costly lamps were suspended everywhere. Owing to the dim light in this grotto, I could not well see; the priest who accompanied me thrust a small taper into my hand. By its light, I soon perceived that this grotto was only a succession of caves. In one of them I was shown a star, inlaid in the floor, and this I was told was the place where the star alighted; on one side of it was an altar, richly hung over by silver lamps; this I was told was the spot where the manger lay, and where the infant JESUS first saw the light of day. I enquired for the manger and was told that Pope Sixtus V. had it carried to Rome; another spot was shown me where the wise men offered frankincense and myrrh to the Virgin Mary.

In an inner chamber; my cicerone showed me an altar reputed to have been the place where the innocents, after having been killed by order of Herod, were thrown; a picture representing the scene is suspended over it. Another chamber was shewn me; and in this I was told Joseph lodged whilst at the inn. Further in, I was shewn the graves of Eusebius and Jerome; and still further in, I was led into what my guide called the School of Jerome.

Whether these grottos and altars represent the sites of the places they profess to shew, I am not able to determine; but I must confess to a sense of awe and a feeling

of reverence possessing me, as I crept from before one altar to another. I was not so much engaged in thinking of the identity of the reputed sites, as of the narrative of my Saviour's birth. The King of Glory was born in a manger. He could have been born in a palace, but he chose the extreme of poverty, that the poorest of the poor may have courage to draw nigh unto Him! What love! Nor did I feel less interest in the fate of the poor innocents, who, for no other crime than being contemporaries of the Holy One, were put to death. Pagan Rome thought to kill Christianity in the cradle, and put out all its efforts to do so; but how signally they failed. The little stone thus contemned and opposed, has become a mountain; and its doctrines have gained ground on every hand, till now they are filling the universe. What would the Rome of our Saviour's days now say could she but gaze on the progress of Christianity, and the glory in which the name of the once humble Galilean is now esteemed in the world! Surely it is in vain any longer to argue the merits of a creed born in a manger, contemned by its own unto whom it came, no less than by the Romans and the Greeks, hated by the world, denied and forsaken by its friends, and at last ignominiously crucified between two malefactors; and yet, notwithstanding all that, it continued to rise up, till now it has entered the closets of royalty and is daily becoming the faith of the world! It were in vain to attempt comparing this grand event with the common revolutions which for a time have agitated our globe. There is something even in the progress of this belief which defies infidelity to the face. It was this feeling which possessed me here; and hence the awe which crept over me as I gazed on the

inscription "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*"

There has been much controversy respecting the claims of the spot to the nativity. I am inclined to believe that the convent now existing, stands on the site of the inn wherein our Saviour was born. But when we come to the question of the spots where such and such a thing occurred, I have no hesitation in rejecting the identity thereof. The Convent stands where I should suppose a village inn might once have existed, viz., on one side of the village. At Nazareth, the inn seems to have been at the extremity of the village. I could adduce many more proofs to show that the site of the inn of Bethlehem might have been where now the Convent rears its head. Of this I am convinced. Adrian, to desecrate the spot, raised here a statue to Adonis, which the Empress Helena destroyed, and on its ruins erected a monastery or chapel. Eusebius and Jerome lived here, believing that this was the site of the nativity. So much for the identity of the site of the inn; but is it not enough to know that this is Bethlehem, that, in this unpretending village, the Saviour of mankind was born to redeem fallen man?

Oh what a night that was, when, little better than eighteen hundred years ago, that plant was born here. Had an astronomer then gazed on the heavens, would he not have been attracted by the star which the wise men of the East beheld, and which they traced to Bethlehem? And what a night must that have been when the glory of the Lord shone around, when the heavens rejoiced, and the angelic host gave utterance to the good tidings of great joy, that this day was born in the city of David a Saviour. One born that man no more may die, but through Him have eternal life. The

angelic host rejoiced at the sacrifice which would give man a second birth. The good angels would not grudge us a place with them. No sooner did the Godhead appear in the flesh to effect our redemption, than like an electric touch they were filled with joy. Unable to restrain themselves they praised God for the deed which would make man '*at one*' with Him. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Oh that man would appreciate that sacrifice, when Christ laid His glory by, that He might give us light and life.

With whatever much matter of fact we now look on the Scripture narrative, which we have read from our youth up; the story has often been told us, and we cease to appreciate it; but cold must be the sensibilities, dead that heart, while standing on the spot where an event of such note occurred, if it does not inspire the pilgrim to join with the angelic throng in praising God for the gift of His Son. O Bethlehem, small as thou art, despised and scorned by proud kingdoms, whose wise men will not for a moment allow themselves to imagine, that any speculation or tenet arising from so ignoble a quarter, ought to have the slightest influence on their belief, or could affect in the most minute degree the general character of their social institutions; yet to the Christian heart thou wilt ever be dear and sacred, for the sake of Him who was born within thy gates, and whose doctrines, notwithstanding all the infidel blustering of the age, have had the most extraordinary influence on the events of the last eighteen hundred years. It is now too much an historical fact, that wherever the doctrines of Him who on that happy holy night was born at Bethlehem have gone, they have carried in their train happi-

ness, civilization, science, freedom, security, and all that makes the man. Christian reader! I will not apologise for the enthusiasm which now fills my heart, nor for intruding these feelings upon you—dead must be that heart which, standing in Bethlehem, does not feel them.

Half an hour's ride from Bethlehem, on the ridge of the hill, brings the traveller to Urtas, now better known under the name of the Meshullam Farm. It is a pretty valley, and looks well in spring. Here an American farming company were located for some time, but having quarreled with Meshullam, they have gone somewhere else. At the head of Wady Urtas, is supposed to have existed the rock Etam, to which Samson withdrew after smiting the Philistines. Dr. Robinson thinks that the ruined village of Urtas is the veritable Etam, which, on the authority of Josephus, we are informed was one of the favourite morning drives of the kingly Solomon. Some have supposed, that the Frank Mountain (close at hand) is the rock of Etam into which Samson withdrew. In the valley there are traces of ancient ruins, and also a fountain, sending forth a beautiful stream in the bottom of the valley. On the whole, the valley is well calculated by its beauty and fruitfulness, to be a sort of watering-place for Solomon.

A little westward of Urtas, are the pools of Solomon. On the way hither, the traveller sees part of the aqueduct, which in Solomon's days conducted the water to Jerusalem. The pools are three in number, lined with cement throughout. The two higher ones are terraced on the sides, with steps at intervals leading down into them. They are so disposed, that the water of the one may descend into the second, and that of the second into the third. They

have been measured by different travellers, so I need not do any more here than inform the reader that they are quadrangular in form, and about ninety paces broad. The lowest is the largest pool, and measures five hundred and eighty-two feet long. Immediately above the upper pool, and reached only by a hole ten feet long, is a chamber neatly arched, whence the spring rises which supplies the pools with water. On a hillock to the right of this chamber, is Kulat El Burak, a small fortress of Saracenic structure.

Two things struck me whilst gazing on these stupendous works; one was the immense resources of Solomon, for surely these pools must have cost a mint of money; and then when we think of his other works—the temple, the aqueduct, the wall of Jerusalem, which he re-built, his palaces, his various temples, and other works of art and taste; then think of his whole household expenses—of his harem, consisting of seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines, one would be inclined to ask where he got his money from. Surely Syria must have at one time afforded great materials for wealth, otherwise it would afford matter of speculation for the curious, whence came he by his overwhelming riches—his vast revenue.

Another thing that struck me, was the solidity of everything. Everything he did was on a grand scale, and clearly shows that the knowledge of hydraulics seems to have been well known in his days, besides other sciences and arts, which are only now reviving in the nineteenth century. He seems to have been exceedingly refined in his manners, and his taste was of the best.

The traveller may here make the close of his day's

ride and return to Jerusalem; or he may continue with me whilst we proceed to Hebron, looking at everything on the way.

The direct road to Hebron is by Gedor and Halhul, both mentioned by Joshua. The only point of interest in the way is "Ain Simi'in" (the fountain of Simeon), in a plain, in front of which Richard Cœur de Lion cut his way to the coast, through the Sarcenic army under the Sultan Saladin, who by forced marches had placed himself between Askalon and Richard (who was then advancing from that place on Jerusalem), and threatened to cut off the supplies of the English monarch. The road also is rugged and dreary. If the traveller does not mind going a little out of the way, he will find much to interest him by going through Beit Jibrin, a tour which I took in the year 1843.

Nearly a couple of hours' ride westward from the pools of Solomon, the traveller reaches the village of *Shwaiké*, the ancient Shochoh, near which the Philistines pitched in array against Israel. It is situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking Wady Es Sumt, the supposed valley of Elah, where the stripling David met and fought with the giant Goliath. For a long time Wady Beit Hanina, to the northward, was supposed to be the scene of that action; but this idea has been corrected by recent travellers. Wady Es Sumt is such a valley where one would suppose such a scene occurred. It is bound by mountains on both sides—"And the Philistines stood on a mountain on one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them." In the valley is a dry brook, from which the shepherd-boy—the future king—the slayer of the lion and the bear—took five stones, wherewith he slew the uncircumcised Phi-

listine. Circumstances obliged me to sleep in it one night.

We were then on a visit of exploration, and that day intended sleeping at Hebron. Late in the afternoon we passed a moderate-sized village, wherein were many ruins. It was called Beit Jibrin; doubtless, the ancient Beth Gabra, and thought by some, also, to be Eleuthropolis. It is about four hours' ride E.N.E. from Hebron. This place is not mentioned in the Scriptures; but, apparently, it was a great city in the days of Eusebius and Jerome, who assumed it as a point whence to estimate the distances and positions of other cities in Southern Palestine.

In the excitement of the day, we lost all sense of fatigue; but as the evening began to gather its shades around us, we strained our eyes for a first view of Hebron; but as we did not see it, we began to feel weary of the saddle . . . On we pushed, but no Hebron still; and to increase our difficulties, the darkness had set in, and we lost our road . . . In vain we applied to the Mukaris; we scolded; but all to no effect: we had wandered from our track, and they knew not how to regain the old road unless we returned to Wady Es Sumt. This was now out of the question, being four hours' distant from it; so we had nothing for it save to push on in the path we were now pursuing, hoping it would bring us to some village or other, where we might pass the night.

Nor were we disappointed. At eight o'clock, we heard the barking of dogs, a sure sign in the East that we were in the neighbourhood of a village or a Bedouin encampment. We did not care which it would be, but made the best of our way towards it. Soon the lights

of the houses appeared one after the other; and in a few minutes more we found ourselves in the village of Ajlan, perhaps the ancient Eglon.

Ancient or modern, was then a matter of little importance. We had hardly entered the village when we got surrounded by a host of men, women, children, and dogs. We asked to be allowed to pass the night here, but they declared they would not have us, threatening to smash our heads if we dismounted from our horses; and suiting their actions to their words, they brandished their clubs in the air. The women vociferated, the children screamed, and the dogs kept up a continual roar of barking. We asked for the nearest place: they cursed us.

But now fear had taken the place of fatigue, and we dared not trust our lives here; so we turned the heads of our horses and galloped off. Whither we went I am sure I do not know. I asked one of our party, who was likely to know, but he growled "Silence"; in fact, I soon made out that we were in danger. So in silence, weary with the long ride, and stiffened with the night dew, we hastily pursued the path before us; and a little after twelve, found ourselves in the valley of Elah. Silently and cautiously we made our way to the brook, into which we descended, horses, mules, and all.

Without pitching our tents, or lighting a fire—without eating a morsel of food, or undressing—we laid us down to sleep, our couch the hard stony bed of the brook—the identical brook from which David took the stones with which he slew Goliath of Gath. Some of the party took turns in sleeping and in watching till daylight. As for me, being only a stripling, I was allowed to sleep undisturbed.

And notwithstanding my hard bed, my hungry con-

dition, or the dew of heaven, which was falling on me uncovered by any blanket—not even a cloak had I—I slept well and sweetly, and dreamt—but O why shall I speak of my dreams? One thing I remember, that they were rudely put an end to by D—, who shook me most unmercifully.

“What in the name of common sense do you want?” said I. “Can’t you let a fellow sleep?”

“Up, up!” said he. “We are off.”

I opened my eyes, and sure enough I saw our party in the act of mounting their horses. It was not long before I was in the saddle. Stiff, hungry, and half frozen, we stealthily moved off; and after divers adventures, which it would be needless to detail here, we reached Hebron early in the afternoon. Thus ended our adventure in the brook.

And having mentioned this adventure, I will close this chapter by giving the reader a narrative of a tour performed by myself and party in April, 1843; the more so, as it will take in all the places, I intended to speak of in this chapter.

Not far from Wady Es Sumt is the reputed “*Cave Adullam*,” unto which David escaped when pursued by Saul, after having feigned madness before Achish king of Gath, who was so convinced of David’s madness, that he said unto his servants, “Lo, ye see the man is mad, wherefore then have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?” When David’s friends heard of his whereabouts, they went down thither to him, and shortly afterwards were followed by a large concourse of discontented people, who gathered them-

selves unto him, and declared him their captain. We intended visiting that cave, but the loss of our road, and other circumstances, prevented our doing so then, and, as I never had another opportunity of seeing the cave, I, therefore, never saw it, much to my regret.

About three miles before reaching Hebron, we passed the reputed plain of Mamre, where Abraham dwelt, and "built an altar unto the Lord." It is a richly cultivated plain, to the north of the city. On it, is a venerable evergreen oak, said by some to be that noble tree, beneath the shadow of which, Abraham ministered to the angels of the Lord, who appeared unto him "as he sat in the door of the tent in the heat of the day," where he entertained them, upon "the butter, the milk, and the calf, which he dressed and set before them; and he stood before them *under the tree*, and they did eat." It is not unlikely that the tree now standing there, enormous in size, and venerable with age, may be the same mentioned by Josephus, who, after informing us, that "Abraham dwelt near the oak called 'Oxyzes' . . . not far from the city of Hebron," goes on to tell us, that in his day there was shown, "at the distance of six furlongs from the city, a very large turpentine tree, and, the report goes, that this tree has continued ever since the creation of the world." Dr. Robinson, speaking of this tree, says, "Its branches extend from the trunk, in one direction, forty-nine feet, their whole diameter, in the same direction, being eighty-nine feet; and in the other, at right angles, eighty-three-and-a-half feet." Josephus must have made a mistake in calling it turpentine, as it is oak; indeed, of the specie he mentions, there grows not, at the present day, any around Hebron, and, as this is the only venerable tree in this plain, that would coin-

cide with his description, I, therefore, have no hesitation in believing it to be the same tree to which he refers.

But, besides that, it was interesting to stand on the plain where Abraham and his children dwelt after his kinsman Lot had taken for his portion, the cities of the plain of Jordan—where he spake with the Lord, and received the promise, that “in his seed should all the world be blessed”—where David tended his father’s sheep when he was chosen and anointed to reign over Judah, to bear her lion-standard against the enemies of the Lord, ere long to raise it, even within the gates of Jerusalem, over the fallen throne of Saul and of his sons.

Under the branches of the tree already mentioned, we saw a portion of our party whom we had lost on our *sortie* from Jerusalem. They having taken the direct road, had missed our adventure, and arrived here the night previously, where, instead of sleeping on the hard stones of the valley of Elah, with no sustenance, save the morning and evening dew, they had been luxuriating upon the rich divans of the chief Rabbi, carousing over chicken *pilau*, and Cyprian wine! And yet I envied them not their lot; as I would not have missed our adventure, and sleeping in that famed brook, for anything, and so thought they also. We rode on to Hebron together, and, whilst they repaired to their lodgings, we encamped on a small slope near the city.

Hebron, now called “El Khalil”—that is, Friend—by the natives, after Abraham, whom they call “the friend of God, is one of the four Jewish sacred cities. It was also called “Kirjath-arba,” the City of Arba, the father of Anak. It stands on two small eminences, rising out of the southern entrance of the vale of Mamre,

and is considerably removed from the usual track of pilgrims and tourists. An accident, or quarrel once excited the indignation of the inhabitants against Europeans, who, during a long course of time, were dissuaded by the monks at Jerusalem, from extending their researches beyond Bethlehem. Dr. Robinson estimates its population at about ten thousand, Lord Nugent thinks the number cannot exceed eight thousand, of which nearly two-thirds are Jews. The Mahomedan part of the town stands on the site of the ancient city of David, in the lower part of which is the pool still called after him as king of Israel, "BRICKET ES SULTAN," the King's Pool, where, in generous indignation at the murder of Ishbosheth, the son of his persecutor Saul, he hanged the bodies of Rechab and Baaneh. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of travellers, that this is the identical pool—its site, size, form of its construction, and the cement with which it is coated throughout, are in accordance with the story of its great antiquity. We visited and examined it the next day. The Jewish part of the town, which occupies the western side, is quite modern. As it may be expected, this quarter is exceedingly dirty and filthy, and we did not linger long in it, though some of our friends, as has already been mentioned, were guests of the chief Rabbi.

Hebron can boast of an abundance of provisions, a considerable number of shops, and a manufactory of glass. This last we visited; and saw a host of men almost in a state of nudity, sitting round a furnace blowing lamps and bottles. We saw them also manufacturing rings of coloured glass, and bracelets of the same; with which the arms and fingers of the females are ornamented. We bought some bottles; in order that on arriving at the

shores of the Dead Sea, we might be able to bear away some of its waters to satisfy the curiosity of friends.

A little to the north of the *King's Pool*, on the pinnacle of a gentle ascent of the town, stands the mosque, jealously guarded by the Turks, which covers the site of the cave of Machpelah, before Mamre; once the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar; and subsequently the burying-place of the Patriarchs. This was once a church; erected by the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is now a Mahomedan temple; prohibited to the Jew or the Christian, on pain of death. Burckhardt, the enterprising traveller, entered it under the fictitious name of Sheikh Ibrahim, and thus describes it.

In the first place, he confirms the statement that it was a Christian church; and then goes on to say that the ascent to it is by a large and fine staircase, that leads to a long gallery, the entrance to which is by a small court. Towards the left is a portico, resting upon square pillars. The vestibule of the temple contains two rooms; the one being the tomb of Abraham, the other that of Sarah. In the body of the church, between two large pillars on the right, is seen a small recess, in which is the sepulchre of Isaac; and in a similar one upon the left is that of his wife. On the opposite side of the court is another vestibule, which has also two rooms; being respectively, the resting-places of Jacob and of his spouse. At the extremity of the portico upon the right hand, is a door, which conducts to a sort of long gallery that still serves for a mosque; and passing from thence is observed another room, containing the ashes of Joseph; which are said to have been carried thither by the children of Israel. All the sepulchres of the Patriarchs are covered with rich carpets of green silk, magnificently embroidered with

gold; those of their wives are red, ornamented in like manner. The sultans of Constantinople furnish these carpets; which are renewed from time to time. Burckhardt counted nine, one over another, upon the sepulchre of Abraham. The rooms also which contain the tombs are covered with rich carpets; the entrance to them is guarded by iron gates, and wooden doors plated with silver; having doors and padlocks of the same metal. More than a hundred persons are employed in the service of this temple; affording with the decorations lavished upon the structure, a remarkable contrast to the simple life of the venerable man to whose memory it is meant to do honour.

A few yards to the westward of the mosque, is the sepulchre in which Abner was laid by David, and in which he also placed the head of Ishbosheth, near the honoured remains of the most faithful of his father's servants. This last-mentioned tomb, the Christians and Jews are permitted to approach near enough to see it, through a hole left open in the gate which encloses it. It is but a large unadorned cubic stone.

I have already noticed, that to the mosque, no Christian or Jew—in fact, none but devout Moslems—the “true believers,” are admitted. I, however, in common with our party, might have entered it had we chosen—touched the graves of the patriarchs, and trod the cave of Machpelah, had not *English principle* proved a barrier. And here let me bear my testimony to the rough honesty and straightforwardness of Englishmen. . . . I do not mean to say, that I have met no rogues among them; but I do say, that take them as a body they are the most truthful and principled nation on earth. This is my experience.

On the second morning after our arrival, one of the servants, on going into the streets, was met by some one who had a grudge against him. This man was said to be no less a personage than the brother of the governor. Whether this was so in reality or not, I cannot tell; but at any rate we were given to understand that he was the brother of the governor. Well, as soon as he saw our servant, he ran and fell upon him, endeavouring to stab him in the breast; but, warding the blow, our servant escaped any material injury, save a small scratch in the cheek.

The breakfast things had hardly been cleared, when in rushed that servant, streaming with blood, and howling most piteously, "I am killed; O he has killed me!" was all the information which we could get from him. After a while his passion subsided; and we learnt from him the story of his present dilemma.

To the governor's house we now went, in order to seek redress. I was the spokesman of the party, and well do I remember that occurrence. As we passed through the streets, we could hear such ejaculations from the enraged Mahomedans, who saw us bent on getting the man punished, "*These are not the days of Mohamed Ali! Ibrahim Pasha is gone,*" and more words to that effect; meaning thereby, that the Turkish government either was not strong enough to redress wrongs, or thought lightly of the Christians.

Arrived at the palace, we found the governor in his *divan*; it seemed he had not as yet heard of the row; so receiving us politely, he asked *the reason of the honour which we conferred upon him by visiting him*. I told him of the insult which we had received in the unprovoked attack on our servant; and demanded that the culprit should be punished.

On this a person entered in, and held some conversation *sotto voce* with his excellency. Of course, we could not make out what they said, but the purport of their business was clearly indicated in their looks. The governor's countenance looked pale, and at one time the blood seemed to have been quite absorbed, leaving his face of a ghastly hue; and then the brow would knit, and the blood would seem to pour itself into his face, making him look as fierce as possible. The upshot of their conversation, which was carried on in short and earnest ejaculations, was that the governor, after having ordered for us coffee, sherbet, and pipes, threw upon us a withering look, and departed.

Long we waited, but he did not come; so we sent him word that we were anxious to know whether he would redress our grievance.

The answer he sent us was, that we should go and fetch him the culprit, and he would punish him.

We returned word that we were not the policemen of His Imperial Majesty, and that we expected him to find the criminal.

Laconic was his answer this time. He sent us a messenger to say, *that we had better wait till he found him*; and the messenger hinted to us his fear that it would be a long while ere he did so.

So far we were amused at the incident, but now, finding that the governor was trifling with us, we began to get angry; and I, losing my temper, told the messenger on my own authority, that unless we had immediate redress we would quit, but only to return to Jerusalem and demand satisfaction at the hands of the pasha through the British consul, not forgetting to mention the governor's unwillingness to redress the insult done to us.

The hours were rapidly flying on; a mysterious silence pervaded the court, but no messenger appeared with an answer. We were on the point of leaving the palace, when, to our utter amazement, in rushed thirteen of the chief rabbis of the synagogue of Hebron. Prostrating themselves before us, they besought us in earnest prayers to relent from our purpose. They assured us that if the man was punished, it would be visited on their heads, as the governor had threatened that, in case we did not forgive the man, he would kill all the Jews in the place.

We replied, that we should be very sorry to bring trouble on them; but apart from our disbelief that the governor would dare do such thing, the present case was one which concerned not only ourselves, but all future travellers in these regions; and hence we deemed it a necessary act of justice to punish the criminal. Finding all their entreaties in vain, they retired to tell the governor of the burden of our decision.

They had hardly gone, when the *Cadi* and *Mufti* entered the *divan*, and besought us "*by the love of Abraham*" to desist from our purpose, and depart in peace. We told them how sorry we were not to be able to comply with their request, and that, simply on the ground of principle, we were determined not to let the matter drop to the ground unless satisfaction was done to our servant; and we furthermore added, that if by reason of this a single Jew was molested, the governor and Mahomedans of Hebron would have none to blame but themselves for the consequences, which we were determined should fall upon them. This at once reminded them of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of whom they had heard, and of Sir Sidney Smith, whose exploits they still remember, that

“their word was like the word of God—it never failed.”

A continued jabber was heard from the crowd without, in which the word “*Ingleez*” ever and anon reached our ears; meaning thereby that we were a parcel of inflexible Englishmen, who would never retract what we had once said.

It would interest the reader to know, that one of the characteristics by which an Englishman is known in Syria is, that his word is as “the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not;” so that it has now become a proverb with us. Whenever we want to give a final word—one beyond further controversy—we say, “What I am now saying is *kilmé Ingleeziéh*, or an ENGLISHMAN'S WORD;” by which the speaker means that there is an end of the matter, and more talking would be only wasting breath to no purpose.

The governor now came in; his brow was knit, his face pale, and on the whole he looked very downcast. He also besought us to desist from our purpose; but in vain; we gave him the same answer as we did to the Cadi and Mufti. He now addressed himself to the Rev. G. W—s, whom he had known in Jerusalem, and with whom he had on a former occasion broken bread—a sign of everlasting peace and friendship in the East—conjuring him “by the bread they had broken together to pursue the case no further.” I answered for Mr. W— that such a thing was impossible.

One moment longer, and a ray of hope lit the face of the governor. Approaching Mr. W—, he offered him, in case we would say no more about the matter, to introduce us into the interior of the mosque, and show us all that was in it. The bait was tempting, and the governor made sure that we would at once close with it. Imagine

his surprise, therefore, when I most *stoically* informed him that his bribe was not tempting enough for an *Englishman's sense of justice*.

He now offered to bastinado the culprit; but I told him that he had made light of us so long, that we were determined to forward a full statement of the case to the British consul at Jerusalem, and leave him to bring it before the notice of the pasha. It was now that it leaked out that the criminal was the governor's brother; so rising up in great concern, he besought us once more, in memory of that patriarch whose ashes lay close at hand, and whom both Moslems and Christians revere, to be merciful; . . . or, in case our hearts could not soften towards his brother, to let him punish him himself; yea, he said, he would half kill him, rather than provoke the anger of his superior officer at Jerusalem. We did not stop to take any notice of this last remark; but rising up, we bade him good bye, and retired. Thus terminated this affair for the present. What the consul did with the case I know not, as shortly afterwards I left Jerusalem.

In detailing this adventure in full, my object is to show a court of justice in the Turkish dependencies, and how the law is shirked there, instead of being carried out. And here I beg the reader to bear in mind, that the plaintiffs were Englishmen. If they had but so little of justice done them, what, I ask, may an unprotected Christian or Jew expect at the hands of *this* their government? Is it, therefore, any longer to be wondered at, that they seek foreign protection against the insults of Islamism and the corruption of a dastardly court of justice? No, indeed.

We left the town amid the execrations of Moslems and

the tears of Jews; and, mounting our horses, directed our steps to the Wilderness of Ziph and the Caverns of En-gedi. Two hours' ride brought us to a village standing on a lofty height, and commanding an extensive view of the scenery around. Here tradition has it that Lot was buried, and that this is the spot where Abraham pleaded with the Lord for the doomed cities of the plain. It is called Nebi Loot.

Our course was eastward. A mist for a short time hid the earth, and we could see nothing save the highest peaks looming through a sea of vapour, like islands in the ocean, or the waves of a rough sea sternly fixed in their course. The country hereabouts is one continued series of ridges, valleys, and ravines; and we plunged wildly about in the fog at the momentarily recurring risk of riding over some hidden precipice of a thousand feet perpendicular. The mist, however, soon cleared, and we got on very well. As the shades of evening began to throw their pale mantle on the visible world around us, now every moment rendered more invisible, putting any further journey that day out of the question, and as the road was both craggy and impracticable, we encamped for the night on a small slope by the wayside. Our only difficulty here was, that we had no water and no material wherewith to make fire; so, making the best of our wine and cold food, we lay down to sleep in the Wilderness of Ziph.

Cold, dreary, and trackless as was this desert of ridges and valleys, it was not less interesting; and I now look back with pleasure to the night when I slept on its slopes. A wilderness, indeed! Gaze where you will, and a scene of wild desolation meets your view on every side. But still more so, on account of its having been

the abode of David, when he fled from the jealousy of Saul.

Next day we made the best of our way to En-gedi, which we reached early in the forenoon. Riding up a slight acclivity, suddenly we beheld the southern extremity of the Dead Sea; and passing through a small opening, we found ourselves upon the edge of a tremendous precipice, nearly two thousand feet deep. Beneath us lay the dark stagnant flood of the Lake Asphaltites, over whose waters the peaks of the mountains of Moab threw their lengthening shadows. Here we could see the southern side of the lake, which is a small peninsula. Our guards told me that it was fordable in one place, and that you could walk across it, being only mid-leg deep.

We now prepared to go down to the sea-shore, but so steep was the descent, and so broken and slippery was the path, that I must confess I was nervous at the sight thereof. Some of our party went down, and I followed; but oh! the fright, the shaking, the shuddering, the streaming with cold perspiration before I reached the fountain at the base of the descent! O never, never shall I descend it again. By dint of clinging to the rocks, wheeling about, and balancing myself, I managed to get to the bottom. Long before I reached the fountain beneath, I had given up all hope of reaching it; and I had firmly made up my mind, that ere night I should have gone headlong into the eternal world. But, to make a long story short, I managed to get down there, and then get up again. This last was not, however, so difficult as the former exploit. I was glad to be on the top again, though positively frozen with terror, and shaking with the tertian ague.

Around the fountain, which was one of the purest and most refreshing water that I have ever yet drank, we sat for a while eating cucumbers, which we found in some fields planted by the Bedouins. The water springs from under a rock, and murmuringly glides along. Here in this precipice is the Cave of En-gedi, where David hid himself from the persecution of Saul; and here it was that he had Saul in his power, but generously spared his life. One could almost hear him crying, "My lord, the king . . . Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord hath delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it." What a picture of sublime generosity!

Having breakfasted on the top of the precipice, we now made the best of our way to the Jordan, in the waters of which we all had a plunge. Next to Jerusalem, perhaps the Jordan excites in the traveller the deepest longing to see it, and the most devout gratitude when, standing on its banks, he at last beholds it. I can easily understand the pious feelings which swelled the bosom of my esteemed friend, the Rev. John Anderson, when he penned the following poem.

"Like an arrow from the quiver,
To the sad and lone Dead Sea,
Thou art rushing, rapid river,
Swift, and strong, and silently.

"Through the dark green foliage stealing,
Like a silver ray of light,
Who can tell the pilgrim's feeling
When thy waters meet his sight ?

"All the deeds of sacred story,
All its marvel, great and true,
All that gives the Jordan glory,
Rush upon his raptured view !

"Nature, here thy laws were altered,
Jordan's bed became a track ;
Man at God's command has faltered,
Willing rolled the Jordan back.

"Like a wall, its wondrous waters
Shining rise, and solid stand,
Israel, till thy sons and daughters
Safely reach the Promised Land.

"Pilgrim's garb aside now laying,
Let thy garments shining flow,
Spear and standard wide displaying,
Army, forth with banners go !

"Humbly to thy brink descending,
Syria's proud lord was seen,
Seven times beneath thy waters bending,
Lo ! the leper rises clean.

"Symbol of the blood of Jesus,
Shed upon the sacred tree,
This has made thy waters precious,
Jordan, and a joy to see.

“Blood of cleansing, blood most holy,
Shed for sinners such as me,
Let me, like the leper, lowly,
Wash away my sins in thee.

“Emblem bright of Death’s dark river,
Long I linger on thy shore ;
All its waves can harm me, never,
Now the ark has gone before.”

Pencillings in Palestine.

Hence we made our way to Jericho, and back to Jerusalem, where we arrived after a five days’ tour. Surely such a trip as this, performed by a Christian, with his Bible as his guide, must be deeply interesting. To read the Scripture narratives, on the spots where they took place, will clothe the Bible with a life-like reality, which ever afterwards will pervade the tourist’s mind.

We had scarcely reached the walls of the Holy City, when we learnt that the day before, an English traveller, a Mr. Giesler, had fallen among thieves, upon the plains of Jericho, and had been stripped and wounded.

Mr. Borrer, one of our party, who has written a narrative of his journey in the East, thus gives the account of this gentleman’s mishap. I quote it from him because I could not either improve his story or condense it into fewer words. And another reason why I quote from him is, because he got it from the victim himself, with whom he subsequently travelled for several weeks.

“It seems that, amongst other Frank travellers, Mr. Giesler had proceeded with the pilgrims, to the Jordan, upon the day of the great washing; but that, after the

filthy multitude had duly defiled the waters of that sacred stream, and again withdrawn towards Jerusalem, he had tarried awhile to sleep within his tent, then mounting, with only one attendant, proceeded across the plain to rejoin the retreating pilgrims. However, suddenly, without the slightest warning that any of the modern lions of the Jordan were at hand, he found himself stretched on his back upon the sand, by a blow received from behind, and looking up, beheld a *genius loci*, in the form of a wild Arab, hovering around him on horseback, and pricking at him with his long lance, in order to keep him quiet. One gentle stab, passing through a Mackintosh and thick coat, placed a half-inch or so of cold iron in his breast, to remind him that it was better to yield his body than his soul; so he wisely resigned himself to fate, and the enemy (of whom there were six) commenced their operations as *Valets de chambre*. Finding they were not very expert in their office, Mr. G—— made signs to them that he would dispense with their services, and undress himself, which he did, earnestly entreating, at the same time, to keep one garment; but in vain, for they turned him out to search for fig-leaves amidst the tamarisks and prickly nubk trees, then, mounting with their booty, disappeared.

“ One, however, more merciful than the rest, did, on the eve of departure, throw back to him a battered old hat, receiving which with gratitude, he forthwith made the best of his way to an Arab settlement at Jericho, where he lay in state, wrapped in a blanket for a day and a night, whilst a messenger was sent to Jerusalem for another wardrobe, and the means of returning to the city, the Arabs having seized his horses as well as his

raiment. In fact, the former, doubtless, were the greatest object. His servant was treated better than himself, for the robbers returned him his nethermost garment; it being, I presume, much in the same condition as the aforesaid hat."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Farewell to Jerusalem—Departure to Jaffa—Embarking for
Bayroot—Cæsarea—Conclusion.

“WHILE thy walls are still in sight, and the heart’s emotions
swell,

Farewell to thee, Jerusalem ! a long and last farewell !

No more shall I at golden dawn, or at the close of day,

To Zion’s Hill, or Hinnom’s Vale, pursue my lonely way.—

No more at noontide pause, Siloa, on thy rocky brink,

And of thy waters sparkling bright, and ‘flowing softly,’
drink ;

Nor wander down, Jehoshaphat, thy deep and awful dell,

Where darkly frowns Aceldama, by lone En-rogel’s well ;

No more survey from Olivet the scenes so sad and fair

That crowd upon the pilgrim’s sight, as stands he musing
there.

‘Is this,’ he cries, with feelings sad, to which the scene gives
birth,

‘This Zion Mount, the beautiful, and joy of all the earth ?’

There dome, and mosque, and minaret, he sees in fair array ;

But Zion’s towers and palaces, Ah ! ‘Where,’ he asks, ‘are
they ?’

A stately fane is gemming now Moriah’s queenly brow ;

But where the glory of the world, the TEMPLE, where art
thou ?

By yon grey wall there is a place of wailing and despair,

And ‘Ichabod, the glory’s fled,’ is chaunted mournful there.

Oh! well may then thy children weep—even I could weep
with them—

At misery such as I have seen in thee, Jerusalem ;

But scenes in thee more sad and fair attract the pilgrim's
eye,

And sufferings in the green tree done as thine were in the dry.

Dost thou not ask of all thy sons, 'Oh! is there none to show

Why God on thee, Jerusalem, hath poured His fury so?'

Oh! would thy vail were rent in twain, that thou might'st
weep with me,

For Him our sins did crucify, dread Calvary, on thee.

For 'Israel's beauty,' once thou weptst, 'on thy high places
slain.'

Oh! did thine eyes His beauty see, how wouldst thou weep
again!

To Kedron and Gethsemane no more shall I repair,

Yet in my heart for aye shall live the thoughts awakened
there—

The city of the pilgrim's soul, where'er his footsteps bend—

The type of that Jerusalem where all our wanderings end.

To distant lands I go; yet thou, till life's last day, shalt be

The morning land of memory, Jerusalem, to me!"

ANDERSON'S *Pencillings in Palestine*.

THERE is no city in the world which retains a stronger hold on the mind of a Christian traveller than Jerusalem, nor one, which on leaving, he could less willingly reconcile himself to the belief that he was bidding it a last farewell. The interest which attaches to the scenes of sacred story has not diminished with the facilities which have been afforded by means of increased communication; rather I would say, the interest in Jerusalem, and the desire to see it has of late increased greatly. The ancient Palmer, and the war-worn Crusader, are succeeded by others, impelled by intelligent curiosity and holy desires, to gaze on the "City of the Great King," where David's palace and Solomon's temple were reared, and

where Christ suffered for guilty man. I do not know that I shall ever see it again; but of this I am sure, that of all the cities of the world which it has been my lot to see—and I have seen many—it will ever remain most deeply engraven on my heart.

After a stay in Jerusalem of upwards of four weeks, I now prepared to leave it; my party was the same with which I entered the Holy City: we were now once more on our way to Jaffa, in order to take the French steamer; they for Constantinople, and I for Bayroot and Smyrna.

On the 21st of April, 1855, I turned my back, perhaps, for the last time in my life, on the walls of Jerusalem. It was our intention to have gone to Jaffa by way of Beth Horon and Lydda; but this plan was overruled; and we returned the same way we came. It was a glorious morning, on which the sun shone brightly, and all the sky above was

“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

and perfectly clear. The preparations were made, and, all being ready, we left Jerusalem at nine o'clock by the gate of Jaffa.

Our stay in Jerusalem had been exceedingly pleasant; and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of our visit, save a mishap which befell Mr. G——. A couple of days before leaving the Holy City, this gentleman, who had been exceedingly kind to us, and to whom I am indebted for the photographs of the Temple, and the Mount of Olives, on the title-pages of this work, fell, and broke his collar-bone. He was insensible for some time; and, indeed, up to the moment of our departure, he was in a very dangerous state. This was very painful to us, the objects of his attention and kindness, and

hence it was we left Jerusalem full of the saddest feelings. Two days ago, he had been anticipating the hope of accompanying us to Jaffa, but now he lay stretched upon his bed unable to move or bear the slightest excitement. Such are the orderings of an inscrutable Providence.

From the top of the first ridge we stopped to take the last look of Jerusalem,—to gaze, perhaps, for the last time, upon the desolate “daughter of Zion.” Yes, there she is, still on her lofty site, to satisfy the pious longings of the intelligent tourist—though the glory and beauty of the city have passed away, and her ancient foundations are buried in the dust, still she is no less dear to the Christian’s heart. Was it not here that Jesus trod and laboured; and was not the scene of redemption enacted within her walls? In view of this interest you seek no more . . . sufficient for me, that yonder city is Jerusalem . . . yonder is Olivet . . . and at my feet runs the valley of Gihon, becoming deeper and deeper, till it reaches “Hinnom’s vale.” Here has occurred the record of events, such as have not come to pass in any other land; monuments of a belief denied to all other nations; hopes not elsewhere cherished, but which, nevertheless, are connected with the destiny of the whole human race, and stretch forward to the consummation of all terrestrial things.

Singular to say, at this instant, I thought of the prophet’s words: “Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens. We have drunken our water for money, our wood is sold unto us. The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music, the joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning.” Fearfully has her burden been fulfilled—

“The city sits solitary that was full of people! She has become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and a princess among the provinces is become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks! Judah is gone into captivity; she dwelleth among the heathen, and findeth no rest!”—

“Oh, well may then thy children weep—even I could weep with them—

At misery such as I have seen in thee, Jerusalem!”¹

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Well may she address herself to the tourist’s heart—
“Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger!”—

“Hast thou a Patriot’s heart, and would it break
To gaze upon this country’s wreck?
The chief of nations once; oh, fallen now!
Look on Judea’s crownless brow,
And, musing o’er each fondly-cherished token,
Weep for her vanished star, her sceptre broken!”

“Woe for the olive glen, the palm-tree shade,
Tabret and harp once vocal made;
Woe for the ruined shrines, the dwellings dim,
Where rose to heaven the choral hymn.
O Holy Land! grief claims thee for its own;
All joy is darkened, all thy mirth is gone.”²

* * *

Bishop Heber’s lamentation on the desolation of Jerusalem is beautifully, pathetically, and eloquently expressed:—

“Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!

¹ “Anderson’s Pencillings in Palestine.”

² Ibid.

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone;
 While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song;
 But lawless Force, and meagre Want are there,
 And the quick darting eye of restless fear."

* * * *

But one consolation is left her. She shall again rejoice; for "the Lord shall bring back the captivity of her people. Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad." There are not a few among the learned of this age who think that the time of her deliverance is nigh at hand; she, who is now desolate, will speedily be restored, to be once more the glory of the earth—the praise of all nations. I have no opinion on the matter; but if permitted to witness this glorious change, I shall rejoice.

One long, searching glance—one more farewell, and I turned my face on the solitary city and descended the opposite side of the ridge, *en route* to the coast.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the plains of Sharon. Here I parted company with the party, and galloped off to Ramla, in order to secure rooms at the Franciscan convent. In one hour I found myself at the door of the convent (the distance being equal to four hours' ride). Here I was just in time to secure our old quarters. Five minutes later, and we should have had to shift the best way we could; for just as I had got the promise of them, there arrived the lady of the Neapolitan

consul of Alexandria, and wished for accommodation; but she was just too late. Fearing lest the Superior should change his mind, I ordered dinner, and made the best of my way out of the convent, *taking the keys of the rooms with me.*

Having nothing to do, I rode back to meet my friends. I met them in the middle of the plain. We were now about two hours' easy ride from Ramla. At this instant the sky was overcast, and we were overtaken in a shower of rain, which wetted us through . . . This only made us hurry onwards, and a little after seven, we reached Ramla, and took possession of our rooms. Most of the party, fearing to take cold, went to bed without dinner. I am happy to say that I was not among that number.

Next morning, after eating a hearty breakfast, we trudged down to Jaffa, which we reached a little before mid-day. Here I parted with my horse, servant, and travelling equipments; and after bidding farewell to some friends I knew there, I embarked on board the French steamer "Lycurgue." At three o'clock we weighed anchor, and before night the miserable hovels of Jaffa were no longer in sight. In this steamer I made a most unfortunate voyage once before; it was early in the year 1849, when it took us twelve days to get to Alexandria from Bayroot. We were twice driven on shore, near Rosetta and at Aboukir; but we at last, after many hardships, reached Alexandria. On this occasion, I was not at all apprehensive, as the weather was fine, and we anticipated a fine trip.

At dusk, we passed the ruins of Kisary, the ancient Cæsarea, the city of Cornelius, the centurion of the Italian band, of whom it was said, he was "a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, which gave much

alms to the people, and prayed to God alway;" and where Paul eloquently pleaded his cause before King Agrippa. His defence, as recorded in the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts, is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful things extant. It is a singular fact, and worthy of record, that Christ was first preached unto the Gentiles in this city. Peter was the first to preach in this place. It was at the time when Cornelius sent after him, and the first thing he says to them, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore came I unto you, without gainsaying, as I was sent for;" evidently showing that, till then, the apostles had not begun to preach Christ, save to the Jews. The city is now a ruin; and, amid its high-looking walls, the brier and the thistle grow. It has a small harbour, but now quite choked up; no man lives there at present.

Late, in the evening, we passed the lights of Atleet, a castle of the Crusaders; and towards midnight we were opposite to the western peak of Carmel. I now went to bed; and, on waking up, found the steamer in the roadstead of Bayroot.

* * * * *

And now, Reader, here I leave you. We have journeyed together through Syria and Palestine; gazed on their beautiful scenery; roamed amid the fields where Jesus went about doing good; bathed in the waters on which He sailed; and contemplated the spots where He was born, laboured, and died. I have also introduced you behind the scenes, and described to you our habits, customs, and manners, thus bringing back to your vision

the times of the Patriarchs, and succeeding ages. I have tried to interest you, with the history of the country from the time when it was in possession of the Canaanites till it has fallen under the rule of Turkey.

And now, I cannot take leave of you without impressing one or two facts on your mind.

First of all: *that the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey* IS A VITAL POINT TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLAND. England, therefore, has either to strengthen Turkey, or always to fight her battles, and settle her difficulties. The only way to reach the former is, in my opinion, by first of all, *removing* all civil distinction between the Christian and Mahomedan subjects of the Sultan, and of giving the former an equal degree of assurance with the latter, as to the impartial administration of justice by the Turkish tribunals. In enlisting the good feelings of its Christian subjects in its preservation, *is the only real security for the continued existence of Turkey as an independent power.* THIS IS HER SUREST DEFENCE. But, to use the words of a recent despatch, addressed by the Earl of Clarendon to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "It is impossible to suppose that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they are made to experience, in all their daily transactions, the inferiority of their position as compared with that of their Mussulman fellow-subjects—so long as they are aware that they will seek in vain for justice for wrongs done either to their persons, or their properties, because they are deemed a degraded race, unworthy to be put into comparison with the followers of Mahomet." Turkey may get over her present difficulties by the aid of her Allies; but both she and her Allies may rest assured that, without the sympathy and hearty support of her Christian subjects

the Turkish empire must soon cease to exist. Let, therefore, those who feel an interest in the maintainance of her integrity, take thought of this fact.

But there is another point to which I wish to direct the attention of Protestant England—the manœuvres of France to get the supremacy in the East by means of the Papal religion. Let not this idea be ridiculed; my conclusions are borne out by facts. It is a notorious point in history, that the first to disturb the *statu quo* in the matter of this war, was France. We owe it to the Emperor Napoleon. If report is to be believed, the French ambassador was the first to speak of having recourse to force, and to threaten the intervention of a French fleet to enforce the demands of his country. Was it to be wondered at, that Russia, in maintenance of her honour, should follow this example? No.

But what interest has France in the East? Let Napoleon the First answer you. This was *his* reason for besieging Acre, then the “Key of the East;” on which “depended the fate of Constantinople, and India.” He said:—

“If we succeed in taking Acre, I will raise and arm the whole of Syria I advance upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army, by marching into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the Pashas; I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; and, perhaps, I return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, having annihilated the house of Austria.”

As it was then, so still is that country now, the Key

of the East; and what France could not do by might, she is doing by intrigue. Let Protestant England look to it.

And now farewell, courteous reader.

THE END.



Wortabet, Gregory M.

Syria and the Syrians; or, Turkey en the dependencies

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